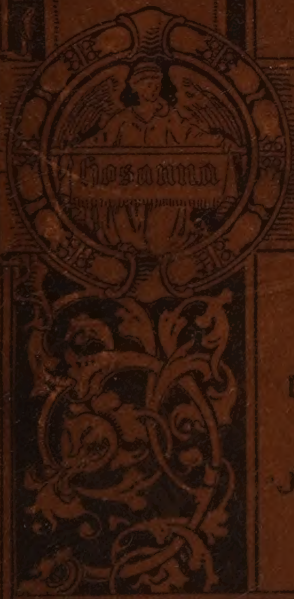
HYMN-SONGS

FOR USE IN

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL,
YOUNG PEOPLES MEETING,
THE CHURCH AND HOME.



SELECTED BY
LEWIS F. LINDSAY AND JAS. N. CLEMMER.

MUSICAL EDITORS,
JOHN R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

JOHN J. HOOD,

PHILADELPHIA:
1024 Arch St.

CHICAGO:
940 W. Madison St.

2 0 1 2 0 6 6 9 6 3 8

Laura Thomas

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John J. Hood,

1024 Arch Street.

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To select the soul-stirring hymns, full of melody and fire,—hymns that congregations will soon learn and sing with heartiness,—has been the aim of the compilers of HYMN-SONGS. The various publications of the past eleven years (Our Sabbath Home, 1884; Melodious Sonnets, 1885; On Joyful Wing, 1886; Songs of Redeeming Love, No. 2, 1887; Showers of Blessing, 1888; Joyful Sound, 1889; Sunlit Songs, 1890; Radiant Songs, 1891; Winning Songs, 1892; Praise in Song, 1893; Love and Praise, 1894) have been carefully winnowed OF THEIR CHOICEST CONTENTS. In the hope that this collection of sacred words and melodies may fulfil its mission in the perpetuation of songs dear to many souls and,

"That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again,"

it is presented to our Christian Churches, Societies, and Homes.

THE EDITORS.

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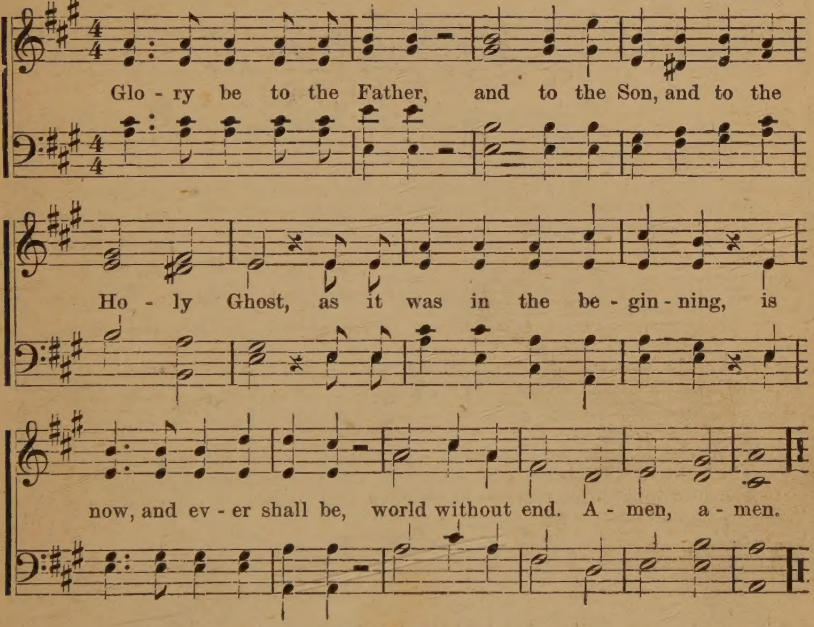
THE PUBLISHER.

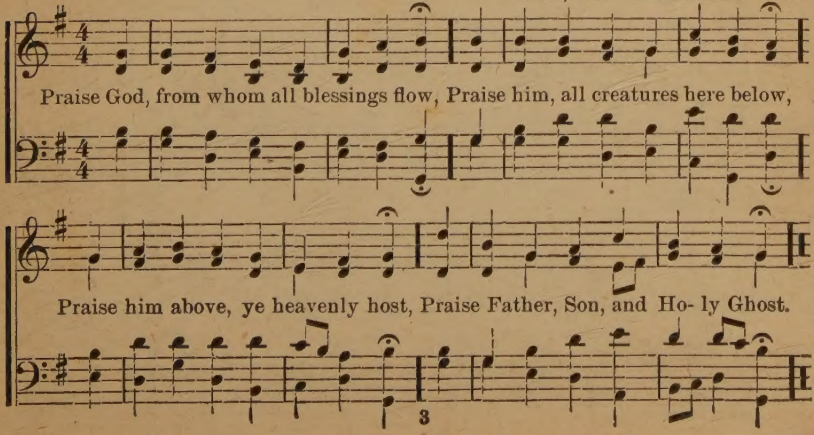
Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.


Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the
Ho - ly Ghost, as it was in the be - gin - ning, is
now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men, a - men.

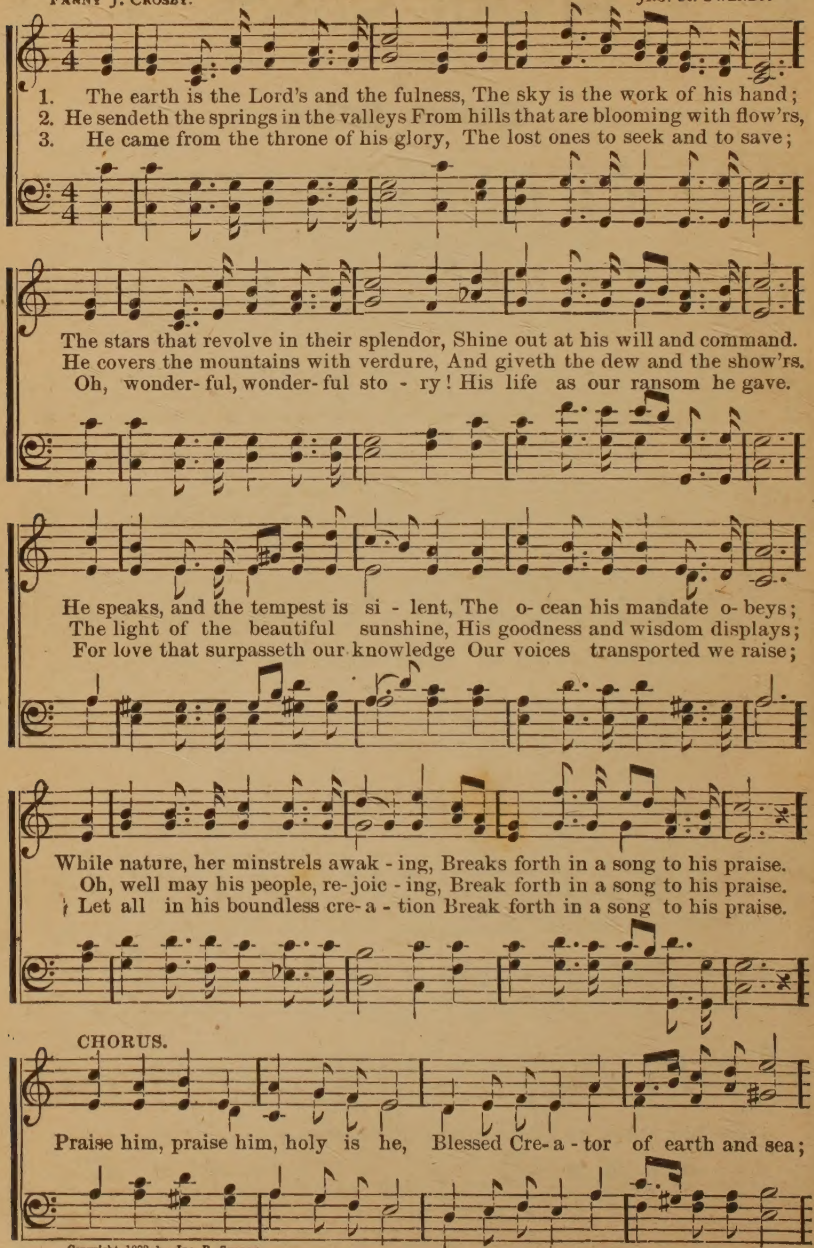
Doxology.

Tune, OLD HUNDRED. L. M.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho- ly Ghost.

Break Forth in a Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness, The sky is the work of his hand;
2. He sendeth the springs in the valleys From hills that are blooming with flow'rs,
3. He came from the throne of his glory, The lost ones to seek and to save;
The stars that revolve in their splendor, Shine out at his will and command.
He covers the mountains with verdure, And giveth the dew and the show'rs.
Oh, wonder- ful, wonder- ful sto - ry! His life as our ransom he gave.
He speaks, and the tempest is si - lent, The o- cean his mandate o- beys;
The light of the beautiful sunshine, His goodness and wisdom displays;
For love that surpasseth our knowledge Our voices transported we raise;
While nature, her minstrels awak - ing, Breaks forth in a song to his praise.
Oh, well may his people, re- joic - ing, Break forth in a song to his praise.
Let all in his boundless cre- a - tion Break forth in a song to his praise.
CHORUS.
Praise him, praise him, holy is he, Blessed Cre- a - tor of earth and sea;

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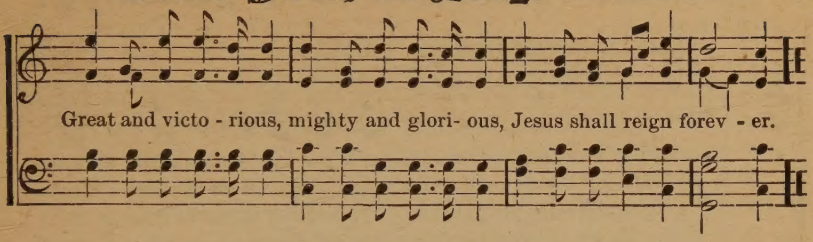
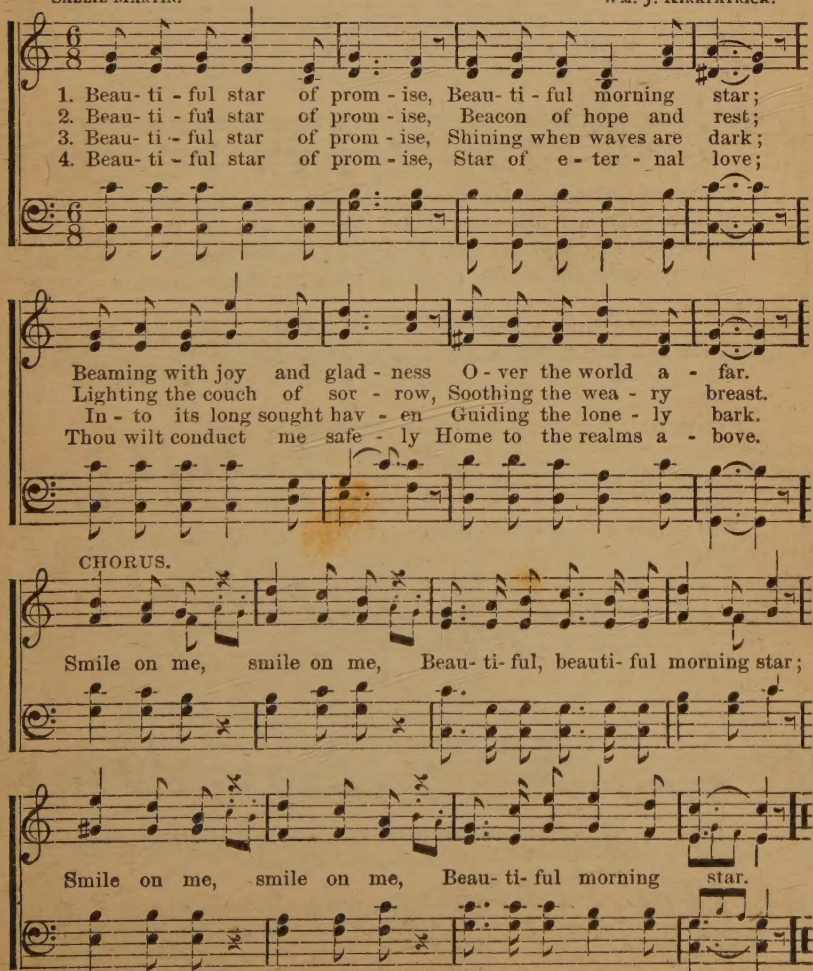


Star of Promise.

SALLIE MARTIN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Beau- ti - ful star of prom - ise, Beau- ti - ful morning star;
2. Beau- ti - ful star of prom - ise, Beacon of hope and rest;
3. Beau- ti - ful star of prom - ise, Shining when waves are dark;
4. Beau- ti - ful star of prom - ise, Star of e - ter - nal love;
Beaming with joy and glad - ness O - ver the world a - far.
Lighting the couch of sor - row, Soothing the wea - ry breast.
In - to its long sought hav - en Guiding the lone - ly bark.
Thou wilt conduct me safe - ly Home to the realms a - bove.
CHORUS.
Smile on me, smile on me, Beau- ti- ful, beauti- ful morning star;
Smile on me, smile on me, Beau- ti- ful morning star.

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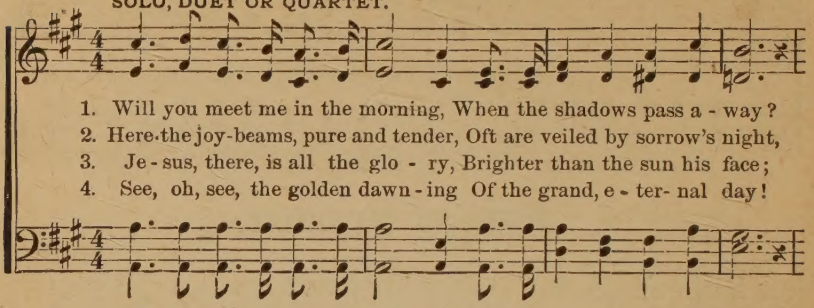
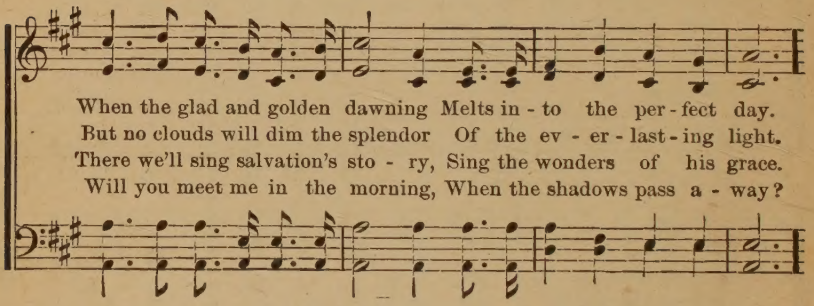
Will You Meet Me in the Morning?

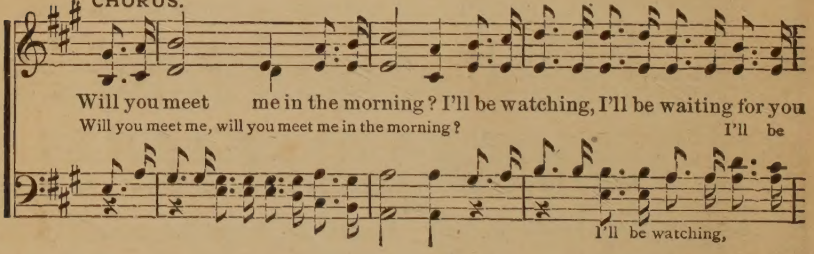
LIDIE E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

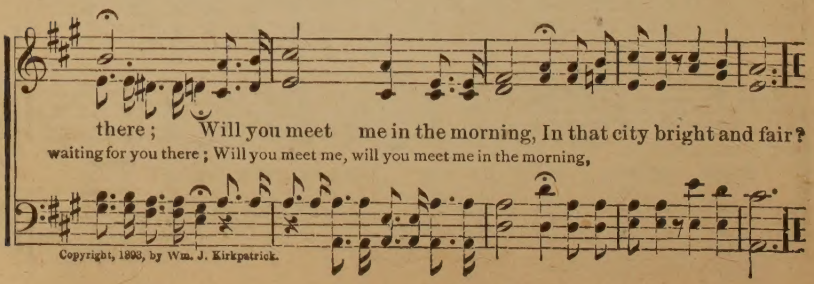
SOLO, DUET OR QUARTET.


1. Will you meet me in the morning, When the shadows pass a - way?
2. Here the joy-beams, pure and tender, Oft are veiled by sorrow's night,
3. Je - sus, there, is all the glo - ry, Brighter than the sun his face;
4. See, oh, see, the golden dawn - ing Of the grand, e - ter- nal day!


When the glad and golden dawning Melts in - to the per - fect day.
But no clouds will dim the splendor Of the ev - er - last - ing light.
There we'll sing salvation's sto - ry, Sing the wonders of his grace.
Will you meet me in the morning, When the shadows pass a - way?

CHORUS.


Will you meet me in the morning? I'll be watching, I'll be waiting for you
Will you meet me, will you meet me in the morning? I'll be
I'll be watching,


there; Will you meet me in the morning, In that city bright and fair?
waiting for you there; Will you meet me, will you meet me in the morning,

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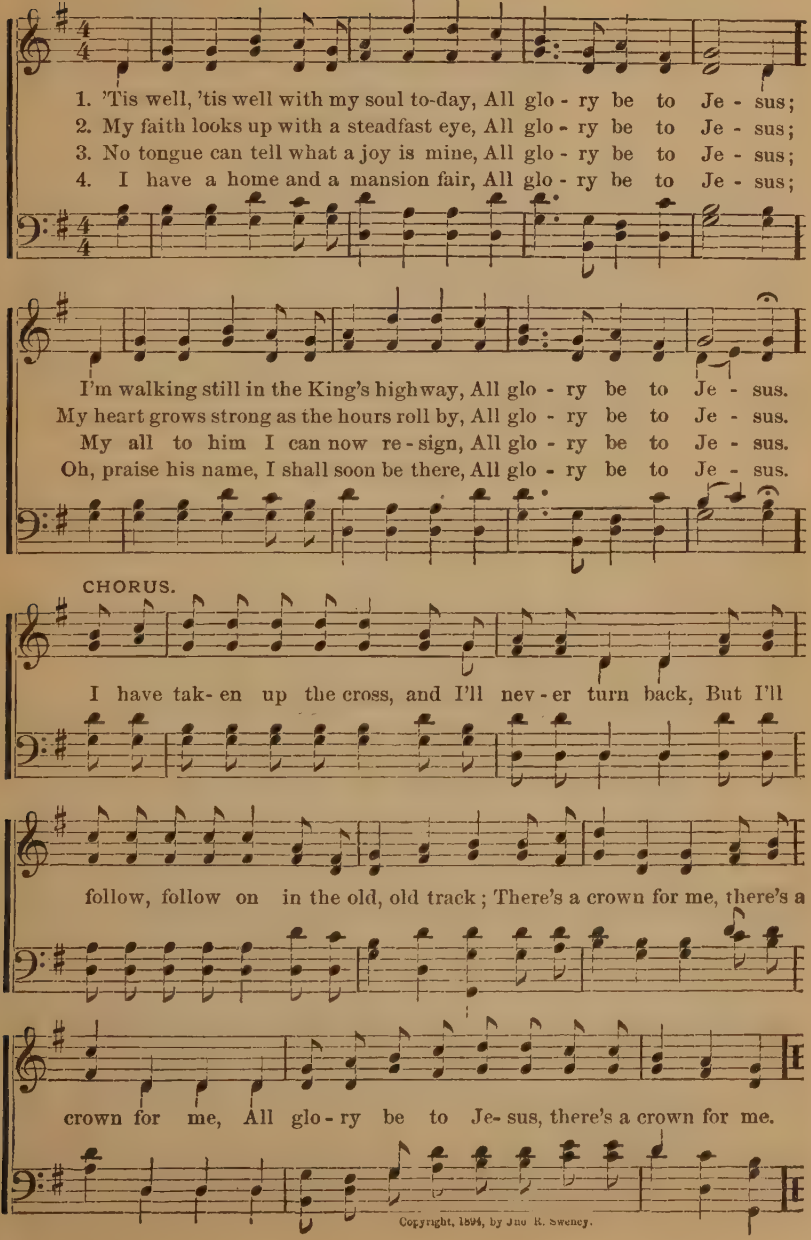
'Tis Well.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. 'Tis well, 'tis well with my soul to-day, All glo - ry be to Je - sus;
2. My faith looks up with a steadfast eye, All glo - ry be to Je - sus;
3. No tongue can tell what a joy is mine, All glo - ry be to Je - sus;
4. I have a home and a mansion fair, All glo - ry be to Je - sus;
I'm walking still in the King's highway, All glo - ry be to Je - sus.
My heart grows strong as the hours roll by, All glo - ry be to Je - sus.
My all to him I can now re - sign, All glo - ry be to Je - sus.
Oh, praise his name, I shall soon be there, All glo - ry be to Je - sus.
CHORUS.
I have tak- en up the cross, and I'll nev - er turn back, But I'll
follow, follow on in the old, old track; There's a crown for me, there's a
crown for me, All glo - ry be to Je- sus, there's a crown for me.

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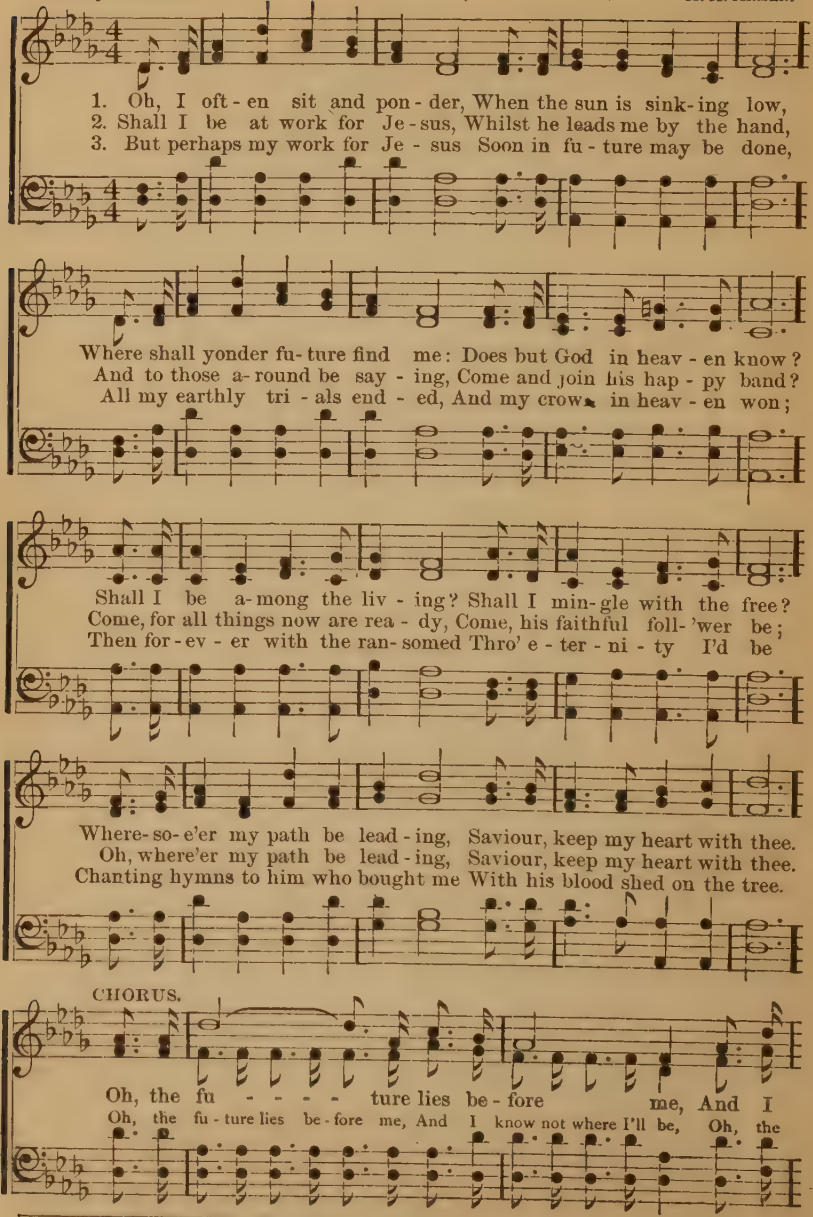
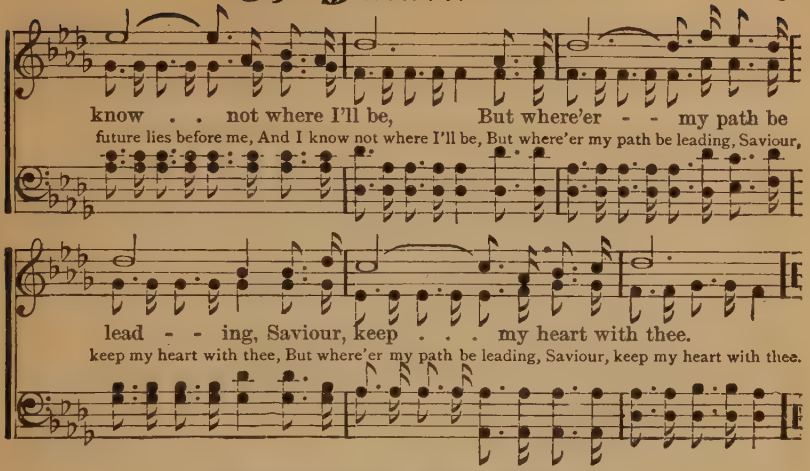
The Future.

Miss Jennie Stout. A. A. Armen.

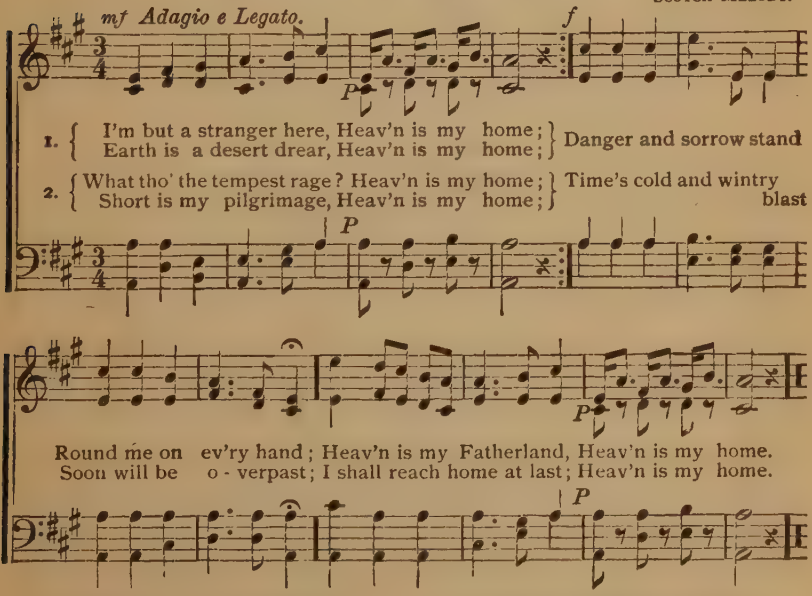

1. Oh, I oft - en sit and pon - der, When the sun is sink - ing low,
2. Shall I be at work for Je - sus, Whilst he leads me by the hand,
3. But perhaps my work for Je - sus Soon in fu - ture may be done,
Where shall yonder fu - ture find me: Does but God in heav - en know?
And to those a - round be say - ing, Come and join his hap - py band?
All my earthly tri - als end - ed, And my crown in heav - en won;
Shall I be a - mong the liv - ing? Shall I min - gle with the free?
Come, for all things now are rea - dy, Come, his faithful foll - 'wer be;
Then for - ev - er with the ran - somed Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'd be
Where - so - e'er my path be lead - ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.
Oh, where'er my path be lead - ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.
Chanting hymns to him who bought me With his blood shed on the tree.
CHORUS.
Oh, the fu - - - - ture lies be - fore me, And I
Oh, the fu - ture lies be - fore me, And I know not where I'll be, Oh, the

From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.


know . . not where I'll be, But where'er - - my path be
future lies before me, And I know not where I'll be, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour,
lead - - ing, Saviour, keep . . . my heart with thee.
keep my heart with thee, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.

Heaven is My Home.

Scotch Melody.

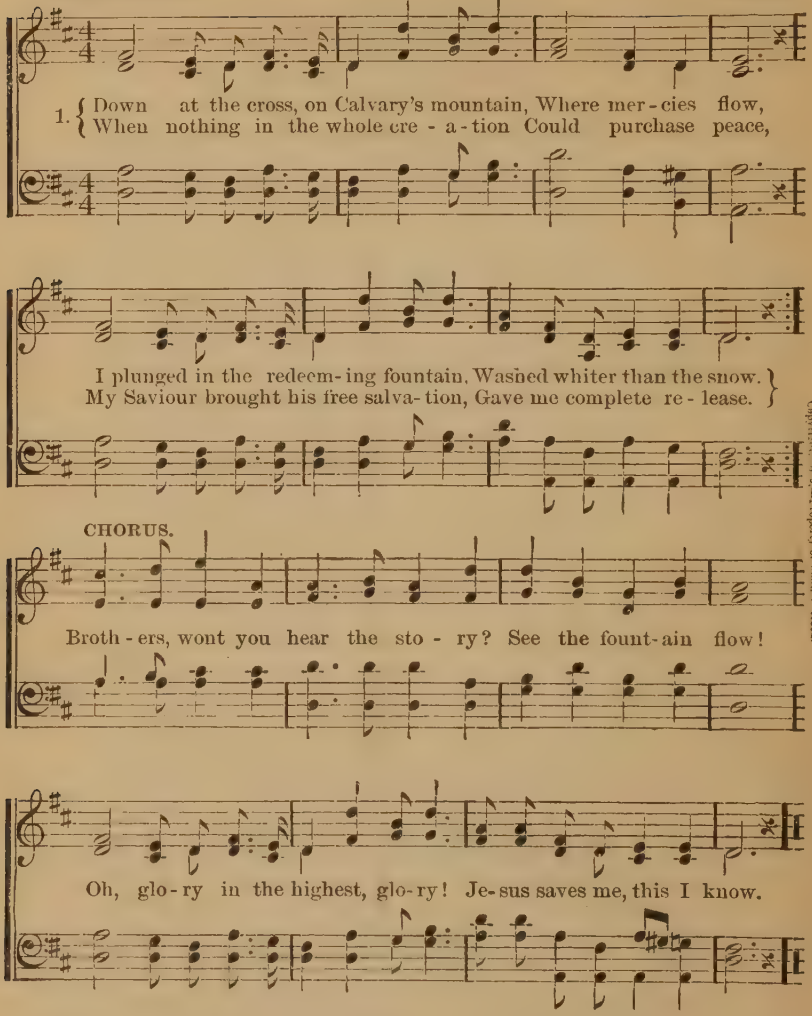

mf Adagio e Legato.
f
P
1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home; Danger and sorrow stand
2. What tho' the tempest rage? Heav'n is my home; Short is my pilgrimage, Heav'n is my home; Time's cold and wintry blast
P
P
Round me on ev'ry hand; Heav'n is my Fatherland, Heav'n is my home.
Soon will be o - verpast; I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.
P

3 Peace! O my troubled soul,
Heav'n is my home;
I soon shall reach the goal;
Heav'n is my home;
Swiftly the race I'll run,
Yield up my crown to none;
Forward! the prize is won;
Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified;
Heav'n is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

Salvation's River.

R. Kelso Carter. S. C. Foster.


1. { Down at the cross, on Calvary's mountain, Where mer-cies flow,
When nothing in the whole cre-a-tion Could purchase peace,
I plunged in the redeem-ing fountain, Washed whiter than the snow.
My Saviour brought his free salva-tion, Gave me complete re-lease.
CHORUS.
Broth-ers, wont you hear the sto-ry? See the fount-ain flow!
Oh, glo-ry in the highest, glo-ry! Je-sus saves me, this I know.

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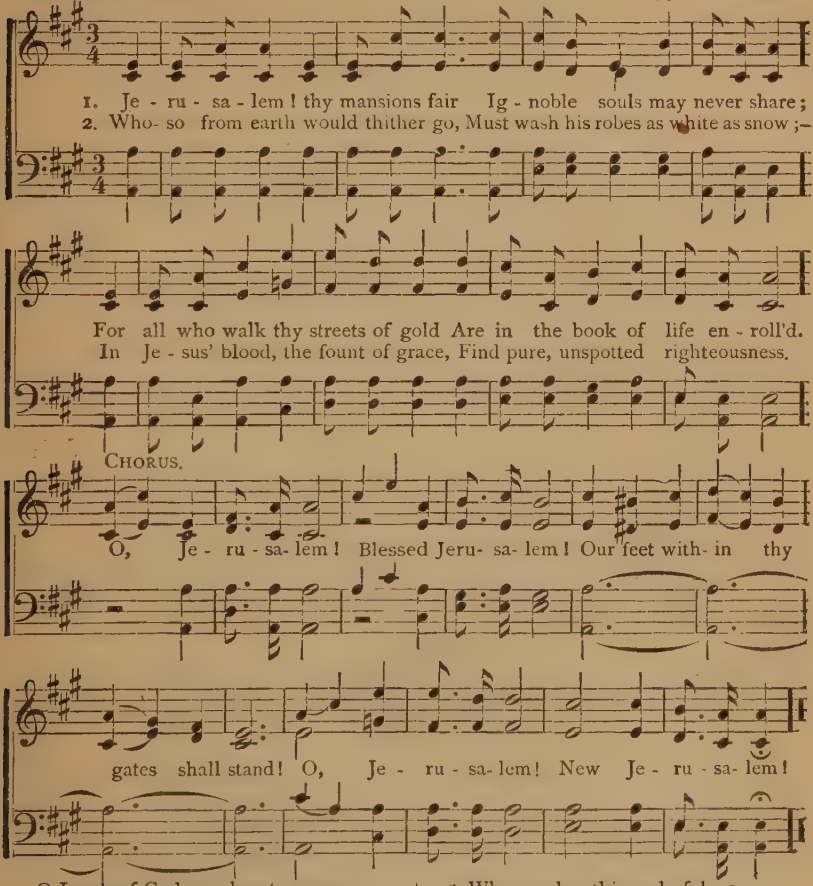
2 When lost in sin, my all I squandered,
Far from the fold:
My Saviour sought me where I wandered,
Gave me his wealth untold.
All bonds of sin and Satan rending,
Christ made me whole:
I'll ne'er forget that joy transcending,
When Jesus saved my soul.

3 All round my way the sun is shining,
Darkness has fled:
On Jesus' breast I am reclining,
Daily by him I'm fed.
My Lord has cast his robe around me,
No more I'll roam;
The Shepherd of the sheep has found me,
Jesus has brought me home.

The New Jerusalem.

"Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

REV. WM. H. HUNTER. D. D. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem! thy mansions fair Ig - noble souls may never share;
2. Who- so from earth would thither go, Must wash his robes as white as snow;–
For all who walk thy streets of gold Are in the book of life en - roll'd.
In Je - sus' blood, the fount of grace, Find pure, unspotted righteousness.
CHORUS.
O, Je - ru - sa - lem! Blessed Jeru- sa- lem! Our feet with- in thy
gates shall stand! O, Je - ru - sa- lem! New Je - ru - sa- lem!

3 O Lamb of God, my heart prepare,
To enter with the holy there;
Within thy book my name enroll,
And write thine own upon my soul.

4 To him that loves and trusts the Lord,
And keeps with patient hope his word,
The Spirit with his spirit bears
Sweet witness to his answered prayers.

5 Whoever has this seal of love
His title reads to seats above;
And looking upward as he runs,
The taint of sinful pleasure shuns.

6 Jesus, fulfil my long desire
To stand with thee in pure attire,
And find at last a place and name
Within the New Jerusalem.

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The Beautiful Light.

R. Kelso Carter. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Je-sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are
2. We who know our sins forgiven, We are walking in the light, We are
3. As we journey here be-low, We are walking in the light, We are
4. We will sing his power to save, We are walking in the light, We are
walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heaven, We are walking in the
walking in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the
REFRAIN.
beautiful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light, We are
Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,
walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - - ing in the
Walking in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God, Walking in the light,
light, ... We are walking in the beauti-ful light of God.
Walk-ing in the light,

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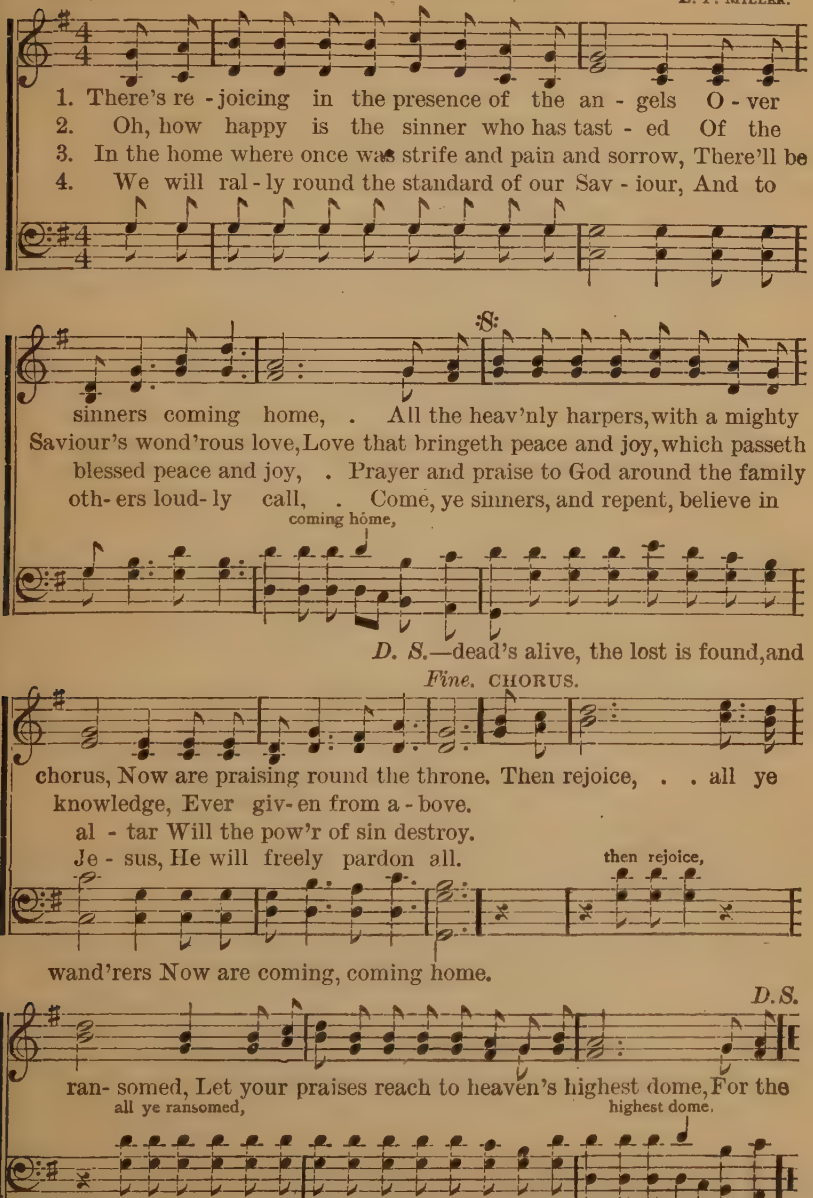
"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth" Luke xv. 10.

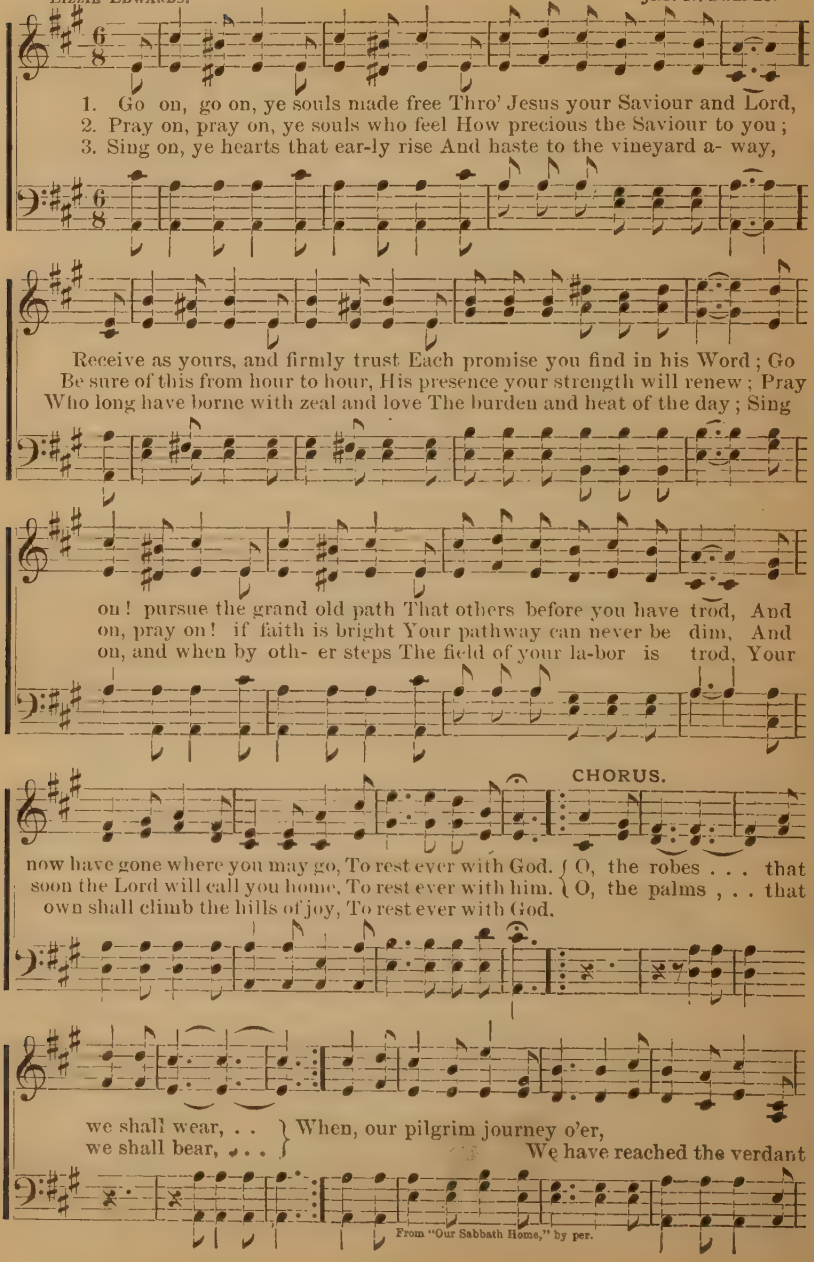
E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.


1. There's re - joicing in the presence of the an - gels O - ver
2. Oh, how happy is the sinner who has tast - ed Of the
3. In the home where once was strife and pain and sorrow, There'll be
4. We will ral - ly round the standard of our Sav - iour, And to
sinners coming home, . All the heav'nly harpers, with a mighty
Saviour's wond'rous love, Love that bringeth peace and joy, which passeth
blessed peace and joy, . Prayer and praise to God around the family
oth- ers loud- ly call, . Come, ye sinners, and repent, believe in
coming home,
D. S.—dead's alive, the lost is found, and
Fine. CHORUS.
chorus, Now are praising round the throne. Then rejoice, . . all ye
knowledge, Ever giv- en from a - bove.
al - tar Will the pow'r of sin destroy.
Je - sus, He will freely pardon all.
then rejoice,
wand'rers Now are coming, coming home.
D. S.
ran- somed, Let your praises reach to heaven's highest dome, For the
all ye ransomed,
highest dome.

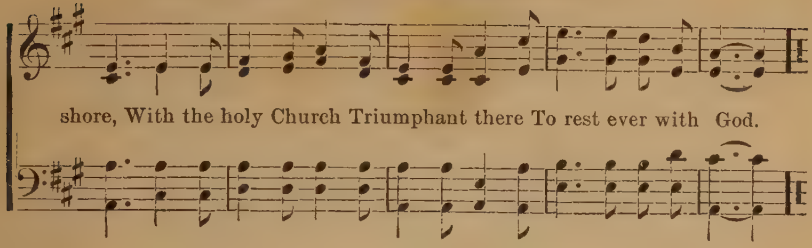
From the "Shout of Victory By-an."

Rest Ever with God.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

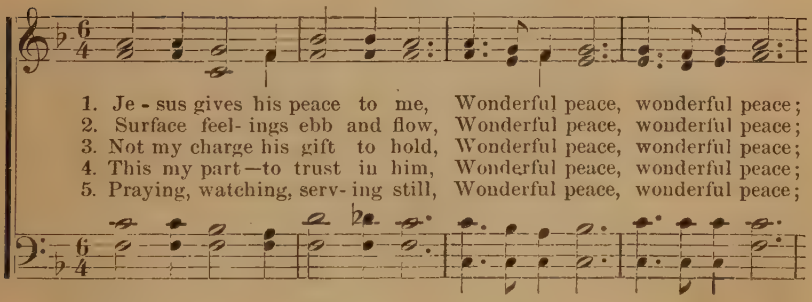

1. Go on, go on, ye souls made free Thro' Jesus your Saviour and Lord,
2. Pray on, pray on, ye souls who feel How precious the Saviour to you;
3. Sing on, ye hearts that ear-ly rise And haste to the vineyard a- way,
Receive as yours, and firmly trust Each promise you find in his Word; Go
Be sure of this from hour to hour, His presence your strength will renew; Pray
Who long have borne with zeal and love The burden and heat of the day; Sing
on! pursue the grand old path That others before you have trod, And
on, pray on! if faith is bright Your pathway can never be dim, And
on, and when by oth- er steps The field of your la-bor is trod, Your
CHORUS.
now have gone where you may go, To rest ever with God. { O, the robes . . . that
soon the Lord will call you home, To rest ever with him. { O, the palms , . . that
own shall climb the hills of joy, To rest ever with God.
we shall wear, . . } When, our pilgrim journey o'er,
we shall bear, . . . } We have reached the verdant

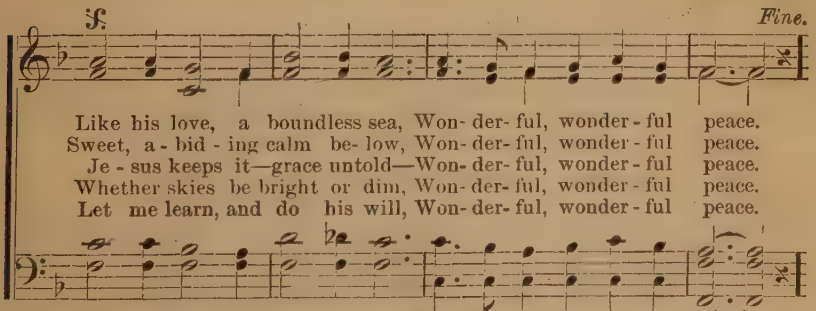
From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.

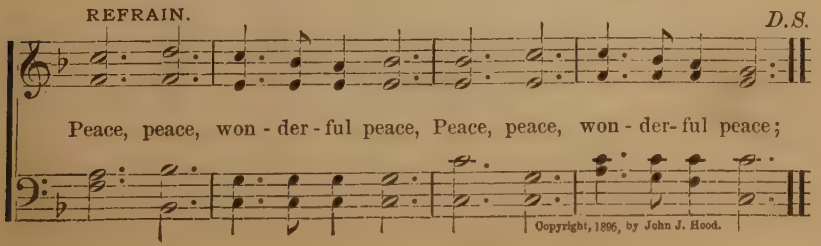


Wonderful Peace.

L. H. E. "My peace I give unto you."—John xiv: 27. L. H. EDMUNDS.


1. Je - sus gives his peace to me, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;
2. Surface feel- ings ebb and flow, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;
3. Not my charge his gift to hold, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;
4. This my part—to trust in him, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;
5. Praying, watching, serv- ing still, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;


Fine.
Like his love, a boundless sea, Won- der- ful, wonder - ful peace.
Sweet, a - bid - ing calm be- low, Won- der- ful, wonder - ful peace.
Je - sus keeps it—grace untold—Won- der- ful, wonder - ful peace.
Whether skies be bright or dim, Won- der- ful, wonder - ful peace.
Let me learn, and do his will, Won- der- ful, wonder - ful peace.
D S.—Je - sus gives his peace to me, Won- der- ful, wonder - ful peace.



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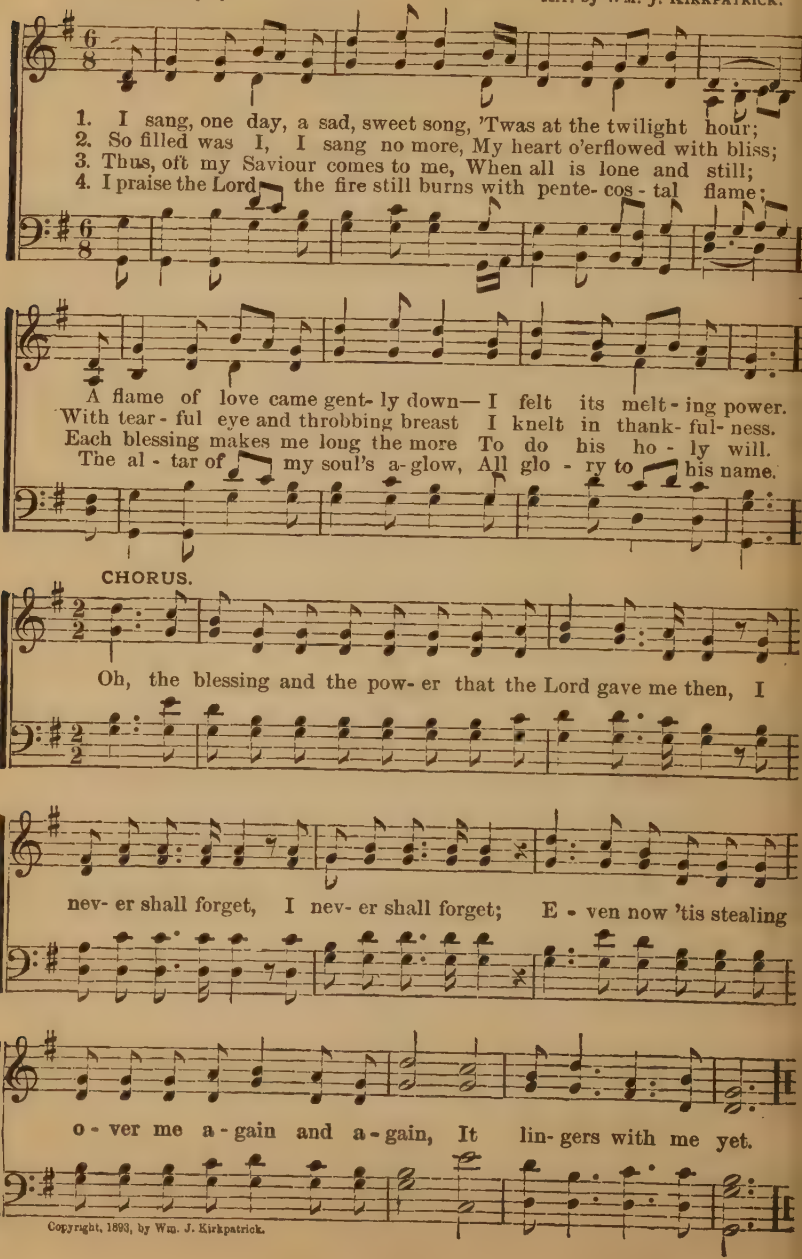
Remembered Blessings.

Words and Melody by Geo. L. Brown. Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I sang, one day, a sad, sweet song, 'Twas at the twilight hour;
2. So filled was I, I sang no more, My heart o'erflowed with bliss;
3. Thus, oft my Saviour comes to me, When all is lone and still;
4. I praise the Lord the fire still burns with pente- cos - tal flame;
A flame of love came gent- ly down— I felt its melt - ing power.
With tear - ful eye and throbbing breast I knelt in thank- ful- ness.
Each blessing makes me long the more To do his ho - ly will.
The al - tar of my soul's a-glow, All glo - ry to his name.
CHORUS.
Oh, the blessing and the pow- er that the Lord gave me then, I
nev- er shall forget, I nev- er shall forget; E - ven now 'tis stealing
o - ver me a - gain and a - gain, It lin- gers with me yet.

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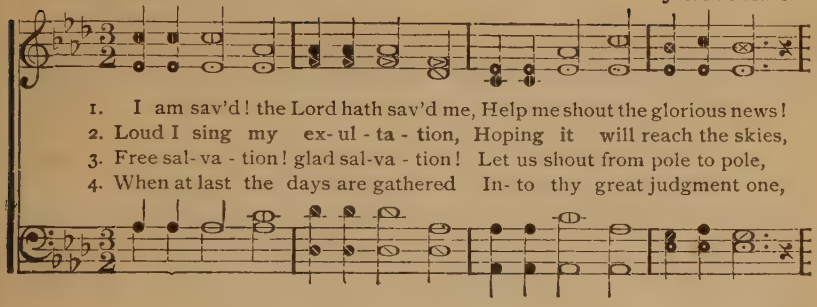
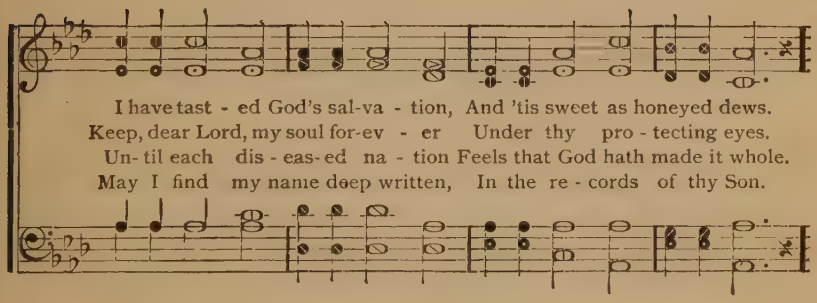
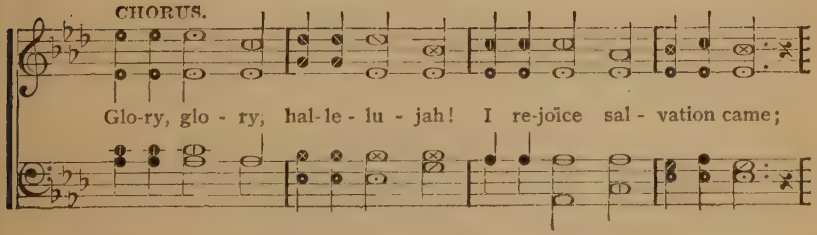
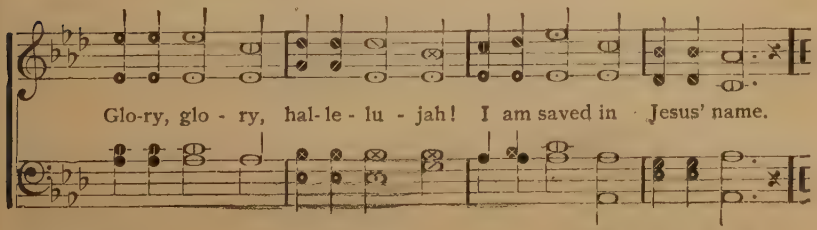
I am Saved.

Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!
2. Loud I sing my ex-ul-ta-tion, Hoping it will reach the skies,
3. Free sal-va-tion! glad sal-va-tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gathered In-to thy great judgment one,


I have tast-ed God's sal-va-tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.
Keep, dear Lord, my soul for-ev-er Under thy pro-tecting eyes.
Un-til each dis-eas-ed na-tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
May I find my name deep written, In the re-cords of thy Son.





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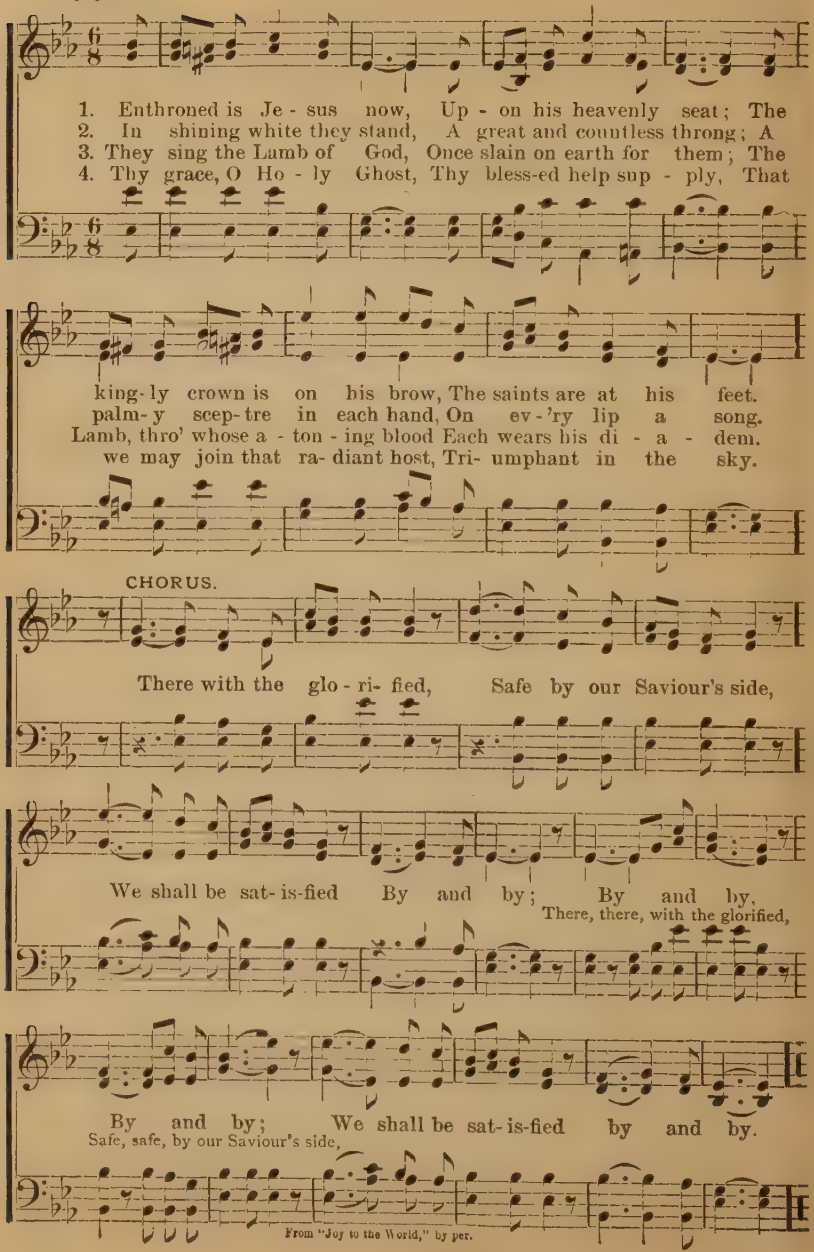
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Satisfied By and By.

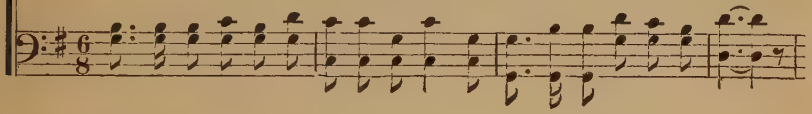
T. J. JUDKIN. Theme of Chorus from Webster. T. C. O'KANE.


1. Enthroned is Je - sus now, Up - on his heavenly seat; The
2. In shining white they stand, A great and countless throng; A
3. They sing the Lamb of God, Once slain on earth for them; The
4. Thy grace, O Ho - ly Ghost, Thy bless-ed help sup - ply, That
king-ly crown is on his brow, The saints are at his feet.
palm-y scep-tre in each hand, On ev-'ry lip a song.
Lamb, thro' whose a - ton - ing blood Each wears his di - a - dem.
we may join that ra-diant host, Tri- umphant in the sky.
CHORUS.
There with the glo - ri- fied, Safe by our Saviour's side,
We shall be sat-is-fied By and by; By and by,
There, there, with the glorified,
By and by; We shall be sat-is-fied by and by.
Safe, safe, by our Saviour's side,

From "Joy to the World," by per.

I. N. McH. I. N. McHose.

1. O the great love the dear Saviour has shown To shamefully die on the tree,
2. Palaces, mansions, and inns had no room For Christ, who so joyfully came
3. Man of great sorrows and homeless was he, But yet my Redeemer and Friend,



Leaving his sceptre and beautiful throne To rescue a sin- ner like me!
Down from yon heaven our path to illume, And save us from sin and from shame.
Pouring in infinite streams upon me, A love that can nevermore end.

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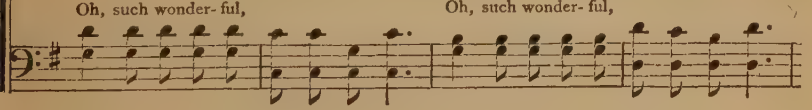
CHORUS.

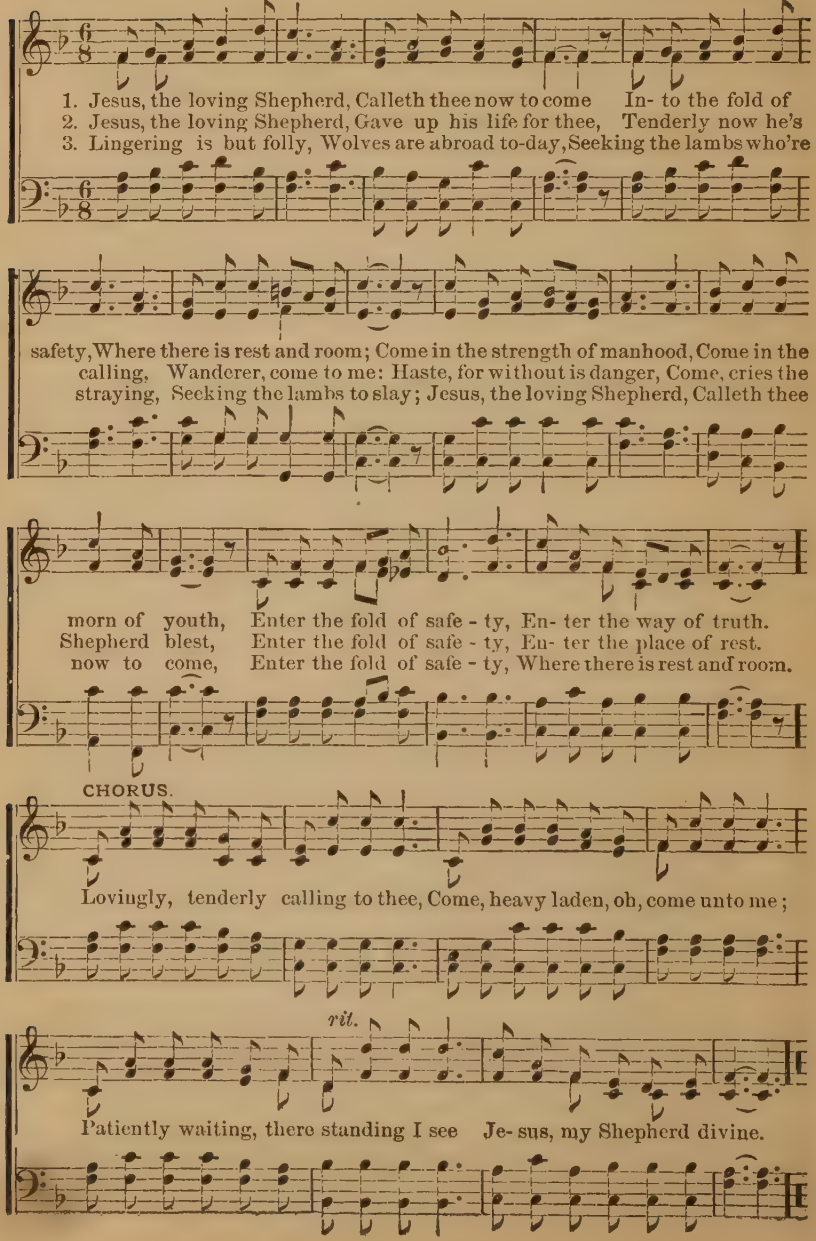
Oh, ... such wonderful love, Oh, ... such wonderful love;
Oh, such wonder- ful, Oh, such wonder- ful,



Jesus my Saviour left sceptre and throne, To rescue a sinner like me.

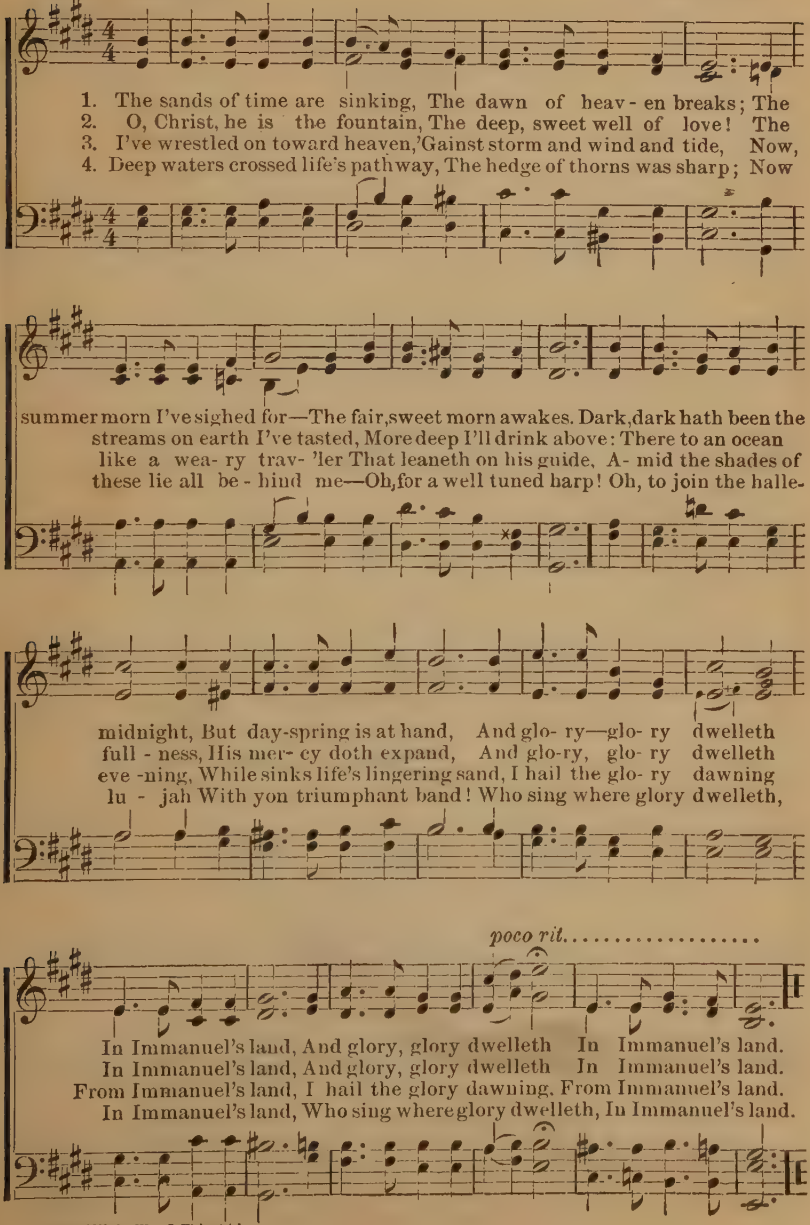
Lovingly, Tenderly Calling.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden. By per.


1. Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Calleth thee now to come In- to the fold of
2. Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Gave up his life for thee, Tenderly now he's
3. Lingering is but folly, Wolves are abroad to-day, Seeking the lambs who're
safety, Where there is rest and room; Come in the strength of manhood, Come in the
calling, Wanderer, come to me: Haste, for without is danger, Come, cries the
straying, Seeking the lambs to slay; Jesus, the loving Shepherd, Calleth thee
morn of youth, Enter the fold of safe - ty, En- ter the way of truth.
Shepherd blest, Enter the fold of safe - ty, En- ter the place of rest.
now to come, Enter the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room.
CHORUS.
Lovingly, tenderly calling to thee, Come, heavy laden, oh, come unto me;
rit.
Patiently waiting, there standing I see Je- sus, my Shepherd divine.

Immanuel's Land.

Mrs. Annie Ross Cousin. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heav - en breaks; The
2. O, Christ, he is the fountain, The deep, sweet well of love! The
3. I've wrestled on toward heaven,'Gainst storm and wind and tide, Now,
4. Deep waters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp; Now
summer morn I've sighed for—The fair,sweet morn awakes. Dark,dark hath been the
streams on earth I've tasted, More deep I'll drink above: There to an ocean
like a wea- ry trav- 'ler That leaneth on his guide, A- mid the shades of
these lie all be - hind me—Oh,for a well tuned harp! Oh, to join the halle-
midnight, But day-spring is at hand, And glo- ry—glo- ry dwelleth
full - ness, His mer- cy doth expand, And glo-ry, glo- ry dwelleth
eve -ning, While sinks life's lingering sand, I hail the glo- ry dawning
lu - jah With yon triumphant band! Who sing where glory dwelleth,
poco rit.
In Immanuel's land, And glory, glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land.
In Immanuel's land, And glory, glory dwelleth In Immanuel's land.
From Immanuel's land, I hail the glory dawning. From Immanuel's land.
In Immanuel's land, Who sing where glory dwelleth, In Immanuel's land.

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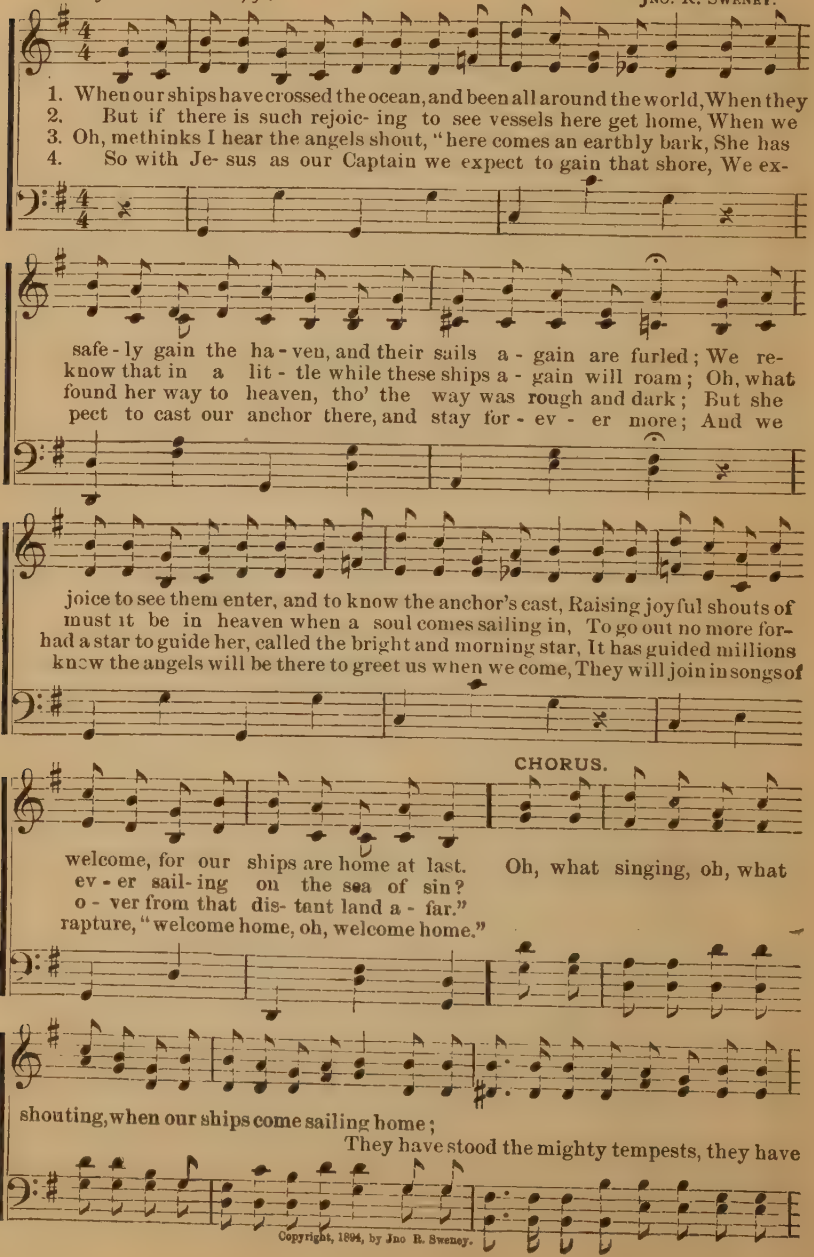
When our Ships come Sailing Home.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. When our ships have crossed the ocean, and been all around the world, When they
2. But if there is such rejoic- ing to see vessels here get home, When we
3. Oh, methinks I hear the angels shout, "here comes an earthly bark, She has
4. So with Je- sus as our Captain we expect to gain that shore, We ex-
safe - ly gain the ha - ven, and their sails a - gain are furled; We re-
know that in a lit - tle while these ships a - gain will roam; Oh, what
found her way to heaven, tho' the way was rough and dark; But she
pect to cast our anchor there, and stay for - ev - er more; And we
joice to see them enter, and to know the anchor's cast, Raising joyful shouts of
must it be in heaven when a soul comes sailing in, To go out no more for-
had a star to guide her, called the bright and morning star, It has guided millions
know the angels will be there to greet us when we come, They will join in songs of
CHORUS.
welcome, for our ships are home at last. Oh, what singing, oh, what
ev - er sail - ing on the sea of sin?
o - ver from that dis- tant land a - far."
rapture, "welcome home, oh, welcome home."
shouting, when our ships come sailing home;
They have stood the mighty tempests, they have

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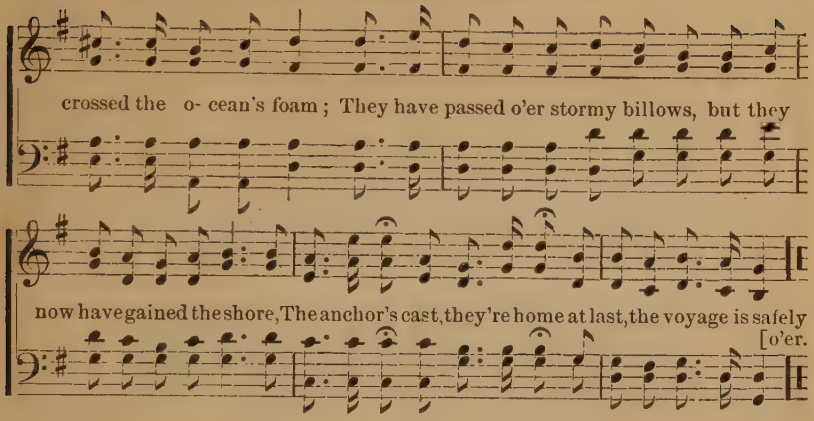
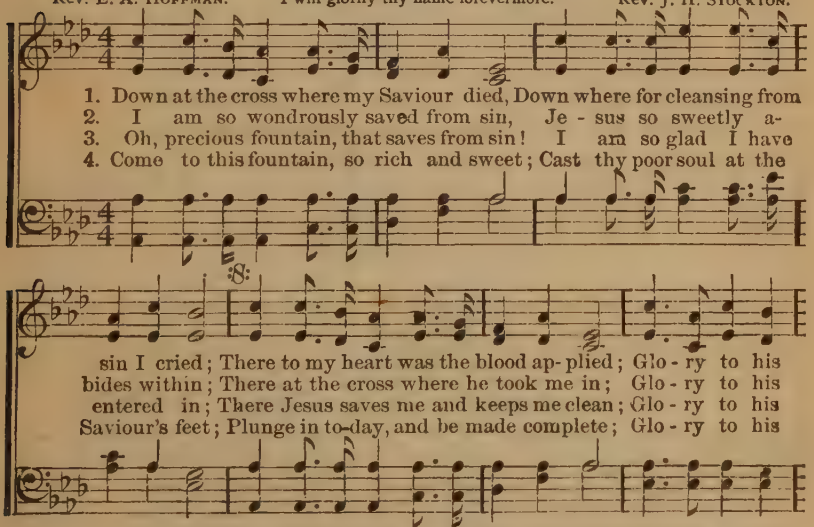
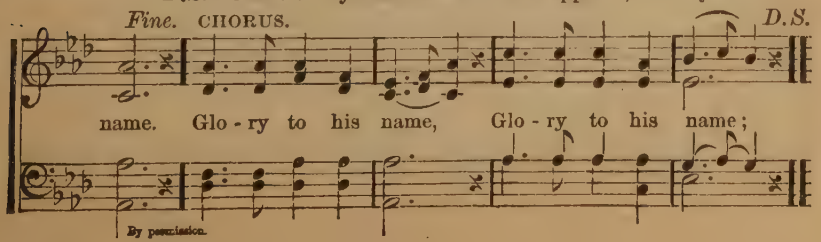

crossed the o- cean's foam; They have passed o'er stormy billows, but they
now have gained the shore, The anchor's cast, they're home at last, the voyage is safely
[o'er.

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. "I will glorify thy name forevermore." Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a-
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin! I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap- plied; Glo - ry to his
bides within; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his
entered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to his
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his
D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his



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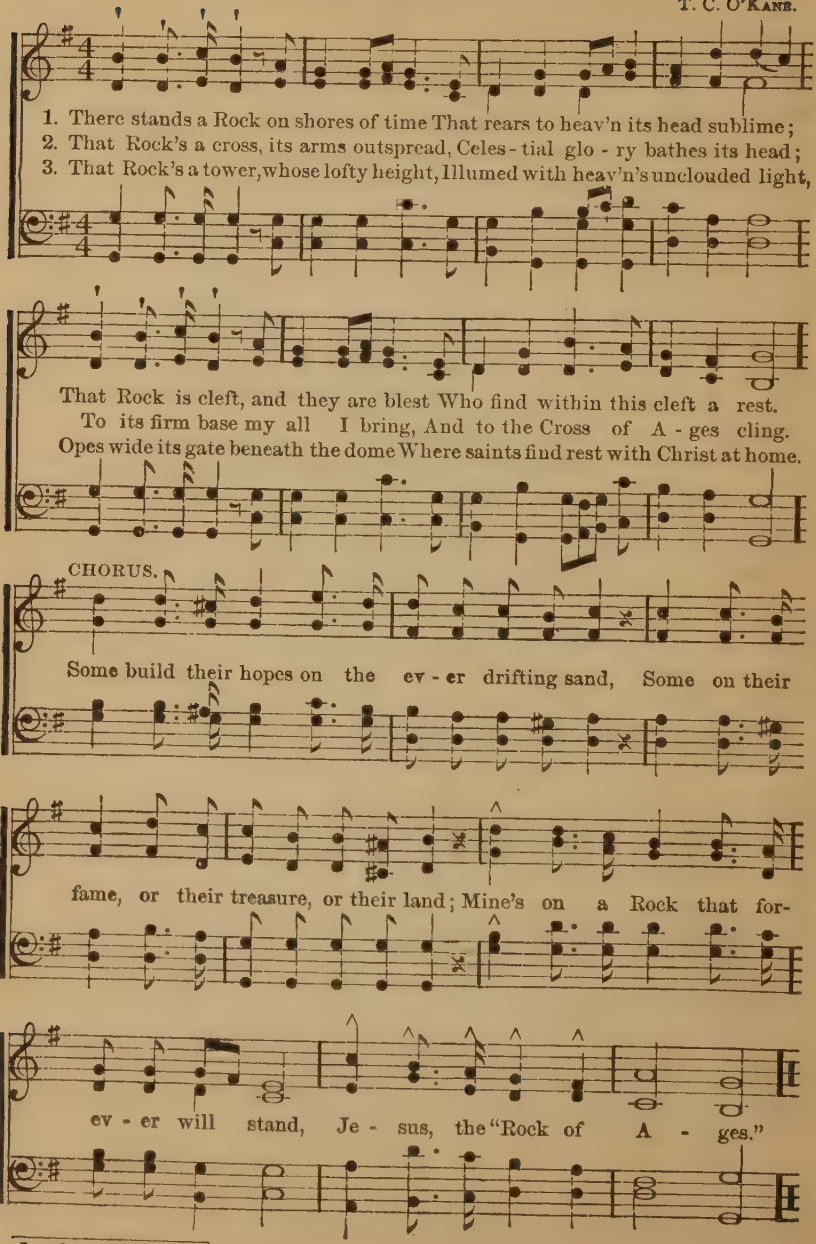
The Sure Foundation.

T. C. O'Kane.


1. There stands a Rock on shores of time That rears to heav'n its head sublime;
2. That Rock's a cross, its arms outspread, Celes - tial glo - ry bathes its head;
3. That Rock's a tower, whose lofty height, Illumed with heav'n's unclouded light,
That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find within this cleft a rest.
To its firm base my all I bring, And to the Cross of A - ges cling.
Opes wide its gate beneath the dome Where saints find rest with Christ at home.
CHORUS.
Some build their hopes on the ev - er drifting sand, Some on their
fame, or their treasure, or their land; Mine's on a Rock that for-
ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

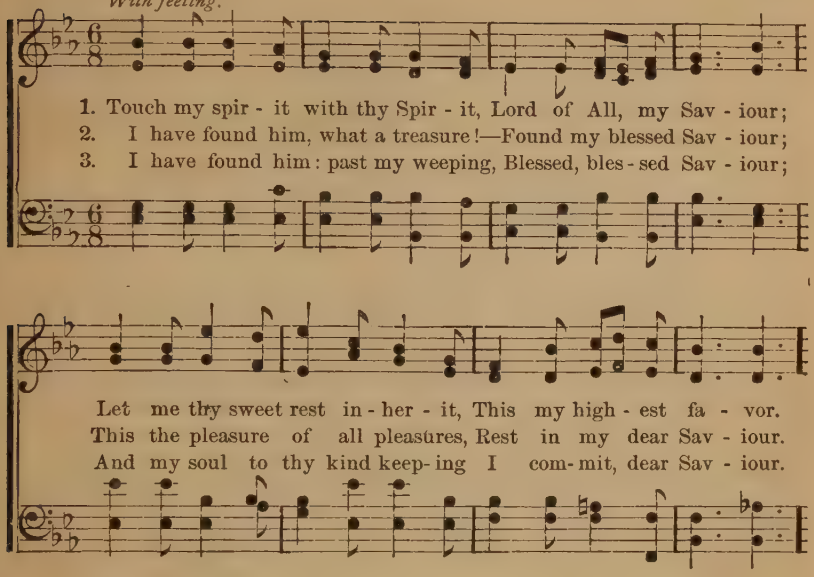
From "Jasper and Gold," by per.

Rest.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D.

Jno. R. Sweney.

With feeling.


1. Touch my spir - it with thy Spir - it, Lord of All, my Sav - iour;
2. I have found him, what a treasure!—Found my blessed Sav - iour;
3. I have found him: past my weeping, Blessed, bles - sed Sav - iour;
Let me thy sweet rest in - her - it, This my high - est fa - vor.
This the pleasure of all pleasures, Rest in my dear Sav - iour.
And my soul to thy kind keep - ing I com - mit, dear Sav - iour.

CHORUS.

4 On the earth this heavenly resting
Comes to me, dear Saviour;
This is love's own manifesting,
Through my blessed Saviour.

5 In this rest toil does not weary,—
Toil for thee, my Saviour;
In the gloom there's nothing dreary,
With thee, O my Saviour.

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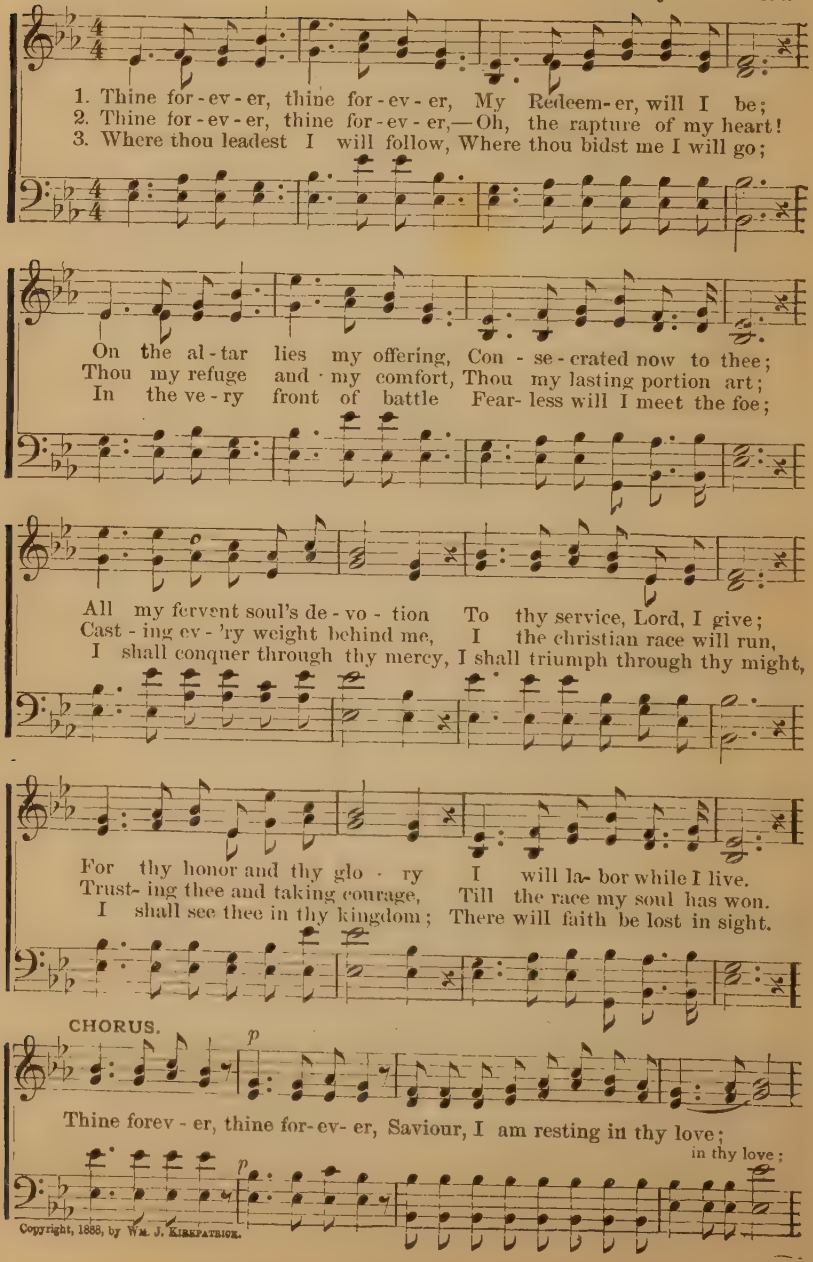
Thine Forever.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Thine for-ev-er, thine for-ev-er, My Redeem-er, will I be;
2. Thine for-ev-er, thine for-ev-er,—Oh, the rapture of my heart!
3. Where thou leadest I will follow, Where thou bidst me I will go;
On the al-tar lies my offering, Con-se-crated now to thee;
Thou my refuge and my comfort, Thou my lasting portion art;
In the ve-ry front of battle Fear-less will I meet the foe;
All my fervent soul's de-vo-tion To thy service, Lord, I give;
Cast-ing ev-'ry weight behind me, I the christian race will run,
I shall conquer through thy mercy, I shall triumph through thy might,
For thy honor and thy glo-ry I will la-bor while I live.
Trust-ing thee and taking courage, Till the race my soul has won.
I shall see thee in thy kingdom; There will faith be lost in sight.
CHORUS.
p
Thine forev-er, thine for-ev-er, Saviour, I am resting in thy love;
in thy love;
p

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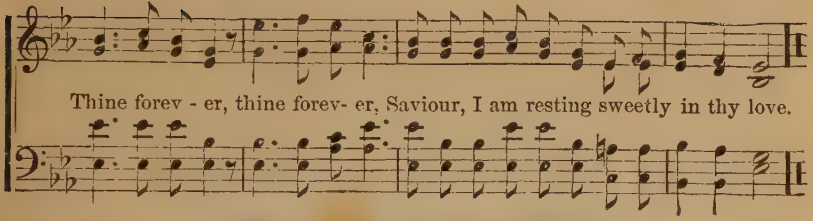
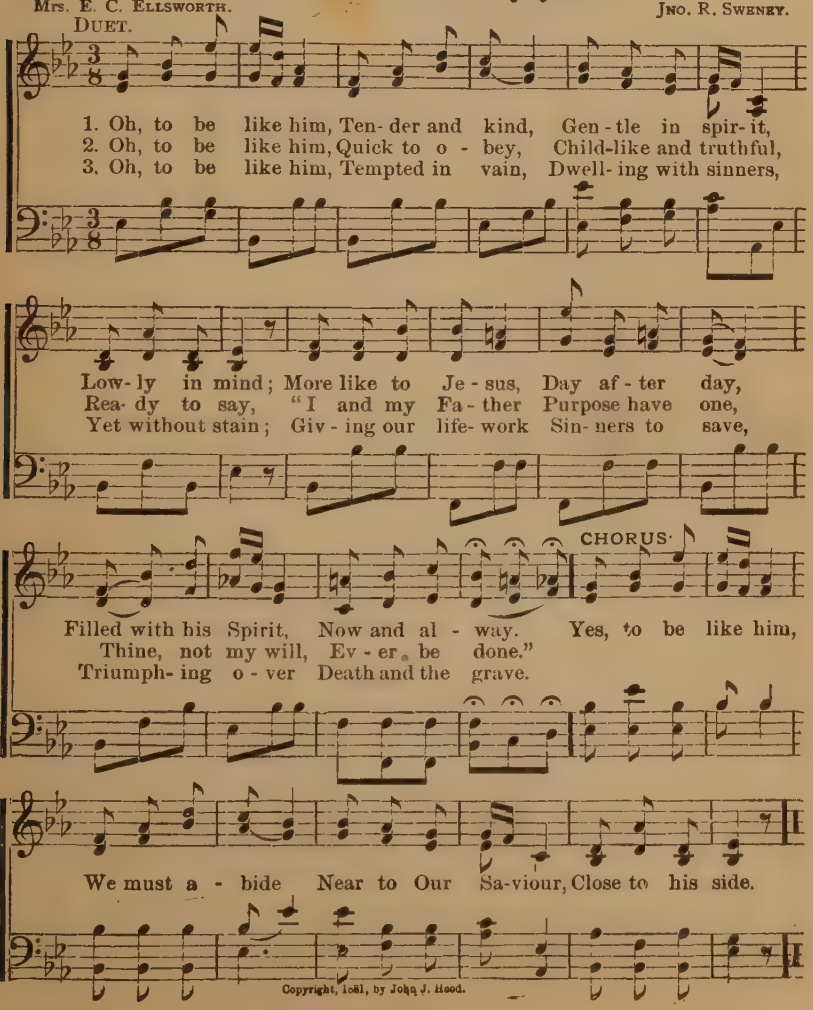


Oh, to be Like Him.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Jno. R. Sweney.

DUET.


1. Oh, to be like him, Ten- der and kind, Gen - tle in spir- it,
2. Oh, to be like him, Quick to o - bey, Child-like and truthful,
3. Oh, to be like him, Tempted in vain, Dwell- ing with sinners,
Low- ly in mind; More like to Je - sus, Day af - ter day,
Rea- dy to say, "I and my Fa- ther Purpose have one,
Yet without stain; Giv - ing our life- work Sin- ners to save,
CHORUS.
Filled with his Spirit, Now and al - way. Yes, to be like him,
Thine, not my will, Ev - er be done."
Triumph- ing o - ver Death and the grave.
We must a - bide Near to Our Sa-viour, Close to his side.

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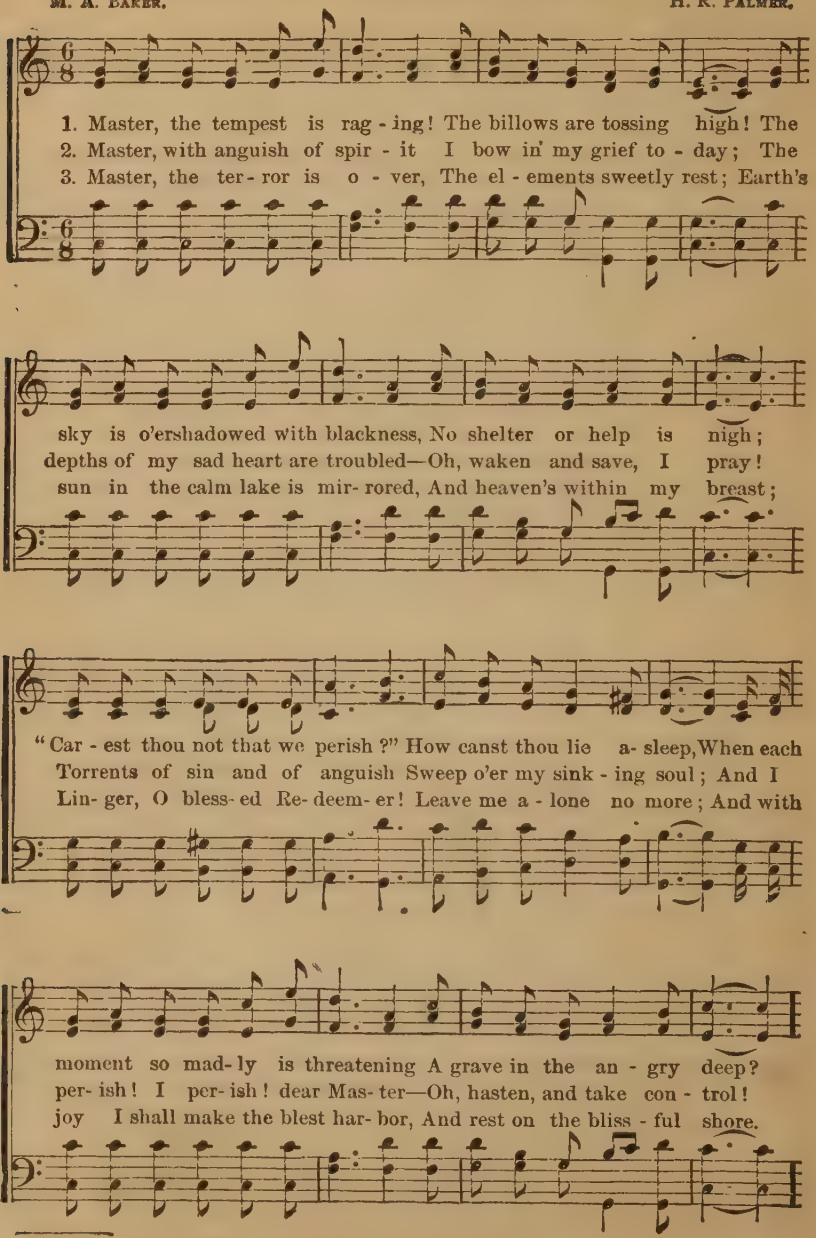
Master, the Tempest is Raging.

M. A. Baker. H. R. Palmer.


1. Master, the tempest is rag - ing! The billows are tossing high! The
2. Master, with anguish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day; The
3. Master, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - ements sweetly rest; Earth's
sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh;
depths of my sad heart are troubled—Oh, waken and save, I pray!
sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heaven's within my breast;
"Car - est thou not that we perish?" How canst thou lie a- sleep, When each
Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul; And I
Lin- ger, O bless- ed Re- deem- er! Leave me a - lone no more; And with
moment so mad- ly is threatening A grave in the an - gry deep?
per- ish! I per- ish! dear Mas- ter—Oh, hasten, and take con - trol!
joy I shall make the blest har- bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

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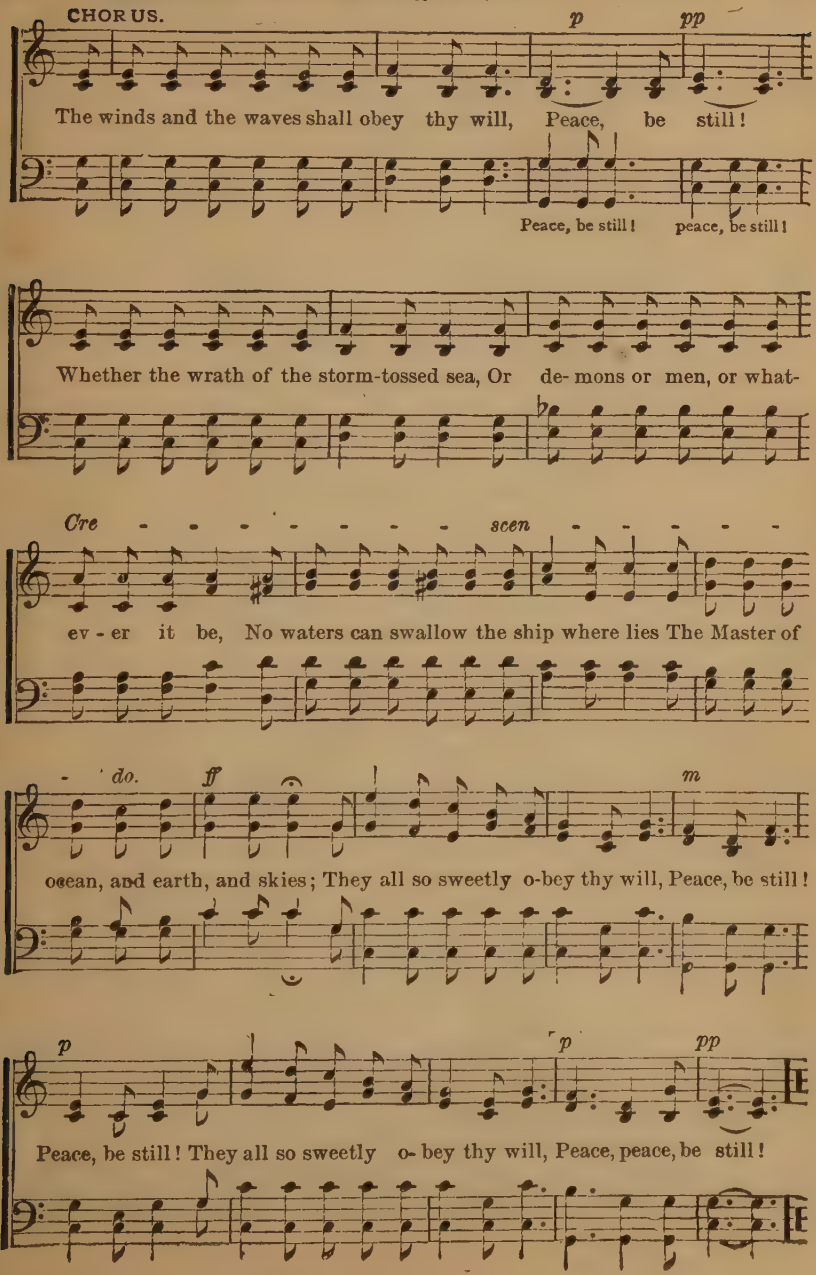
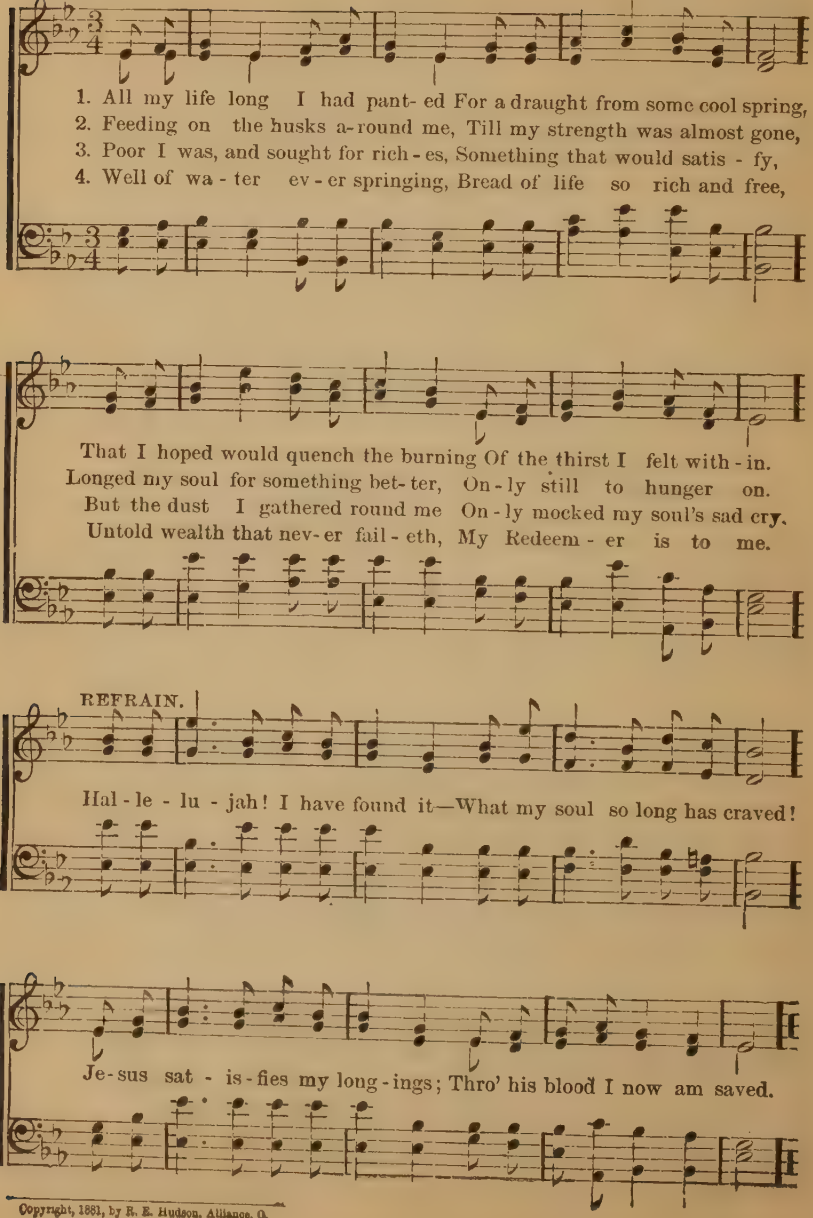

CHORUS.
p
pp
The winds and the waves shall obey thy will, Peace, be still!
Peace, be still! peace, be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de- mons or men, or what-
Cre - - - - - - - - scen - - - - -
ev - er it be, No waters can swallow the ship where lies The Master of
do.
ff
m
ocean, and earth, and skies; They all so sweetly o-bey thy will, Peace, be still!
p
p
pp
Peace, be still! They all so sweetly o- bey thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

Satisfied.

CLARA TEARE. Psalm xxxvi. 8. R. E. HUDSON. By per.


1. All my life long I had pant- ed For a draught from some cool spring,
2. Feeding on the husks a-round me, Till my strength was almost gone,
3. Poor I was, and sought for rich - es, Something that would satis - fy,
4. Well of wa - ter ev - er springing, Bread of life so rich and free,
That I hoped would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt with - in.
Longed my soul for something bet- ter, On - ly still to hunger on.
But the dust I gathered round me On - ly mocked my soul's sad cry.
Untold wealth that nev- er fail - eth, My Redeem - er is to me.
REFRAIN.
Hal - le - lu - jah! I have found it—What my soul so long has craved!
Je- sus sat - is - fies my long - ings; Thro' his blood I now am saved.

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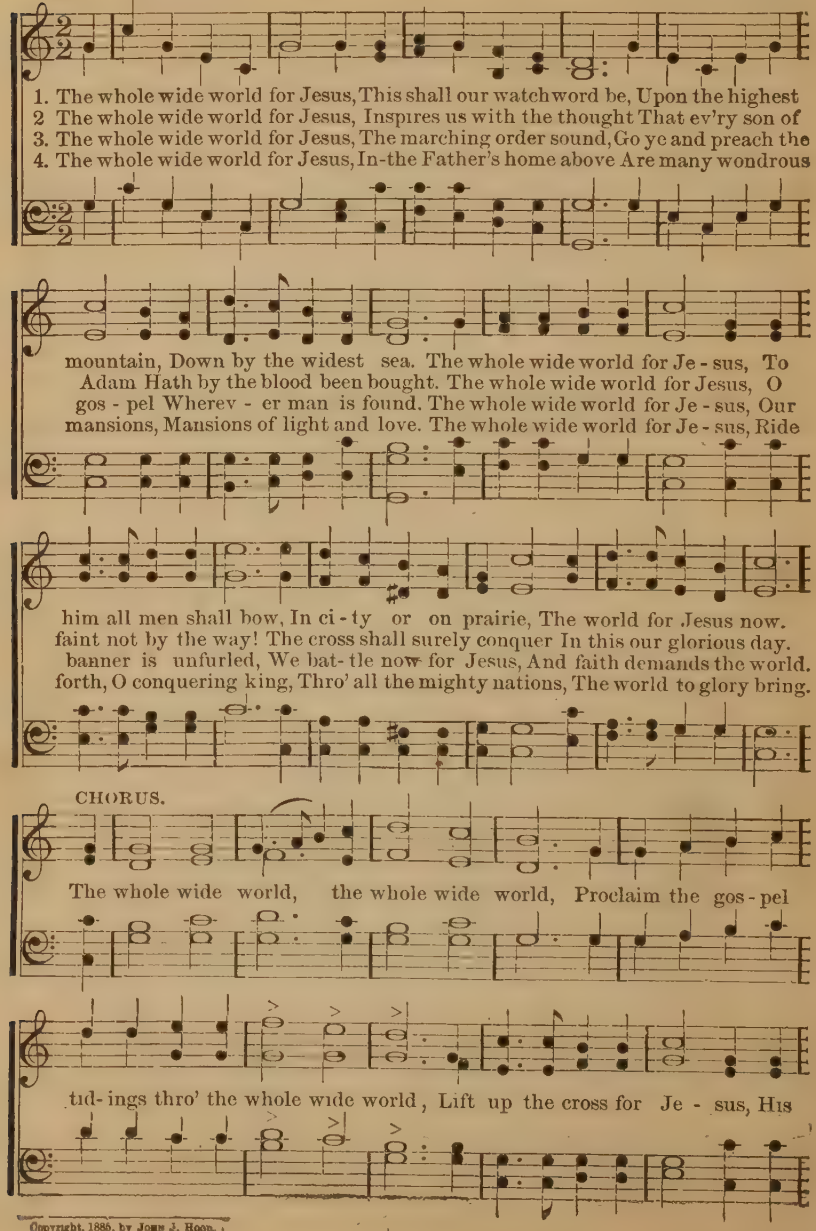
E. JOHNSON. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings, or sorrows prevail;
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But, toil- ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shad- ow- y vale.
CHORUS,
Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the
let me fly,
Rock that is higher than I; Oh, then, to the Rock let me
is high - er than I;
fly, To the rock that is high - er than I.
let me fly,

The Whole Wide World.

Rev. J. Demster Hammond. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. The whole wide world for Jesus, This shall our watchword be, Upon the highest
2 The whole wide world for Jesus, Inspires us with the thought That ev'ry son of
3. The whole wide world for Jesus, The marching order sound, Go ye and preach the
4. The whole wide world for Jesus, In the Father's home above Are many wondrous
mountain, Down by the widest sea. The whole wide world for Je - sus, To
Adam Hath by the blood been bought. The whole wide world for Jesus, O
gos - pel Wherev - er man is found. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Our
mansions, Mansions of light and love. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Ride
him all men shall bow, In ci - ty or on prairie, The world for Jesus now.
faint not by the way! The cross shall surely conquer In this our glorious day.
banner is unfurled, We bat - tle now for Jesus, And faith demands the world.
forth, O conquering king, Thro' all the mighty nations, The world to glory bring.
CHORUS.
The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Proclaim the gos - pel
tid - ings thro' the whole wide world, Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

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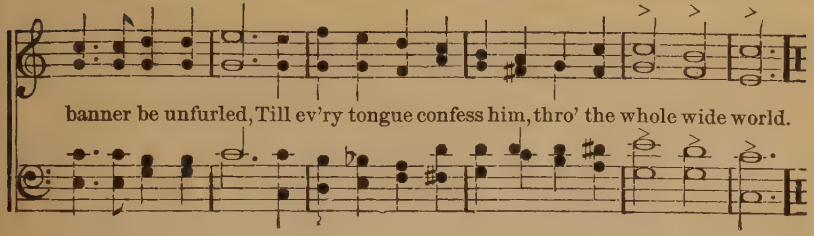
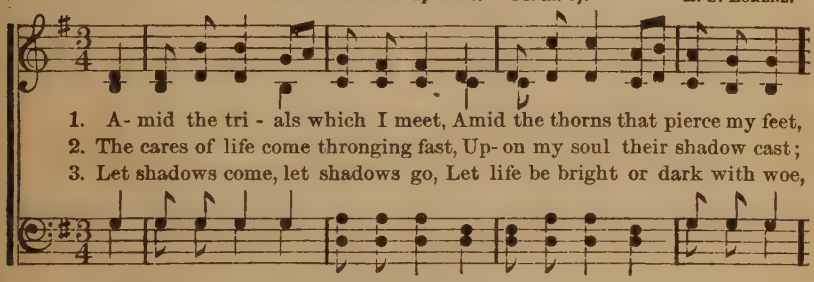
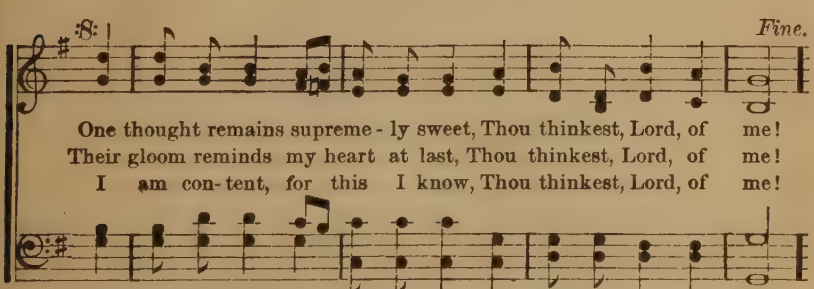
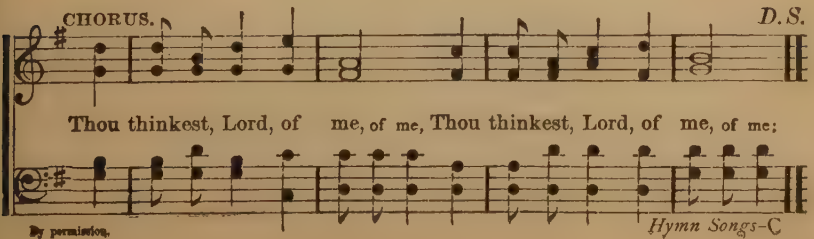


Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.

E. D. MUND. "The Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. xl. 17. E. S. LORENZ.


1. A- mid the tri - als which I meet, Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up- on my soul their shadow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,


Fine.
One thought remains supreme - ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
I am con- tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
D. S.—What need I fear since thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me.



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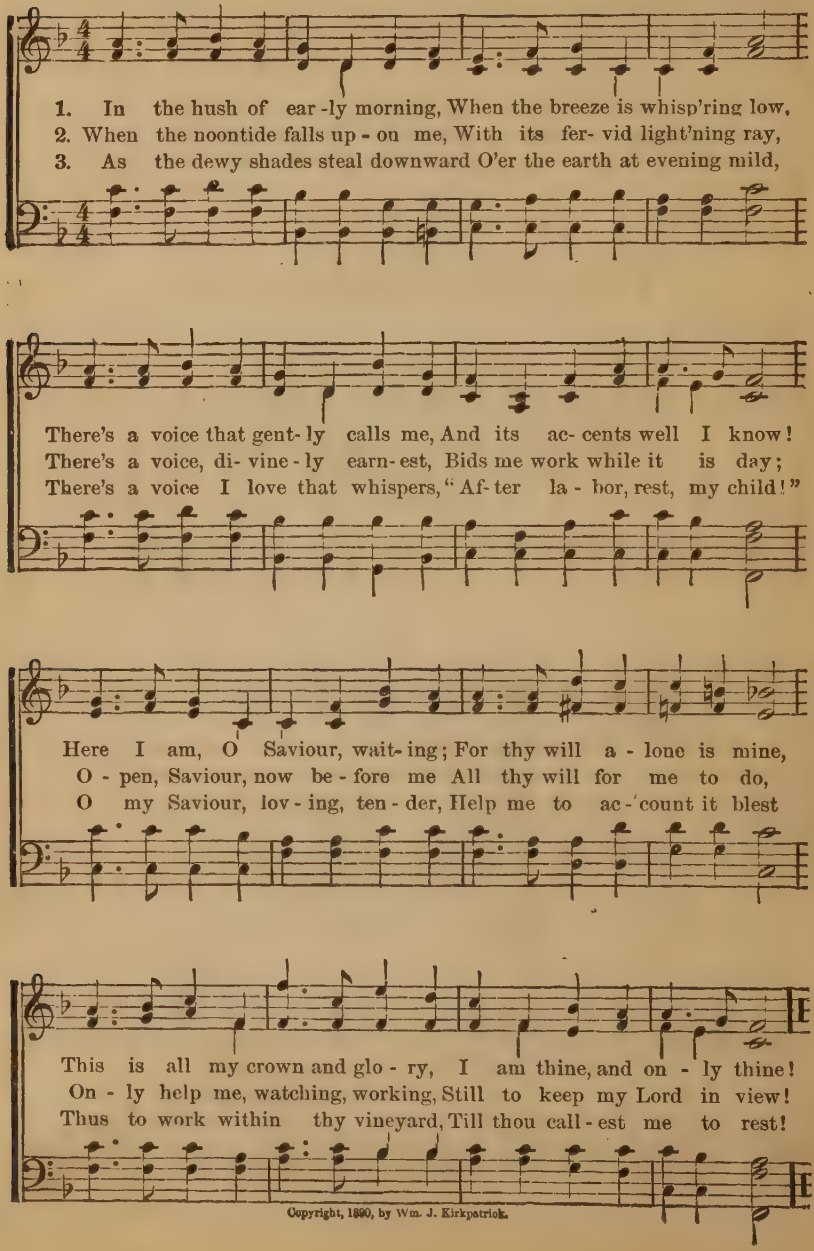
In the Hush of Early Morning.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. In the hush of ear-ly morning, When the breeze is whisp'ring low,
2. When the noontide falls up-on me, With its fer-vid light'ning ray,
3. As the dewy shades steal downward O'er the earth at evening mild,
There's a voice that gent-ly calls me, And its ac-cents well I know!
There's a voice, di-vine-ly earn-est, Bids me work while it is day;
There's a voice I love that whispers, "Af-ter la-bor, rest, my child!"
Here I am, O Saviour, wait-ing; For thy will a-lone is mine,
O-pen, Saviour, now be-fore me All thy will for me to do,
O my Saviour, lov-ing, ten-der, Help me to ac-count it blest
This is all my crown and glo-ry, I am thine, and on-ly thine!
On-ly help me, watching, working, Still to keep my Lord in view!
Thus to work within thy vineyard, Till thou call-est me to rest!

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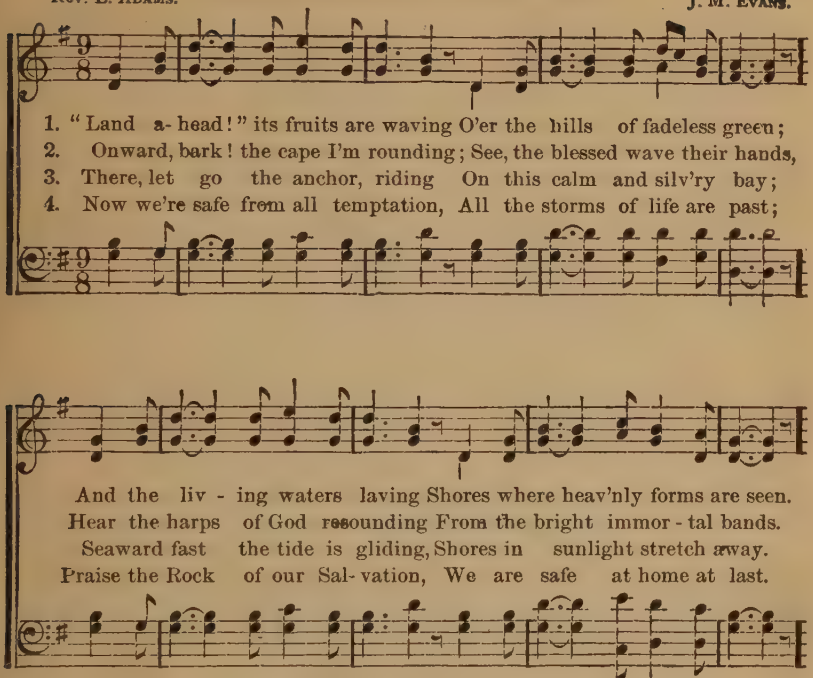
Safe within the Vail.

Rev. E. Adams. J. M. Evans.


1. "Land a- head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green;
2. Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See, the blessed wave their hands,
3. There, let go the anchor, riding On this calm and silv'ry bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temptation, All the storms of life are past;
And the liv - ing waters laving Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright immor - tal bands.
Seaward fast the tide is gliding, Shores in sunlight stretch away.
Praise the Rock of our Sal- vation, We are safe at home at last.
CHORUS.
Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e- ter - nal shore,
Drop the an- chor! furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!

Abiding.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. My soul for light and love had earnest longings, Oh, how it longed for
2. Oh, how enrich- ing is this sacred treasure! En - riching to this
3. Oh, yes, I rest, how blessed is the rest- ing! I rest to-day, I'm
fellowship divine! I sought it here and there, I sought it ev'rywhere, At
soul, this soul of mine; There's nothing anywhere Can with this love compare, And
resting all the time. "Come," echoes thro' the air, "Come," and the resting share, And
CHORUS.
last thro' faith, the ho - ly boon was mine. I'm a - bid - ing, gracious
I henceforth, for- ev - er, Lord, am thine.
Je - sus will be yours as he is mine.
Sa - viour, I'm a - bid- ing in thy precious love to - day; I'm a-
bid - ing, yes, a - bid - ing In thy love, thy precious love, to- day.

Copyright 1882, by John J. Hood.

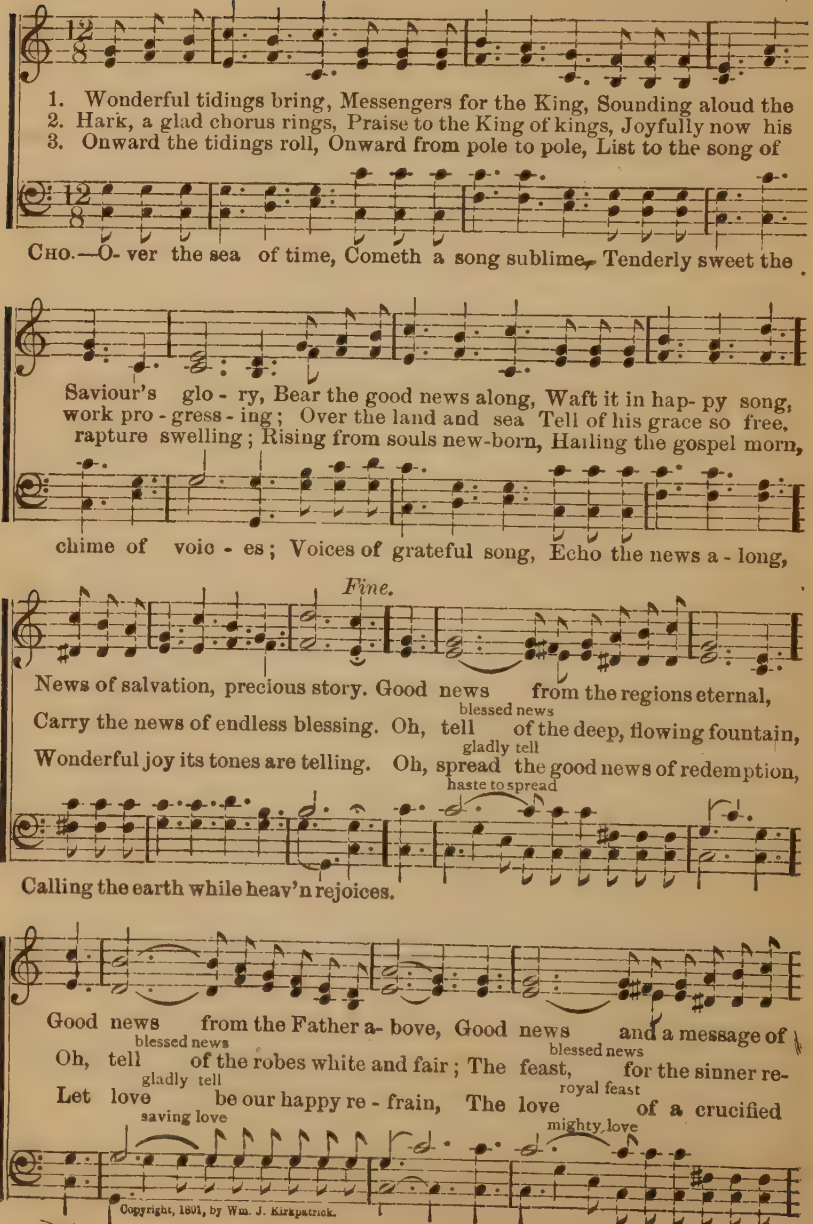
I Hope to Meet You All in Glory.

EMMA PITT. [From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.] WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er;
2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair;
3. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, Round the Saviour's throne above;
4. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er;
I hope to tell the dear old sto - ry, On the bles-sed shin-ing shore.
I hope to praise our dear Redeem- er For the grace that brought me there.
I hope to join the ransomed arm - y Singing now redeem-ing love.
I hope to clasp your hands rejoic- ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.
CHORUS.
On the shin - ing shore, On the gold - en strand, In our
Father's home, In the hap - py land: I hope to meet you there, I
hope to meet you there,—A crown of vict-'ry wear,—In glo - ry.

Good News.

L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick


1. Wonderful tidings bring, Messengers for the King, Sounding aloud the
2. Hark, a glad chorus rings, Praise to the King of kings, Joyfully now his
3. Onward the tidings roll, Onward from pole to pole, List to the song of
Cho.—O- ver the sea of time, Cometh a song sublime, Tenderly sweet the
Saviour's glo - ry, Bear the good news along, Waft it in hap- py song,
work pro - gress - ing; Over the land and sea Tell of his grace so free.
rapture swelling; Rising from souls new-born, Hailing the gospel morn,
chime of voic - es; Voices of grateful song, Echo the news a - long,
Fine.
News of salvation, precious story. Good news from the regions eternal,
Carry the news of endless blessing. Oh, tell blessed news of the deep, flowing fountain,
Wonderful joy its tones are telling. Oh, spread gladly tell the good news of redemption,
haste to spread
Calling the earth while heav'n rejoices.
Good news from the Father a- bove, Good news and a message of
Oh, tell blessed news of the robes white and fair; The feast, blessed news for the sinner re-
Let love gladly tell be our happy re - frain, The love royal feast of a crucified
saving love
mighty love

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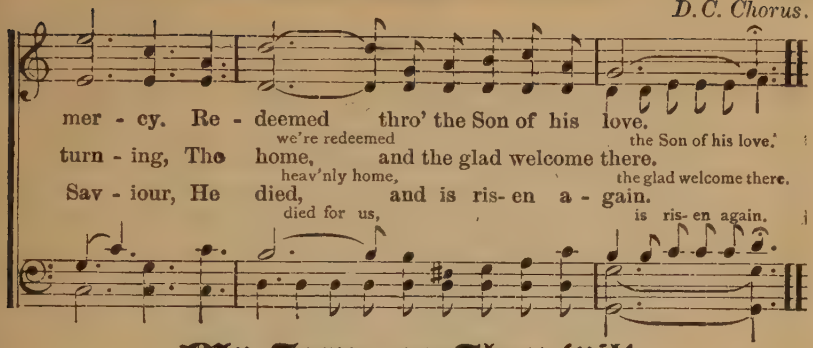
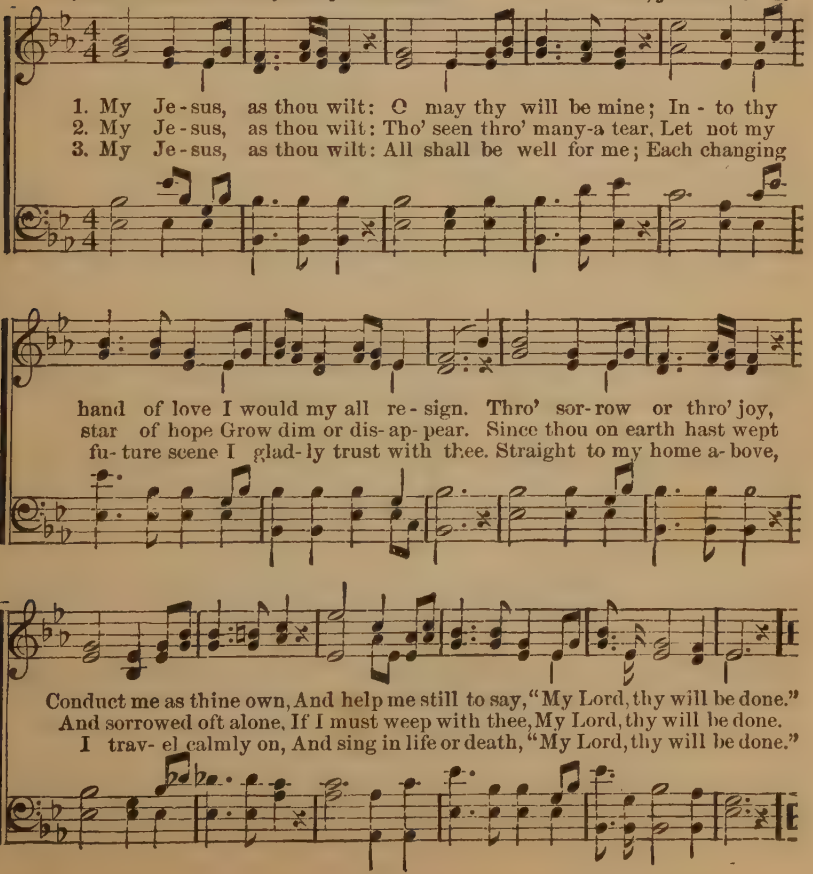
D. C. Chorus.


mer - cy. Re - deemed thro' the Son of his love.
we're redeemed the Son of his love.
turn - ing, The home, and the glad welcome there.
heav'nly home, the glad welcome there.
Sav - iour, He died, and is ris- en a - gain.
died for us, is ris- en again.

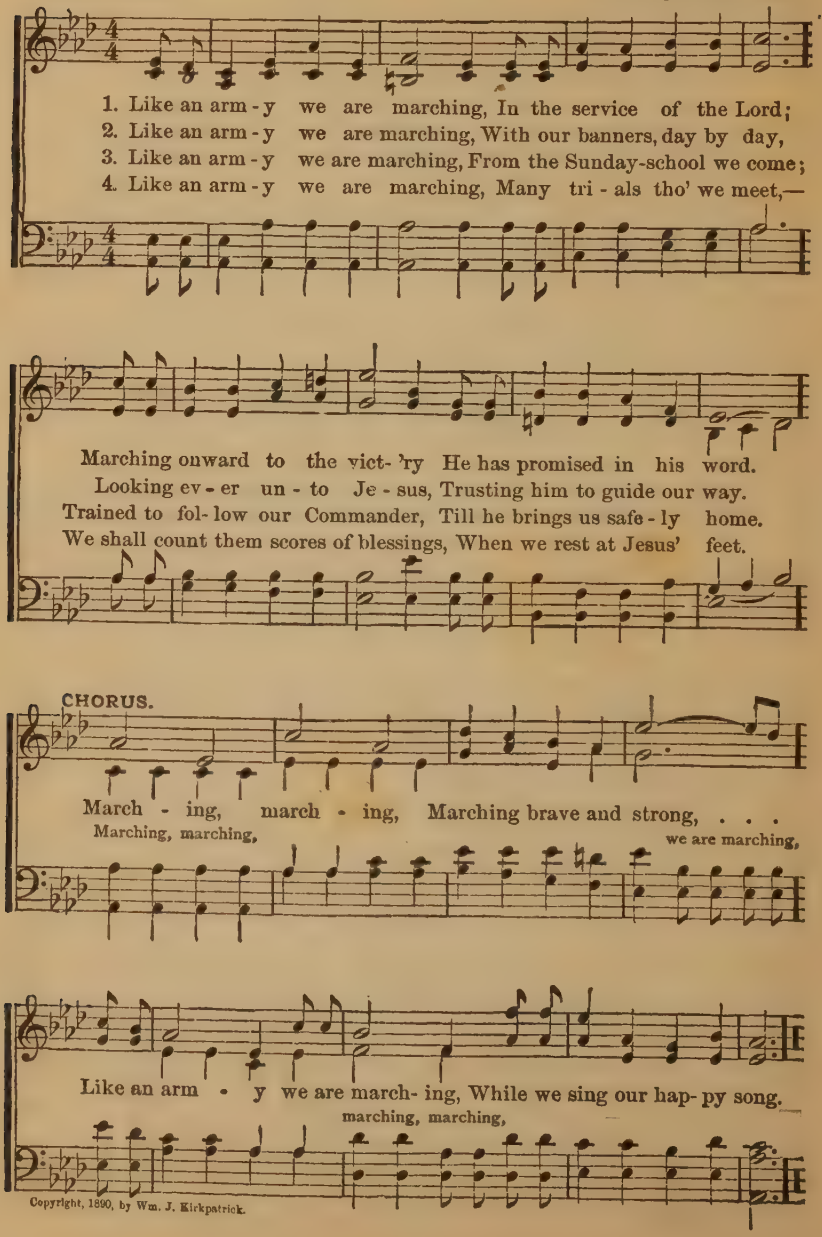
My Jesus, as Thou wilt.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKA. Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK. Tune, JEWETT. 6s.


1. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In - to thy
2. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many-a tear, Let not my
3. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing
hand of love I would my all re-sign. Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear. Since thou on earth hast wept
fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with thee. Straight to my home a-bove,
Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done.
I trav-el calmly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done."

Like an Army We are Marching.

SALLIE MARTIN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Like an arm - y we are marching, In the service of the Lord;
2. Like an arm - y we are marching, With our banners, day by day,
3. Like an arm - y we are marching, From the Sunday-school we come;
4. Like an arm - y we are marching, Many tri - als tho' we meet,—
Marching onward to the vict- 'ry He has promised in his word.
Looking ev - er un - to Je - sus, Trusting him to guide our way.
Trained to fol- low our Commander, Till he brings us safe - ly home.
We shall count them scores of blessings, When we rest at Jesus' feet.
CHORUS.
March - ing, march - ing, Marching brave and strong, . . .
Marching, marching, we are marching,
Like an arm - y we are march- ing, While we sing our hap- py song.
marching, marching,

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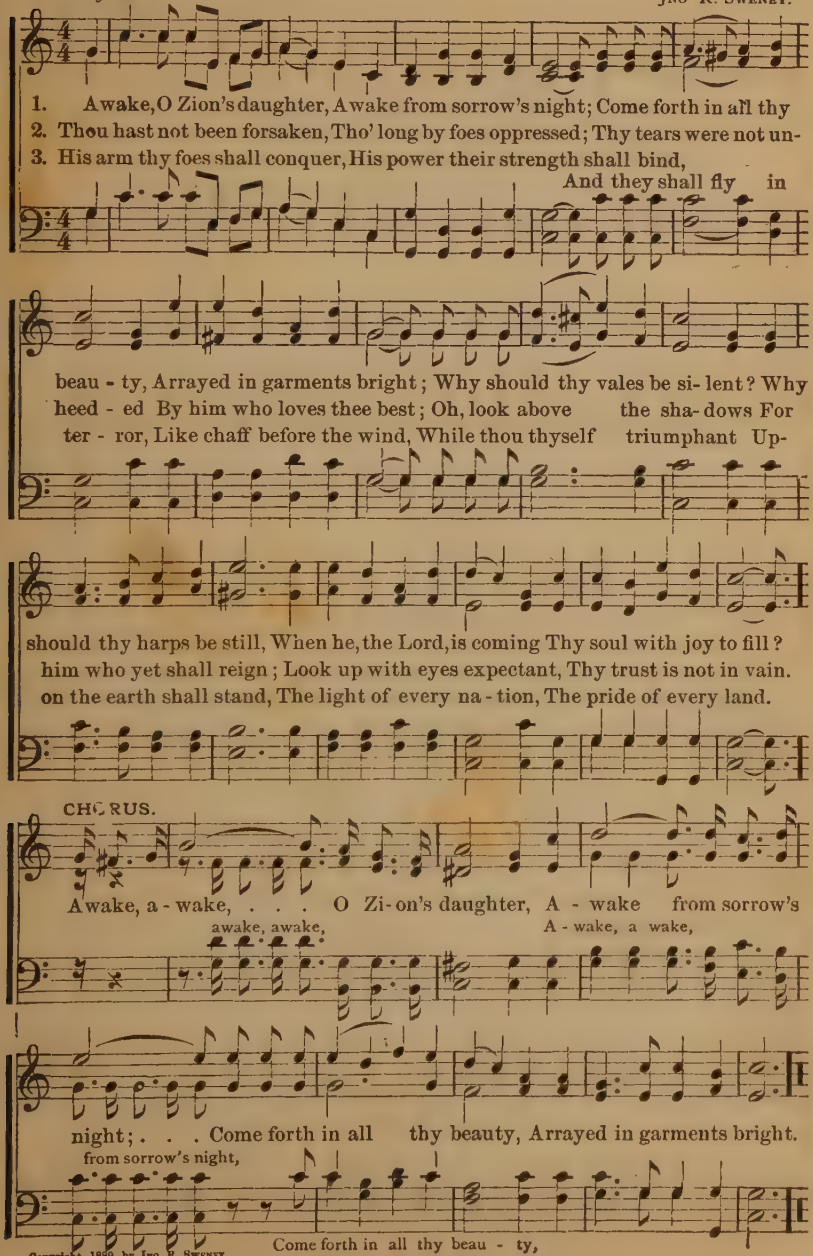
Awake, O Zion's Daughter.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO R. SWENEY.


1. Awake, O Zion's daughter, Awake from sorrow's night; Come forth in all thy
2. Thou hast not been forsaken, Tho' long by foes oppressed; Thy tears were not un-
3. His arm thy foes shall conquer, His power their strength shall bind,
And they shall fly in
beau - ty, Arrayed in garments bright; Why should thy vales be si- lent? Why
heed - ed By him who loves thee best; Oh, look above the sha- dows For
ter - ror, Like chaff before the wind, While thou thyself triumphant Up-
should thy harps be still, When he, the Lord, is coming Thy soul with joy to fill?
him who yet shall reign; Look up with eyes expectant, Thy trust is not in vain.
on the earth shall stand, The light of every na - tion, The pride of every land.
CHORUS.
Awake, a - wake, . . . O Zi- on's daughter, A - wake from sorrow's
awake, awake,
A - wake, a wake,
night; . . . Come forth in all thy beauty, Arrayed in garments bright.
from sorrow's night,
Come forth in all thy beau - ty,

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In the Morning.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and wea-ry oft we roam, But we
2. O these tender broken ties, How they dim our aching eyes, But like
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far beyond the narrow sea, And we
4. Thro' our pilgrim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us
know 'twill all be well in the morning; When, our anchor firmly cast, Ev'ry
jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear, And our
hear the Saviour's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the
watch and persevere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise For the
:S:
Fine.
storm-y wave is past, And we gather safe at last in the morn-ing.
robes immor-tal wear, We shall know each other there, in the morn-ing.
feet of Christ our King, What a chorus we shall sing in the morn-ing.
love that crowns our days, And to Jesus give the praise in the morn-ing.
D. S.—sun-ny region bright, When we hail the blessed light of the morn-ing.
CHORUS.
When we all meet a-gain in the morn-ing, On the sweet blooming
D.S.
hills in the morn-ing; Nev-ermore to say good night In that

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Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. Ogden. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Scat- ter- ing precious seed by the way - side, Scat- ter - ing
2. Scat- ter- ing precious seed for the grow - ing, Scat- ter - ing
3. Scat- ter- ing precious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat- ter - ing

precious seed by the hill - side; Scat- ter - ing precious seed
precious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat- ter - ing precious seed,
precious seed, trusting ev - er; Sowing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scat- ter- ing precious seed by the way.
trusting, know - ing, Sure- ly the Lord will send it the rain.
and en- deav - or, Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.

Sow - ing in the morn - ing, Sow - ing at the
Sow - ing in the eve - ning,
Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noontide,

noon - tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way. . . .
Sowing the precious seed; by the way.

pp

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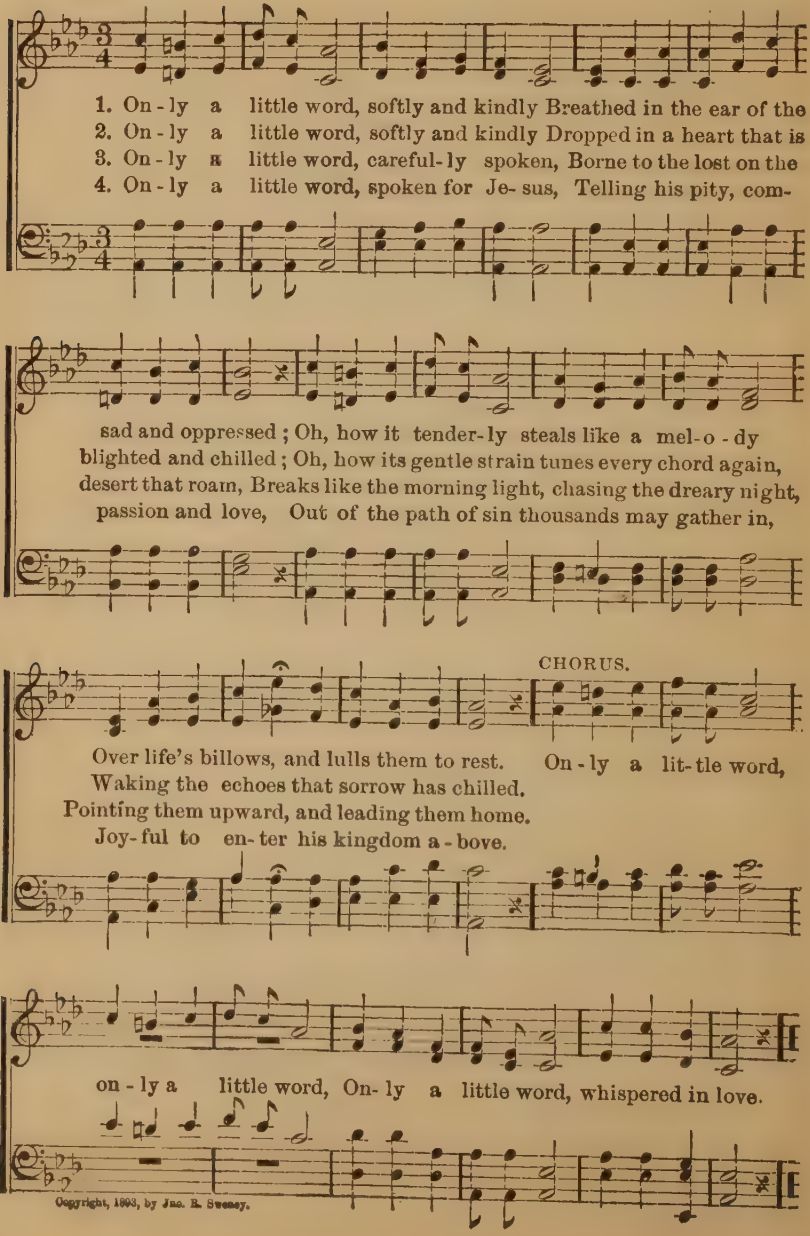
Only a Little Word.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. On - ly a little word, softly and kindly Breathed in the ear of the
2. On - ly a little word, softly and kindly Dropped in a heart that is
3. On - ly a little word, careful - ly spoken, Borne to the lost on the
4. On - ly a little word, spoken for Je - sus, Telling his pity, com-
sad and oppressed ; Oh, how it tender - ly steals like a mel - o - dy
blighted and chilled ; Oh, how its gentle strain tunes every chord again,
desert that roam, Breaks like the morning light, chasing the dreary night,
passion and love, Out of the path of sin thousands may gather in,
CHORUS.
Over life's billows, and lulls them to rest. On - ly a lit - tle word,
Waking the echoes that sorrow has chilled.
Pointing them upward, and leading them home.
Joy - ful to en - ter his kingdom a - bove.
on - ly a little word, On - ly a little word, whispered in love.

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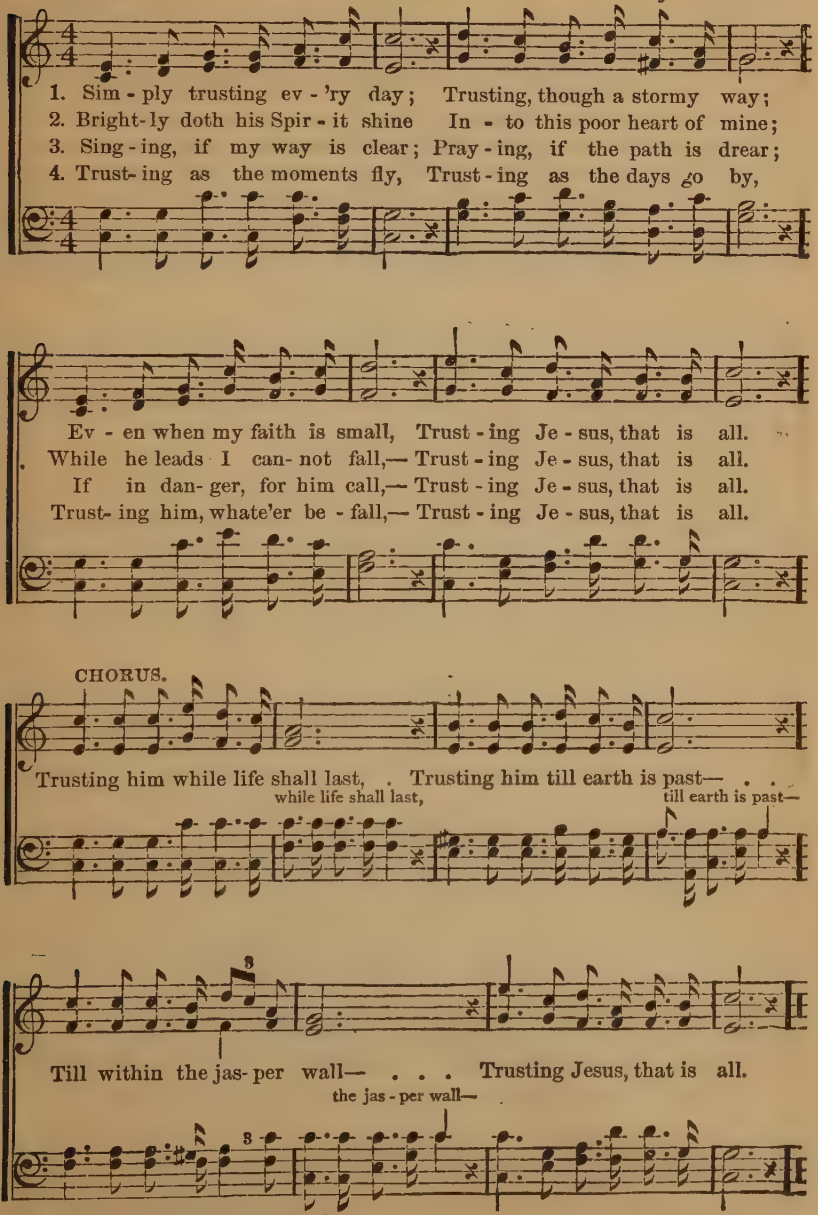
Trusting Jesus, That is All.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Sim - ply trusting ev - 'ry day; Trusting, though a stormy way;
2. Bright-ly doth his Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust- ing as the moments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by,
Ev - en when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
While he leads I can- not fall,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan- ger, for him call,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
Trust- ing him, whate'er be - fall,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
CHORUS.
Trusting him while life shall last, . Trusting him till earth is past— . . .
while life shall last,
till earth is past—
Till within the jas- per wall— . . . Trusting Jesus, that is all.
the jas - per wall—

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God so Loved the World.

FANNY J. CROSBY. John iii. 16. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Solo ad lib.

1. God loved the world so tenderly His only Son he gave, That all who on his
2. Oh, love that only God can feel, And only he can show! Its height and depth, its
3. Why perish, then, ye ransom'd ones? Why slight the gracious call? Why turn from him
4. O Saviour, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to believe That whosoever [whose
CHORUS.
name believe Its wondrous pow'r will save. For God so loved the world that he
length and breadth Nor heav'n nor earth can know!
words proclaim E-ter-nal life to all?
comes to thee Shall endless life receive.
gave his on-ly Son, That who-so-ev-er be-lieveth in him
Should not per-ish, should not per-ish; That who-so-ev-er be-
lieveth in him Should not per-ish, but have ev-er-last-ing life.

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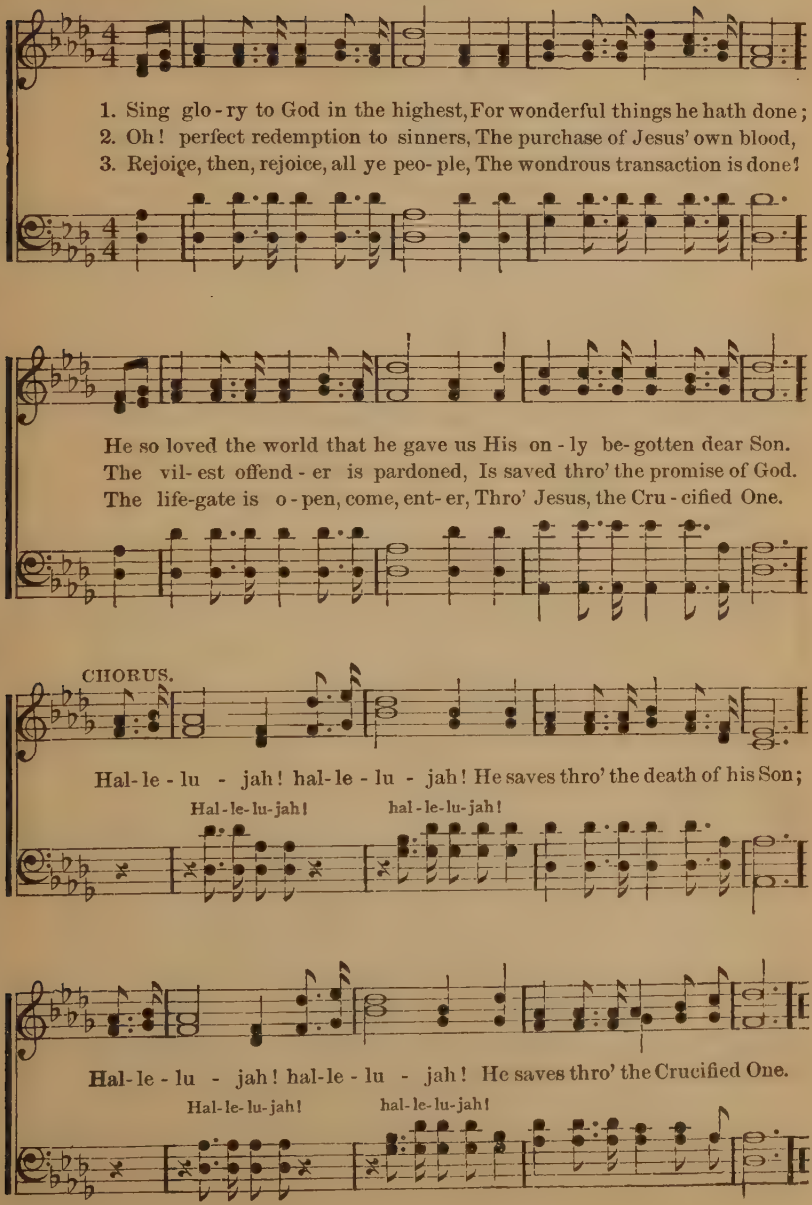
He Saves.

FRANK M. DAVIS. John iii. 17. E. C. AVIS.


1. Sing glo - ry to God in the highest, For wonderful things he hath done;
2. Oh! perfect redemption to sinners, The purchase of Jesus' own blood,
3. Rejoice, then, rejoice, all ye peo- ple, The wondrous transaction is done!
He so loved the world that he gave us His on - ly be- gotten dear Son.
The vil- est offend - er is pardoned, Is saved thro' the promise of God.
The life-gate is o - pen, come, ent- er, Thro' Jesus, the Cru - cified One.
CHORUS.
Hal- le - lu - jah! hal- le - lu - jah! He saves thro' the death of his Son;
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!
Hal- le - lu - jah! hal- le - lu - jah! He saves thro' the Crucified One.
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!

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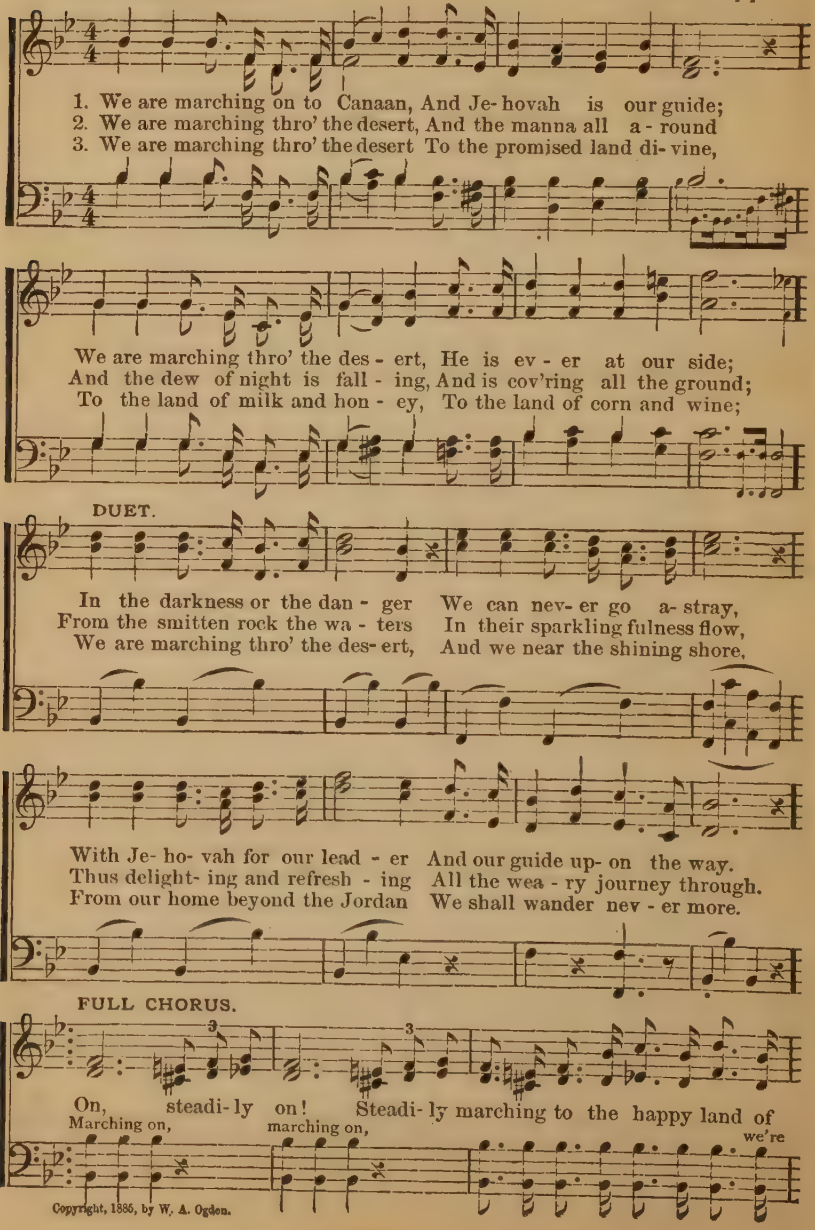
Marching on to Canaan.

"They shall march with an army."—Jer. xlvi: 22.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. W. A. Ogden. By per..


1. We are marching on to Canaan, And Je- hovah is our guide;
2. We are marching thro' the desert, And the manna all a - round
3. We are marching thro' the desert To the promised land di- vine,
We are marching thro' the des - ert, He is ev - er at our side;
And the dew of night is fall - ing, And is cov'ring all the ground;
To the land of milk and hon - ey, To the land of corn and wine;
DUET.
In the darkness or the dan - ger We can nev- er go a- stray,
From the smitten rock the wa - ters In their sparkling fulness flow,
We are marching thro' the des- ert, And we near the shining shore,
With Je- ho- vah for our lead - er And our guide up- on the way.
Thus delight- ing and refresh - ing All the wea - ry journey through.
From our home beyond the Jordan We shall wander nev - er more.
FULL CHORUS.
On, steadi- ly on! Steadi- ly marching to the happy land of
Marching on, marching on, we're

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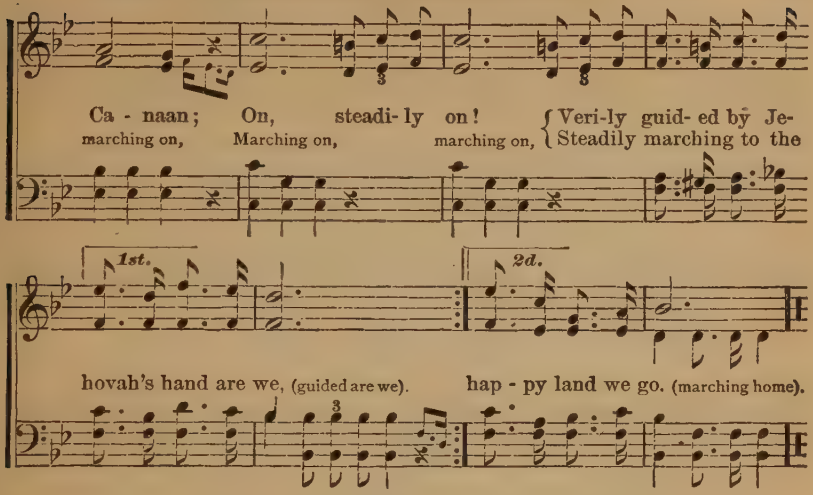
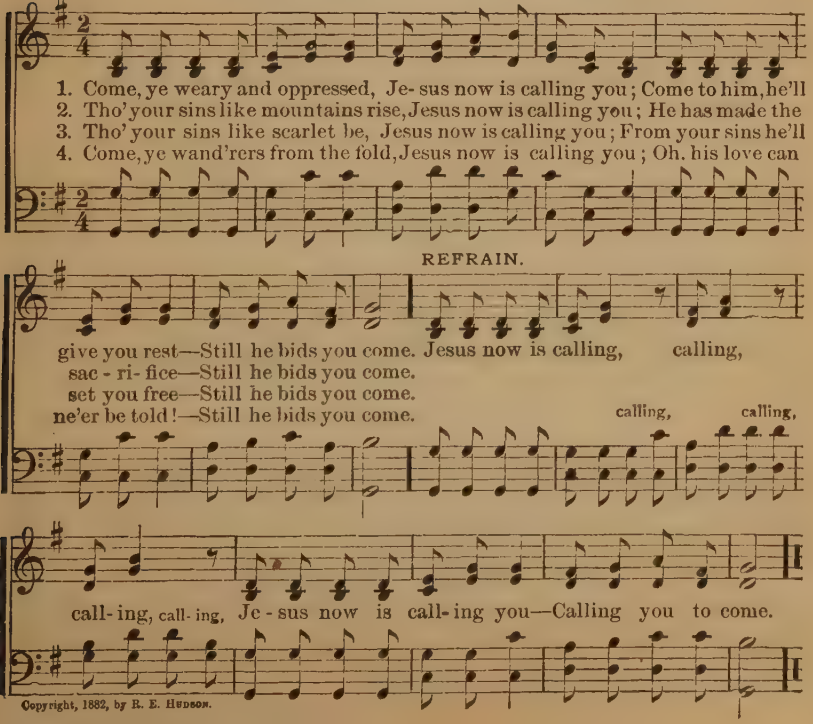

Ca - naan; On, steadi- ly on! { Veri-ly guid- ed by Je-
marching on, Marching on, marching on, { Steadily marching to the
1st.
2d.
hovah's hand are we, (guided are we). hap - py land we go. (marching home).

Jesus Now is Calling.

R. E. H. R. E. Hudson. By per.


1. Come, ye weary and oppressed, Je- sus now is calling you; Come to him, he'll
2. Tho' your sins like mountains rise, Jesus now is calling you; He has made the
3. Tho' your sins like scarlet be, Jesus now is calling you; From your sins he'll
4. Come, ye wand'rers from the fold, Jesus now is calling you; Oh, his love can
REFRAIN.
give you rest—Still he bids you come. Jesus now is calling, calling,
sac - ri- fice—Still he bids you come.
set you free—Still he bids you come.
ne'er be told!—Still he bids you come.
calling, calling,
call- ing, call- ing, Je - sus now is call- ing you—Calling you to come.

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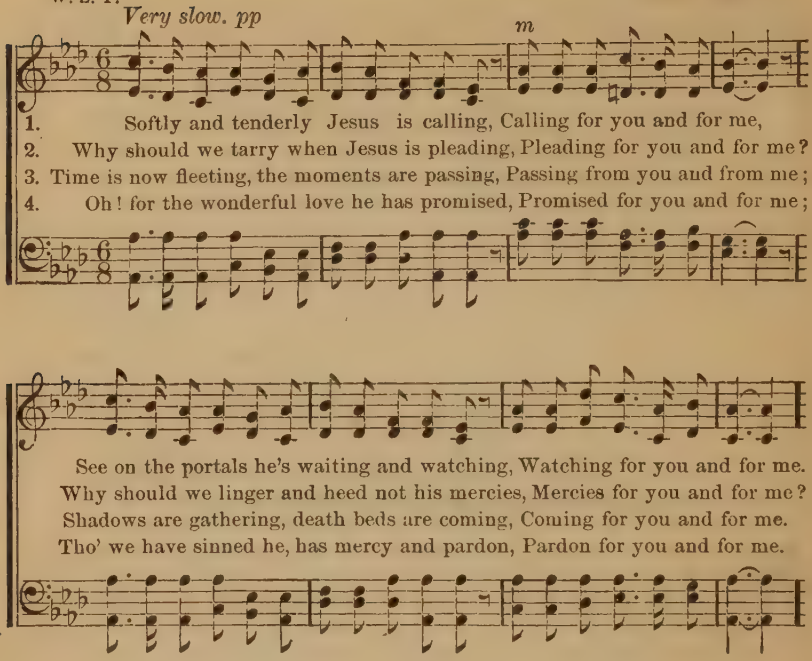
Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


Very slow. pp
m
1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;
See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he, has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.
CHORUS.
cres.
m
Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home,
pp
ppp
rit.
pp
Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

By per. of Messrs Will L. Thompson & Co., Chicago, Ill., & East Liverpool, O.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. I must have the Saviour with me, For I dare not walk alone, I must
2. I must have the Saviour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak; He can
3. I must have the Saviour with me In the onward march of life, Thro' the
4. I must have the Saviour with me, And his eye the way must guide, Till I

CHORUS.

feel his presence near me, And his arm around me thrown. Then my
whisper words of comfort That no oth - er voice can speak.
tempest and the sunshine, Thro' the bat - tle and the strife.
reach the vale of Jordan, Till I cross the roll- ing tide.

soul shall fear no ill, Let him lead me where he will,
Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill, Let him lead me where he will, where he will,

I will go without a mur- mur, And his foot-steps follow still.
I will go

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52 There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have laid my burden down where the crimson waters flow, There's a
2. I have laid my burden down and my troubled heart is still, There's a
3. I have laid my burden down: oh, the peace that fills my soul! There's a
4. I have laid my burden down and my Saviour gives me rest, There's a
:S:
blessing at the cross for me; I have found a spring of joy that the
blessing at the cross for me; I am learning there by faith my Re-
blessing at the cross for me; I was dead but now I live since my
blessing at the cross for me; I can pillow now my head on his
D.S.—found a spring of joy that the
Fine. CHORUS.
world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me. Praise the
deemer's gracious will, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
Saviour made me whole, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
gen - tle, loving breast, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
D.S.
Lord! praise the Lord! hallelujah! Still my happy, happy song shall be; I have

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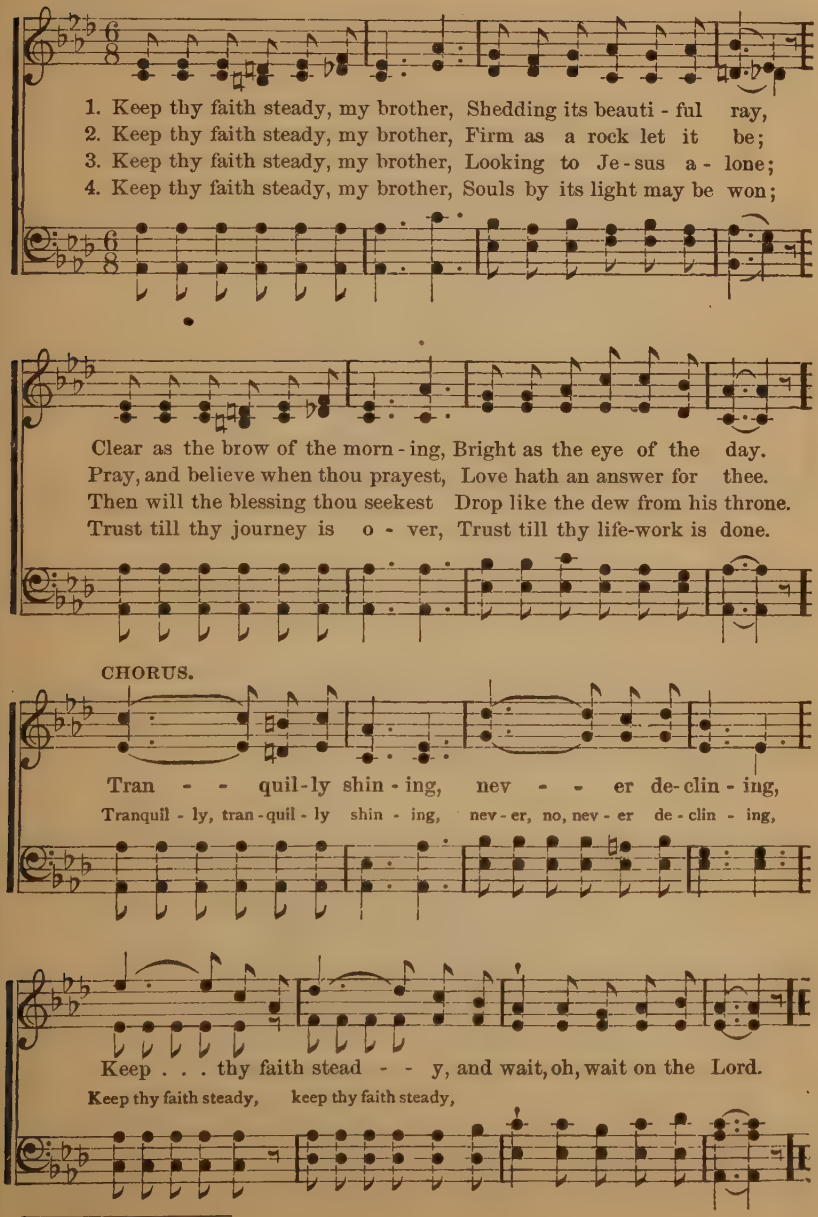
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Keep Thy Faith Steady. 53

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Shedding its beauti - ful ray,
2. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Firm as a rock let it be;
3. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Looking to Je - sus a - lone;
4. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Souls by its light may be won;
Clear as the brow of the morn - ing, Bright as the eye of the day.
Pray, and believe when thou prayest, Love hath an answer for thee.
Then will the blessing thou seekest Drop like the dew from his throne.
Trust till thy journey is o - ver, Trust till thy life-work is done.
CHORUS.
Tran - - quil-ly shin - ing, nev - - er de-clin - ing,
Tranquil - ly, tran - quil - ly shin - ing, nev - er, no, nev - er de - clin - ing,
Keep . . . thy faith stead - - y, and wait, oh, wait on the Lord.
Keep thy faith steady, keep thy faith steady,

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Happy in Thee.

SARAH E. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My soul is re-joicing, and sweet is my song, While onward to Zion I
2. Thy presence is with me, thy image I bear; Thy banner is o'er me, thy
3. I walk in thy sunshine, I rest in thy smile, And visions of glo-ry the
4. I know there's a mansion preparing above, Where soon thou wilt call me to
jour-ney a-long; No thorns in my pathway, no clouds can I see, For
garment I wear; The world and its pleasures are nothing to me, For
moments be-guile; Thy peace like a riv-er is flow-ing for me, And
feast on thy love; Yet here while I tar-ry content will I be, For
CHORUS.
oh, I am happy, dear Saviour, in thee. Hap - - py in thee, . . .
Happy in thee, happy in thee,
hap - - - py in thee, ... My soul is re-joicing, my
Sav-iour, dear Sav-iour, I'm hap-py in thee,
spir-it is free, And oh, I am hap-py, dear Saviour, in thee.

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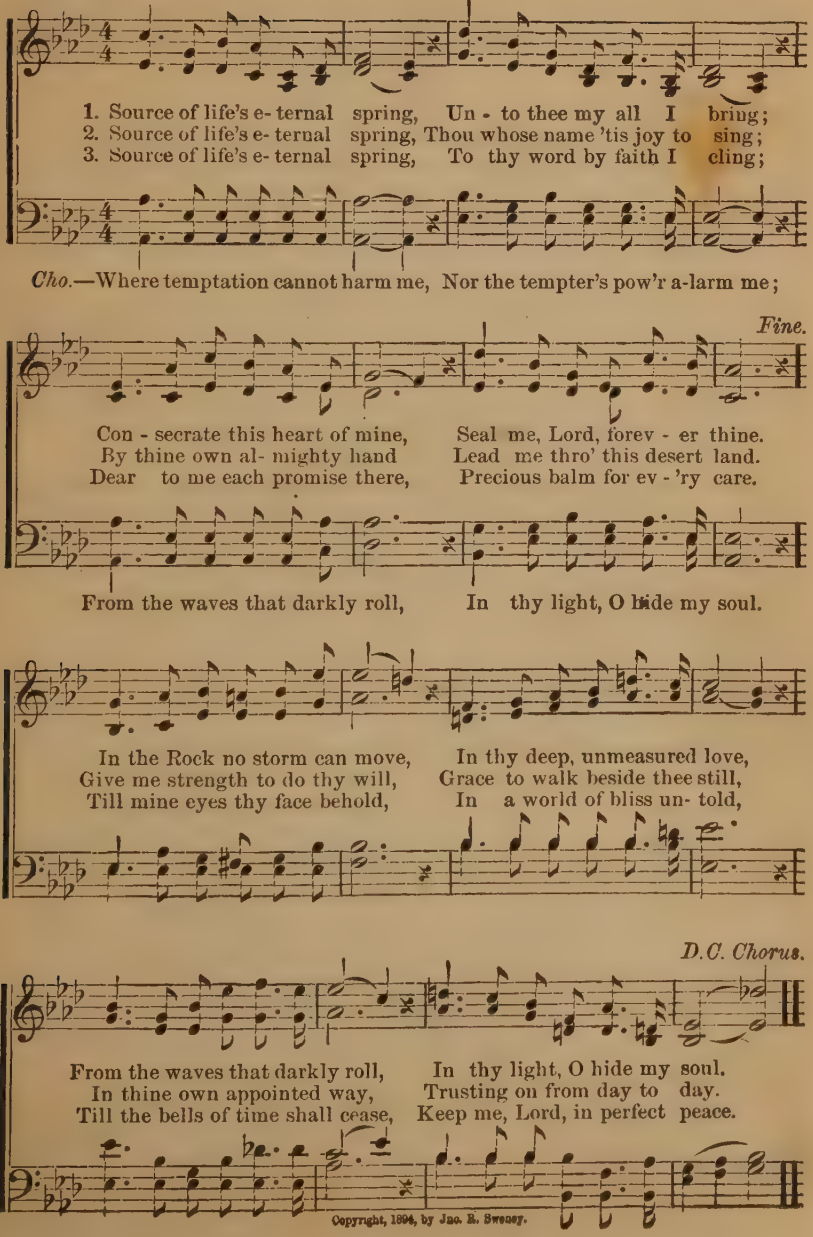
Hide My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Source of life's e- ternal spring, Un - to thee my all I bring;
2. Source of life's e- ternal spring, Thou whose name 'tis joy to sing;
3. Source of life's e- ternal spring, To thy word by faith I cling;
Cho.—Where temptation cannot harm me, Nor the tempter's pow'r a-larm me;
Fine.
Con - secrate this heart of mine, Seal me, Lord, forev - er thine.
By thine own al- mighty hand Lead me thro' this desert land.
Dear to me each promise there, Precious balm for ev - 'ry care.
From the waves that darkly roll, In thy light, O hide my soul.
In the Rock no storm can move, In thy deep, unmeasured love,
Give me strength to do thy will, Grace to walk beside thee still,
Till mine eyes thy face behold, In a world of bliss un- told,
D.C. Chorus.
From the waves that darkly roll, In thy light, O hide my soul.
In thine own appointed way, Trusting on from day to day.
Till the bells of time shall cease, Keep me, Lord, in perfect peace.

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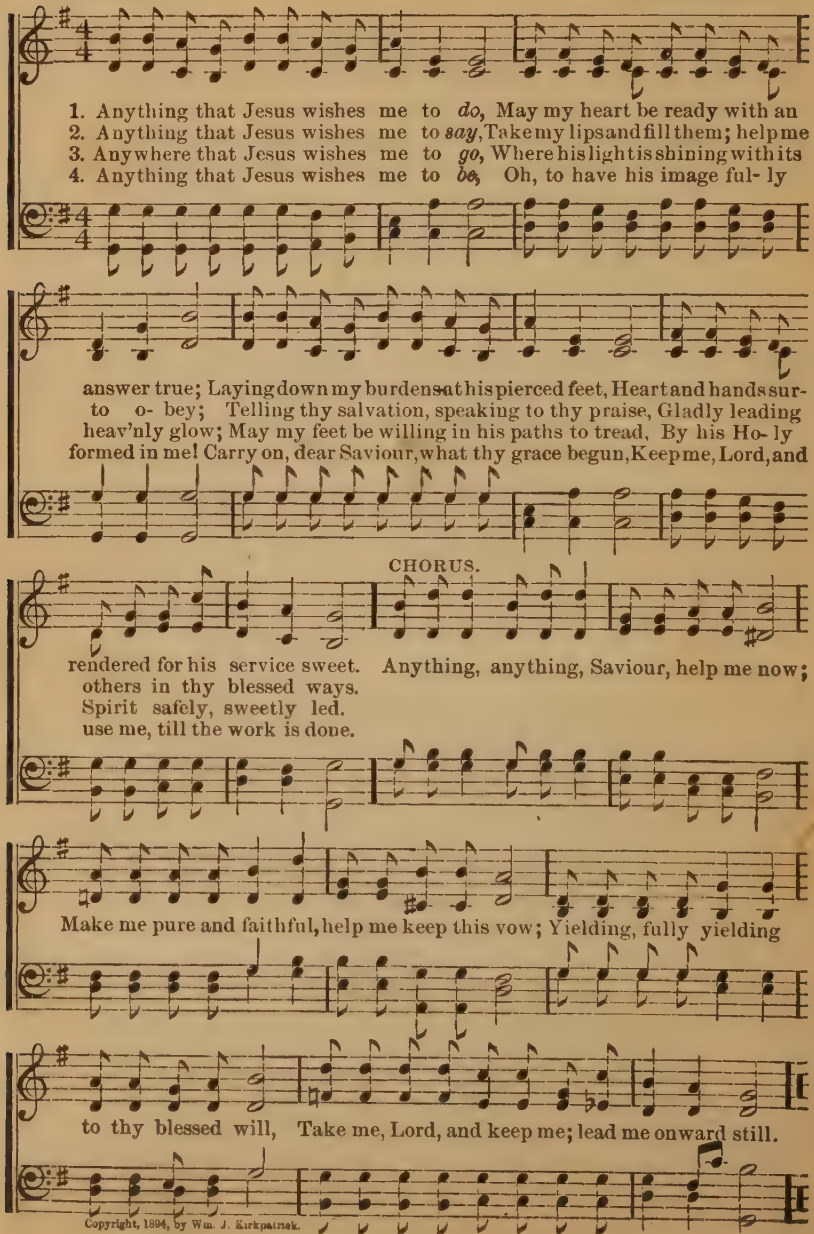
Anything that Jesus Wishes.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Anything that Jesus wishes me to do, May my heart be ready with an
2. Anything that Jesus wishes me to say, Take my lips and fill them; help me
3. Anywhere that Jesus wishes me to go, Where his light is shining with its
4. Anything that Jesus wishes me to be, Oh, to have his image ful- ly
answer true; Laying down my burdens at his pierced feet, Heart and hands sur-
to o- bey; Telling thy salvation, speaking to thy praise, Gladly leading
heav'nly glow; May my feet be willing in his paths to tread, By his Ho- ly
formed in me! Carry on, dear Saviour, what thy grace begun, Keep me, Lord, and
CHORUS.
rendered for his service sweet. Anything, anything, Saviour, help me now;
others in thy blessed ways.
Spirit safely, sweetly led.
use me, till the work is done.
Make me pure and faithful, help me keep this vow; Yielding, fully yielding
to thy blessed will, Take me, Lord, and keep me; lead me onward still.

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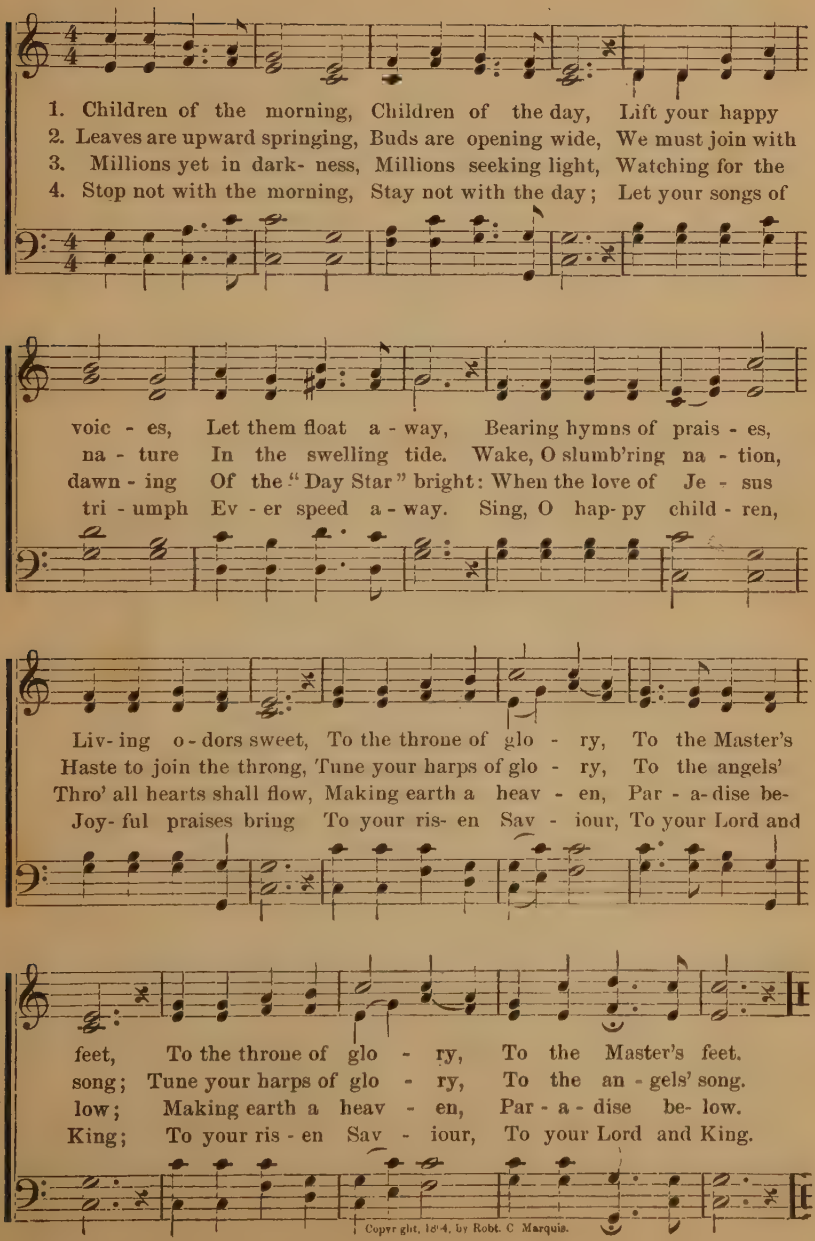
Children of the Morning.

R. C. M.

Robt. C. Marquis.


1. Children of the morning, Children of the day, Lift your happy
2. Leaves are upward springing, Buds are opening wide, We must join with
3. Millions yet in dark- ness, Millions seeking light, Watching for the
4. Stop not with the morning, Stay not with the day; Let your songs of
voic - es, Let them float a - way, Bearing hymns of prais - es,
na - ture In the swelling tide. Wake, O slumb'ring na - tion,
dawn - ing Of the "Day Star" bright: When the love of Je - sus
tri - umph Ev - er speed a - way. Sing, O hap- py child - ren,
Liv- ing o - dors sweet, To the throne of glo - ry, To the Master's
Haste to join the throng, Tune your harps of glo - ry, To the angels'
Thro' all hearts shall flow, Making earth a heav - en, Par - a- dise be-
Joy- ful praises bring To your ris- en Sav - iour, To your Lord and
feet, To the throne of glo - ry, To the Master's feet.
song; Tune your harps of glo - ry, To the an - gels' song.
low; Making earth a heav - en, Par - a - dise be- low.
King; To your ris - en Sav - iour, To your Lord and King.

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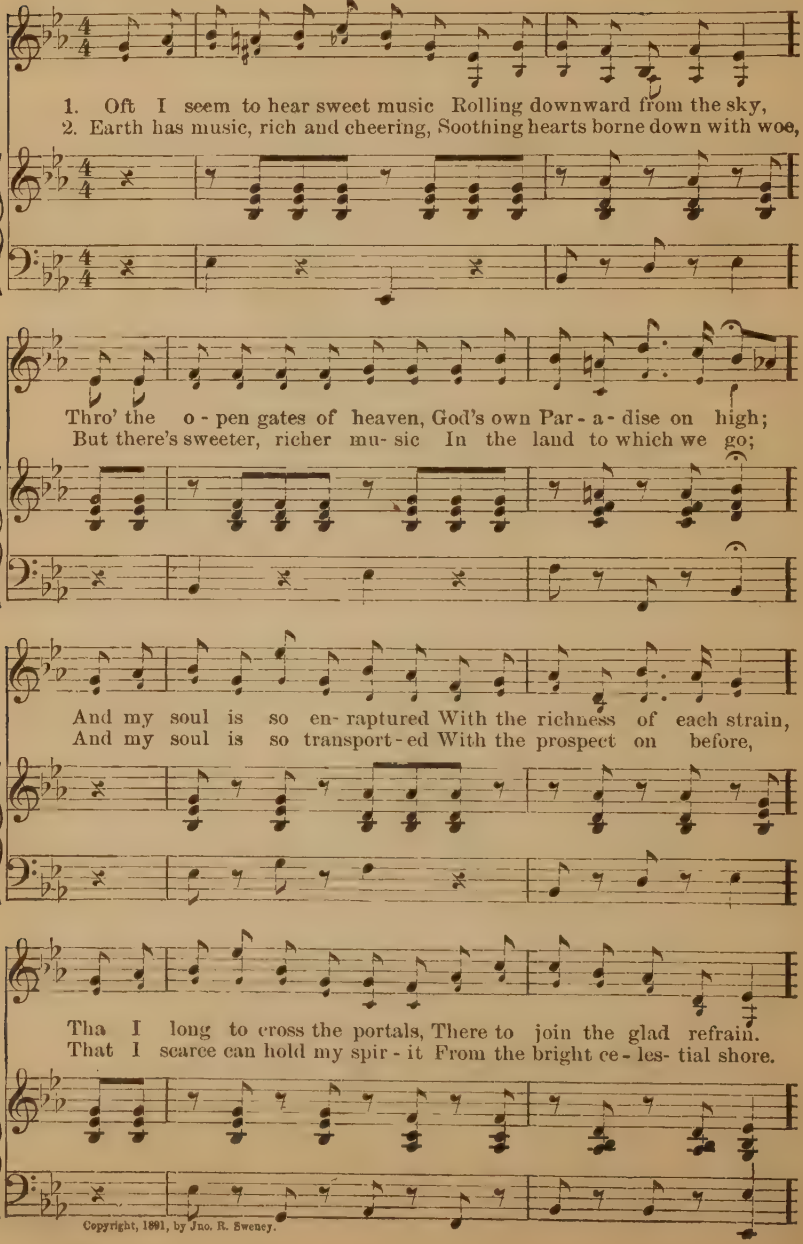
Heavenly Music.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Jno. R. Sweney.

SOLO OR DUET.


1. Oft I seem to hear sweet music Rolling downward from the sky,
2. Earth has music, rich and cheering, Soothing hearts borne down with woe,
Thro' the o - pen gates of heaven, God's own Par - a - dise on high;
But there's sweeter, richer mu- sic In the land to which we go;
And my soul is so en- raptured With the richness of each strain,
And my soul is so transport - ed With the prospect on before,
Tha I long to cross the portals, There to join the glad refrain.
That I scarce can hold my spir - it From the bright ce - les- tial shore.

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CHORUS.

1st.

Oh, the music rich and sweet, Rolling down the golden street, Rolling down, rolling
May I join the glad refrain On the happy Eden plain, ...

2d.

down the golden street; On the hap- py, on the happy E- den plain.

The Fountain Now is Open Wide.

COWPER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
2. The dy- ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
3. Thou dy- ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.

CHORUS.

The fountain now is o - pen wide, I plunge beneath its crimson
tide; 'Twas o - pened in the Saviour's side For me, for me.

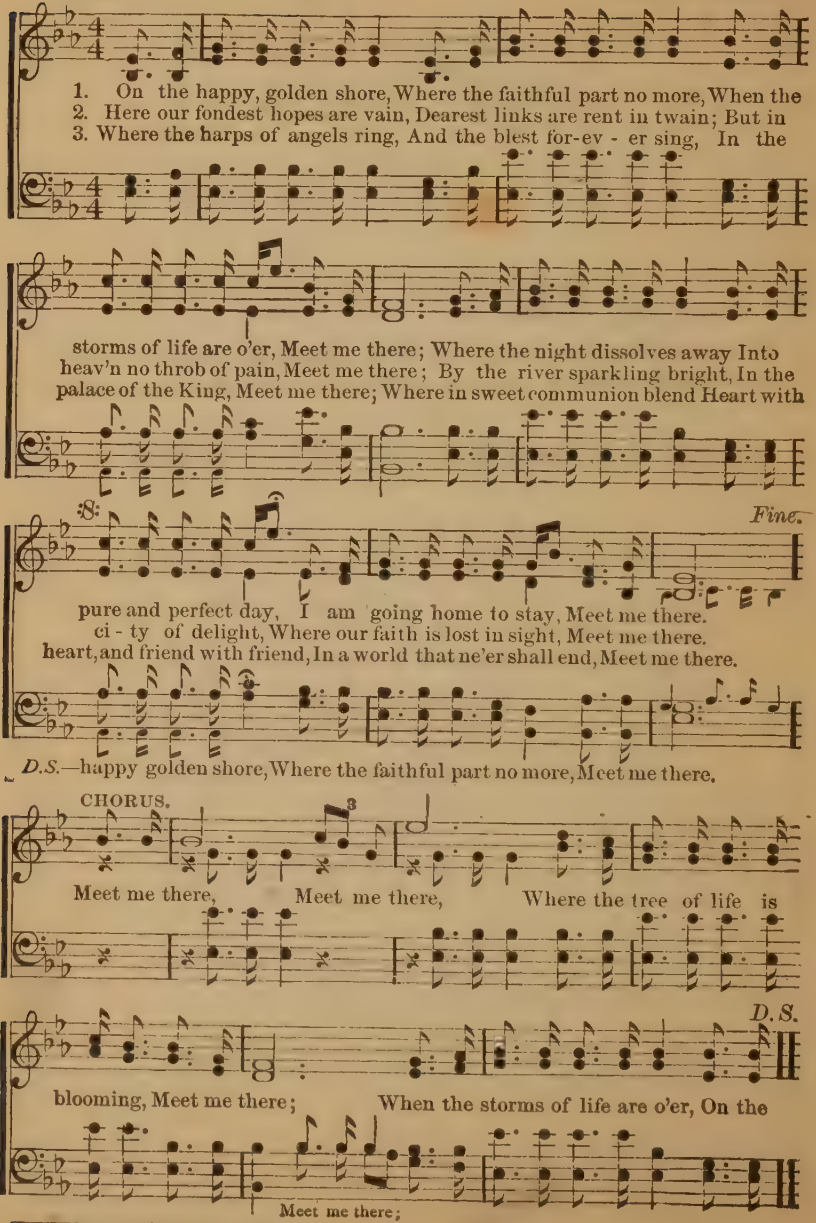
From "Precious Songs," by per.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Meet me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. On the happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away Into
heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the river sparkling bright, In the
palace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with
Fine.
pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.
ci - ty of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.
D.S.—happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.
CHORUS.
Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is
D.S.
blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
Meet me there;

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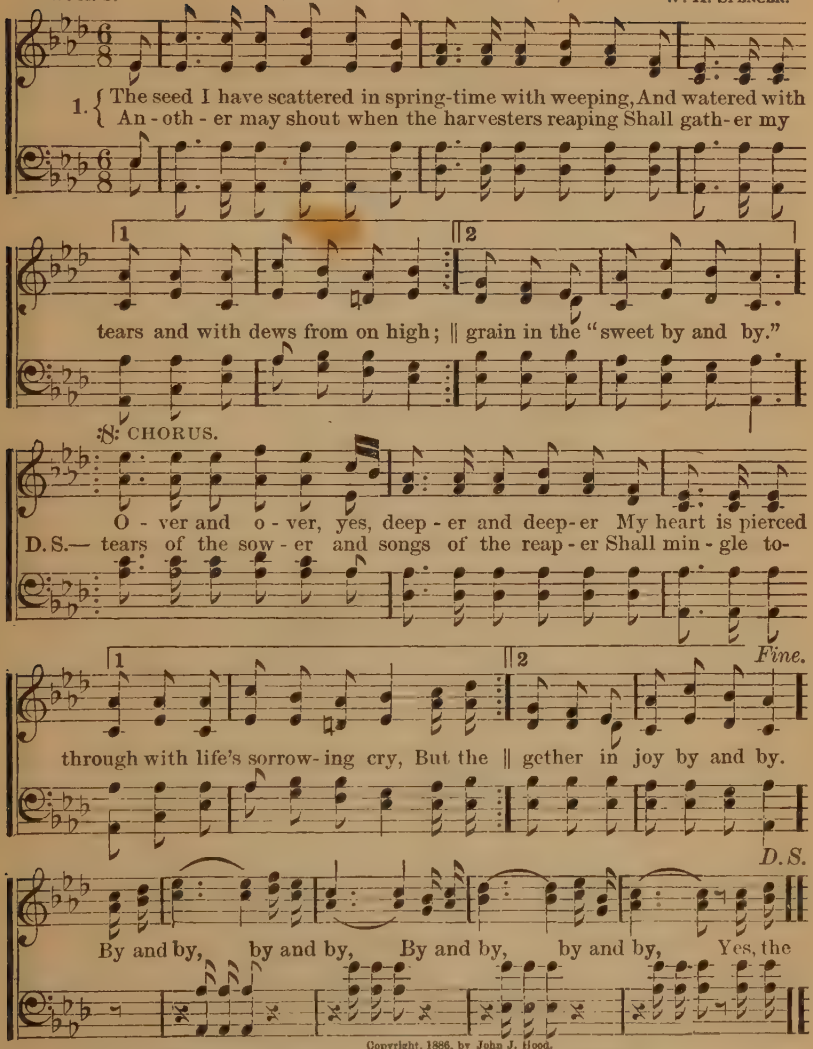
Harvest Time.

W. A. S. W. A. SPENCER.


1. { The seed I have scattered in spring-time with weeping, And watered with
An - oth - er may shout when the harvesters reaping Shall gath - er my
1
2
tears and with dews from on high; ‖ grain in the "sweet by and by."
:S: CHORUS.
O - ver and o - ver, yes, deep - er and deep - er My heart is pierced
D.S.— tears of the sow - er and songs of the reap - er Shall min - gle to-
1
2
Fine.
through with life's sorrow - ing cry, But the ‖ gether in joy by and by.
D.S.
By and by, by and by, By and by, by and by, Yes, the

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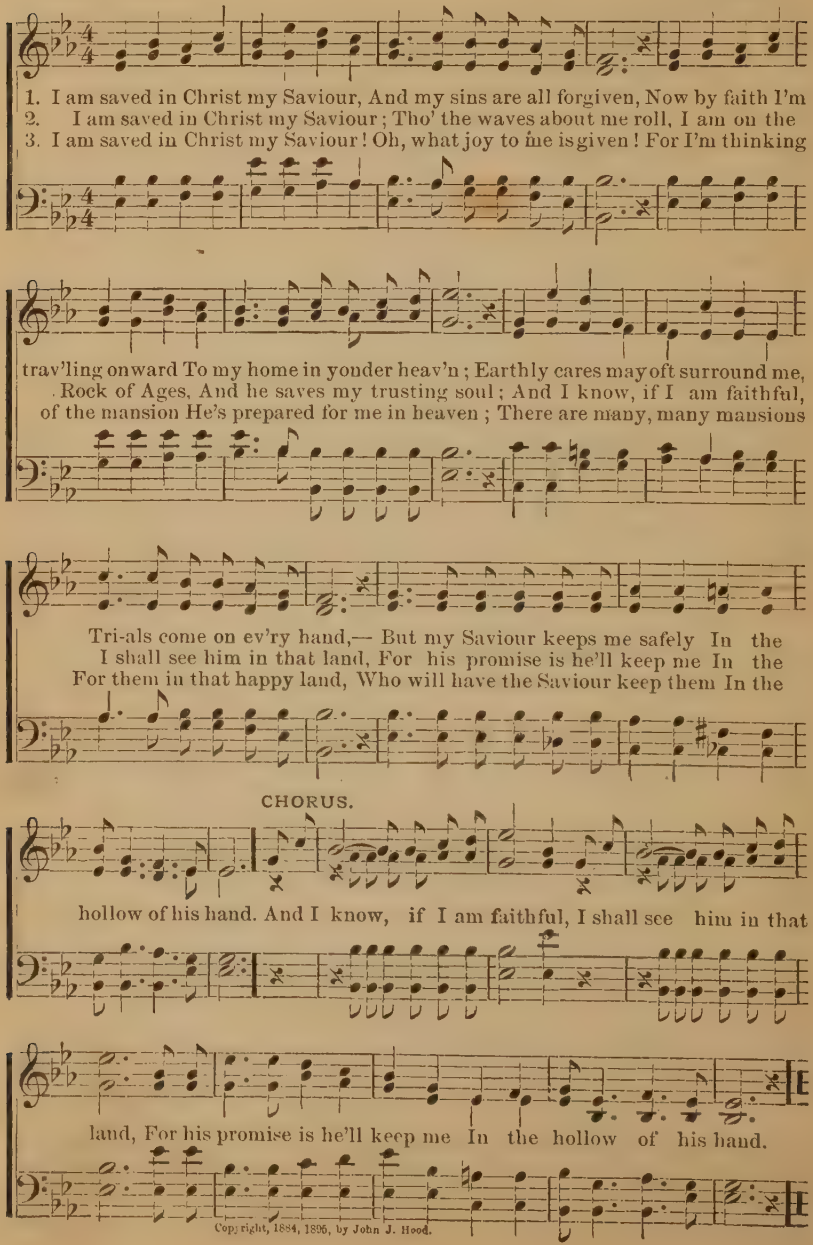
2 Another may reap what in spring-time I've planted,
Another rejoice in the fruit of my pain,—
Not knowing my tears when in summer I fainted
While toiling sad-hearted in sunshine and rain.

3 The thorns will have choked, and the summer sun blasted
The most of the seed which in spring-time I've sown;
But the Lord who has watched while my weary toil lasted
Will give me a harvest for what I have done.

In the Hollow of His Hand.

DELOSS EVERETT. WM. CASSELL.


1. I am saved in Christ my Saviour, And my sins are all forgiven, Now by faith I'm
2. I am saved in Christ my Saviour; Tho' the waves about me roll, I am on the
3. I am saved in Christ my Saviour! Oh, what joy to me is given! For I'm thinking
trav'ling onward To my home in yonder heav'n; Earthly cares may oft surround me,
Rock of Ages, And he saves my trusting soul; And I know, if I am faithful,
of the mansion He's prepared for me in heaven; There are many, many mansions
Tri-als come on ev'ry hand,— But my Saviour keeps me safely In the
I shall see him in that land, For his promise is he'll keep me In the
For them in that happy land, Who will have the Saviour keep them In the
CHORUS.
hollow of his hand. And I know, if I am faithful, I shall see him in that
land, For his promise is he'll keep me In the hollow of his hand.

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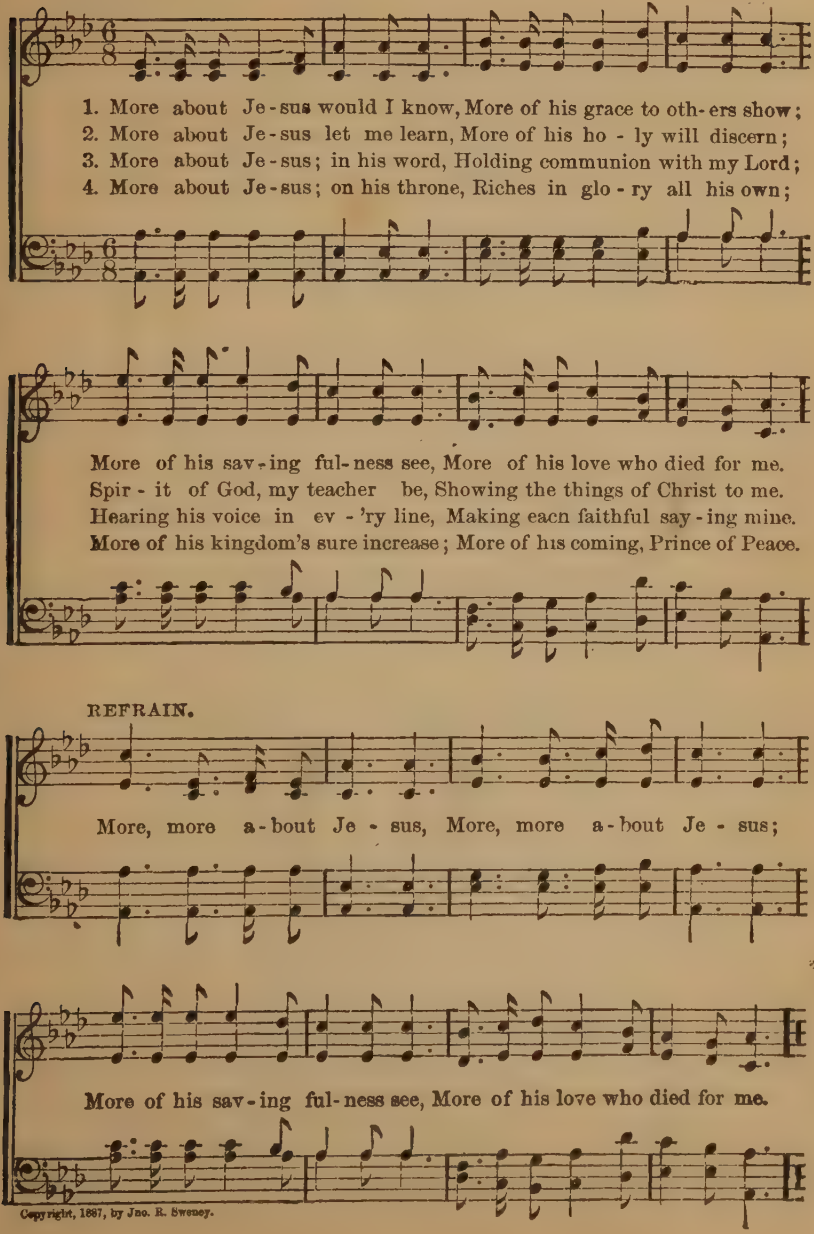
More about Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho-ly will discern;
3. More about Je-sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je-sus; on his throne, Riches in glo-ry all his own;
More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
Spir-it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing his voice in ev-'ry line, Making each faithful say-ing mine.
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.
REFRAIN.
More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;
More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.

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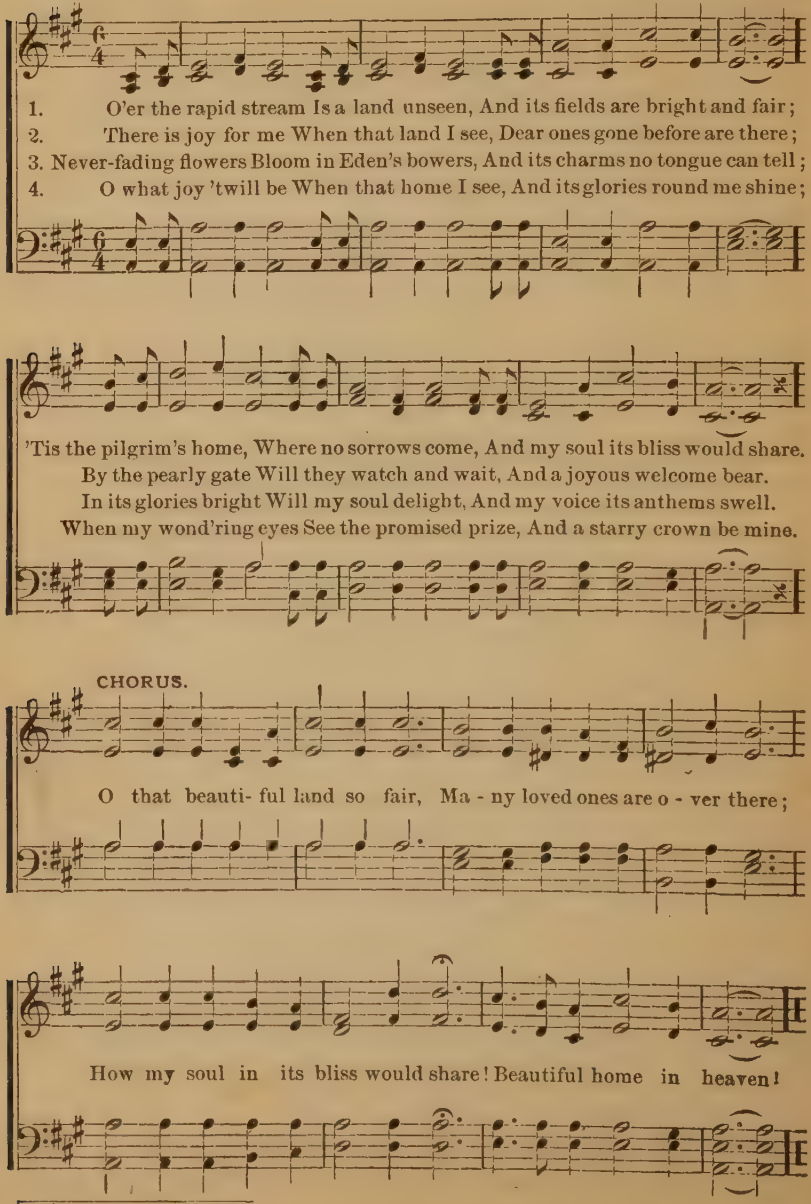
O that Beautiful Land so Fair.

Wm. Stevenson. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. O'er the rapid stream Is a land unseen, And its fields are bright and fair;
2. There is joy for me When that land I see, Dear ones gone before are there;
3. Never-fading flowers Bloom in Eden's bowers, And its charms no tongue can tell;
4. O what joy 'twill be When that home I see, And its glories round me shine;
'Tis the pilgrim's home, Where no sorrows come, And my soul its bliss would share.
By the pearly gate Will they watch and wait, And a joyous welcome bear.
In its glories bright Will my soul delight, And my voice its anthems swell.
When my wond'ring eyes See the promised prize, And a starry crown be mine.
CHORUS.
O that beauti- ful land so fair, Ma - ny loved ones are o - ver there;
How my soul in its bliss would share! Beautiful home in heaven!

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The Morning Draweth Nigh.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, ral - ly round the stand - ard Of Christ, our roy - al King; Oh,
2. Tho' long and deep the sha - dows The dreary night may bring, Our
3. To yon - der gold - en reg - ion Our faith now plumes her wing; Our
4. To him who paid our ran - som, And took from death the sting, Be
CHORUS.
ral - ly round his stand - ard, And hal - le - lu - jahs sing. For the
lamps are trimm'd and burn - ing, Our hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
hearts with joy are bound - ing, And hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
ev - er - last - ing prais - es, Let hal - le - lu - jahs ring.
morn - - - - ing draweth nigh, For the morn - - -
morning draweth nigh, For the morning draweth nigh, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le -
- - - ing draweth nigh; We can see . . . it in the
lu - jah! yes, the morn - ing draw - eth nigh; We can see it, we can
dis - tance, We shall hear it, we shall hear it by and by. by and by.
see it in the distance,

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Sowing to the Spirit.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sowing to the Spir - it, Sowing day by day, Dropping seeds of
2. Sowing to the Spir - it, Praying as we go, From the seed we
3. Sowing to the Spir - it, Tho' our faith be small, Sowing in our
kind - ness All a - long the way; Sowing to the Spir - it,
scat - ter Soon the blade will grow; Sowing, and be - liev - ing,
weak - ness, Tho' the tears may fall; Sowing late and ear - ly,
Trusting in the Lord, Sweet will be our la - bor, Blessed our reward.
God will send the rain, We shall see, be-fore us, Fields of golden grain.
Till our work is o'er, Then will come the reaping, Joy for- ev - ermore.
CHORUS.
Sow- - - - ing, till in beau - ty Fades the set- ting
Sowing, till in beau - ty, sowing, till in beau- ty Fades the setting sun;
sun; Weary not, nor fal - ter, Till the work is done.
Fades the setting sun;

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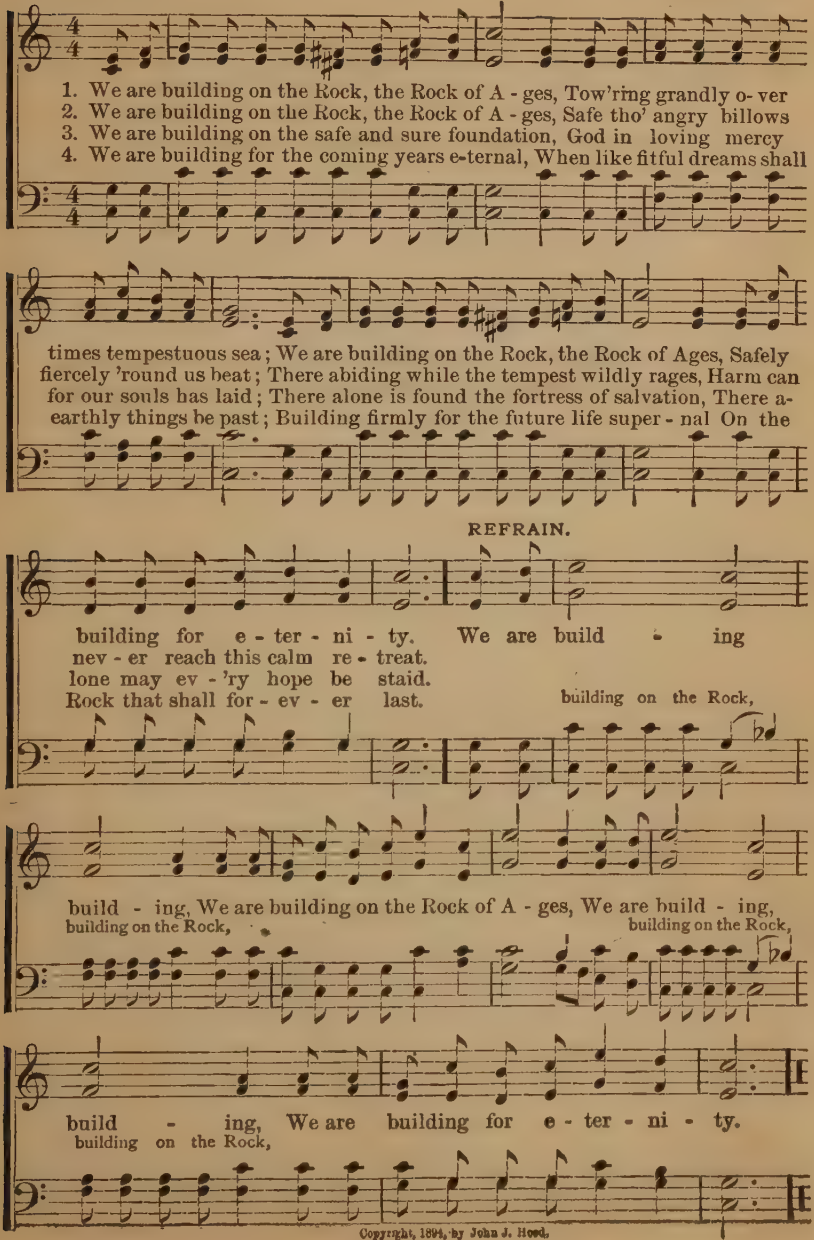
We are Building on the Rock.

JENNIE WILSON. Luke vi: 48. I. H. MEREDITH.


1. We are building on the Rock, the Rock of A - ges, Tow'ring grandly o- ver
2. We are building on the Rock, the Rock of A - ges, Safe tho' angry billows
3. We are building on the safe and sure foundation, God in loving mercy
4. We are building for the coming years e-ternal, When like fitful dreams shall
times tempestuous sea; We are building on the Rock, the Rock of Ages, Safely
fiercely 'round us beat; There abiding while the tempest wildly rages, Harm can
for our souls has laid; There alone is found the fortress of salvation, There a-
earthly things be past; Building firmly for the future life super - nal On the
REFRAIN.
building for e - ter - ni - ty. We are build - ing
nev - er reach this calm re - treat.
lone may ev - 'ry hope be staid.
Rock that shall for - ev - er last.
building on the Rock,
build - ing, We are building on the Rock of A - ges, We are build - ing,
building on the Rock,
building on the Rock,
build - ing, We are building for e - ter - ni - ty.
building on the Rock,

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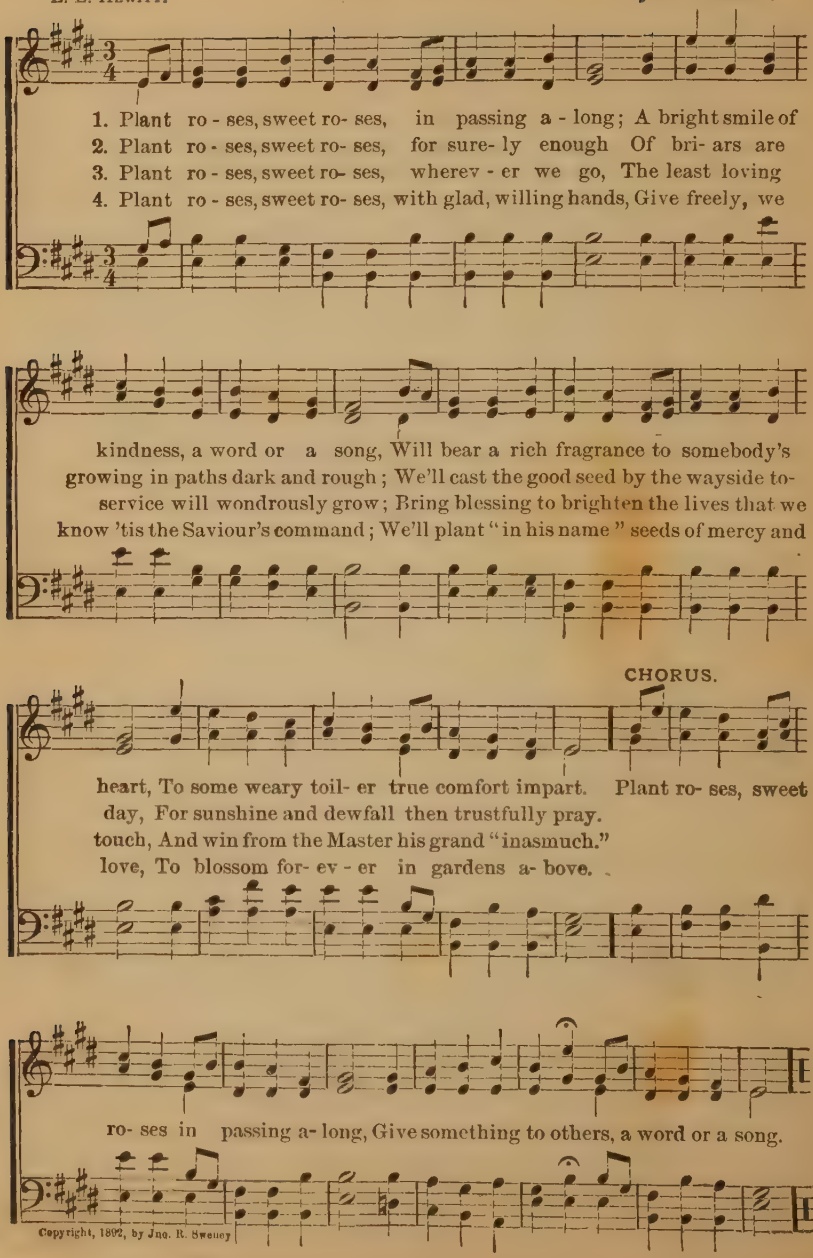
Plant Roses.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Plant ro - ses, sweet ro- ses, in passing a - long; A bright smile of
2. Plant ro - ses, sweet ro- ses, for sure- ly enough Of bri- ars are
3. Plant ro - ses, sweet ro- ses, wherev - er we go, The least loving
4. Plant ro - ses, sweet ro- ses, with glad, willing hands, Give freely, we
kindness, a word or a song, Will bear a rich fragrance to somebody's
growing in paths dark and rough; We'll cast the good seed by the wayside to-
service will wondrously grow; Bring blessing to brighten the lives that we
know 'tis the Saviour's command; We'll plant "in his name" seeds of mercy and
CHORUS.
heart, To some weary toil- er true comfort impart. Plant ro- ses, sweet
day, For sunshine and dewfall then trustfully pray.
touch, And win from the Master his grand "inasmuch."
love, To blossom for- ev - er in gardens a- bove.
ro- ses in passing a- long, Give something to others, a word or a song.

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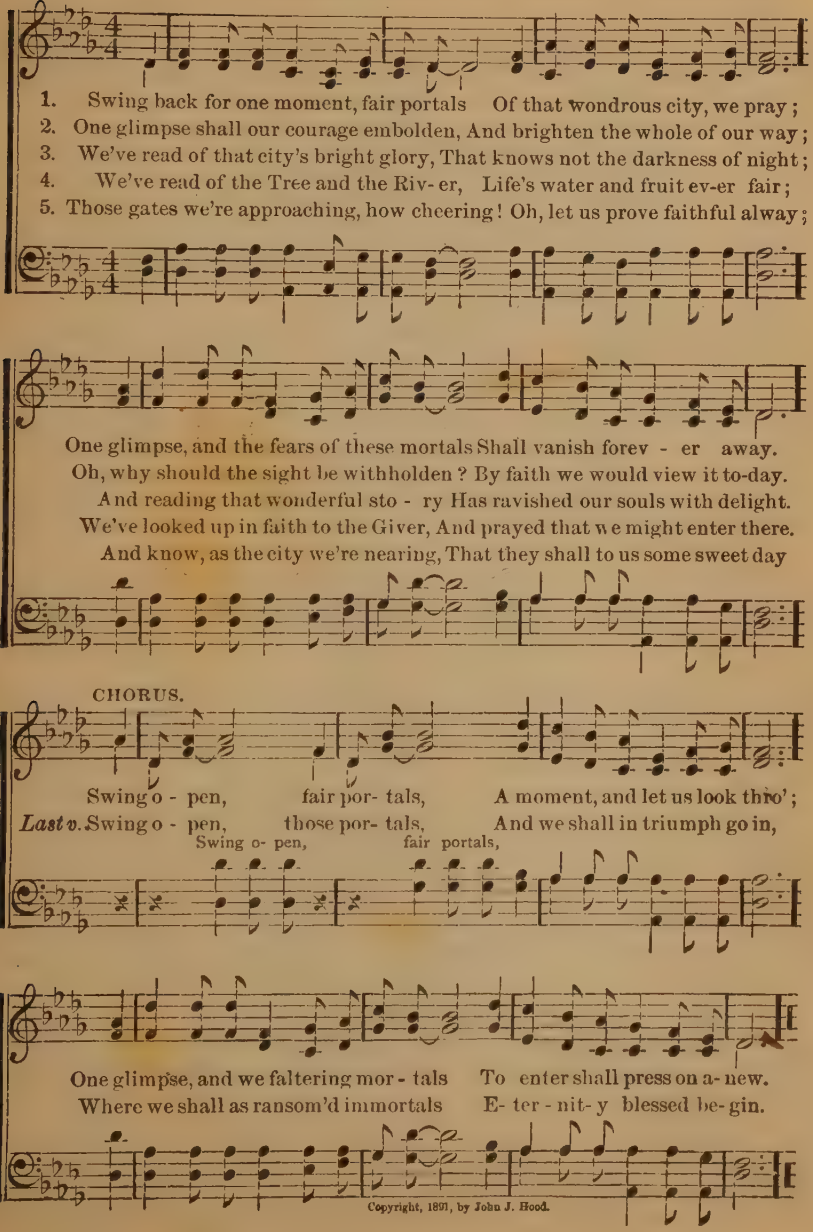
Fair Portals.

F. A. B. "He hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. xi. 16. F. A. BLACKMER.


1. Swing back for one moment, fair portals Of that wondrous city, we pray;
2. One glimpse shall our courage embolden, And brighten the whole of our way;
3. We've read of that city's bright glory, That knows not the darkness of night;
4. We've read of the Tree and the Riv- er, Life's water and fruit ev-er fair;
5. Those gates we're approaching, how cheering! Oh, let us prove faithful alway;
One glimpse, and the fears of these mortals Shall vanish forev - er away.
Oh, why should the sight be withholden? By faith we would view it to-day.
And reading that wonderful sto - ry Has ravished our souls with delight.
We've looked up in faith to the Giver, And prayed that we might enter there.
And know, as the city we're nearing, That they shall to us some sweet day
CHORUS.
Swing o - pen, fair por- tals, A moment, and let us look thro';
Last v. Swing o - pen, those por- tals, And we shall in triumph go in,
Swing o- pen, fair portals,
One glimpse, and we faltering mor - tals To enter shall press on a- new.
Where we shall as ransom'd immortals E- ter - nit- y blessed be- gin.

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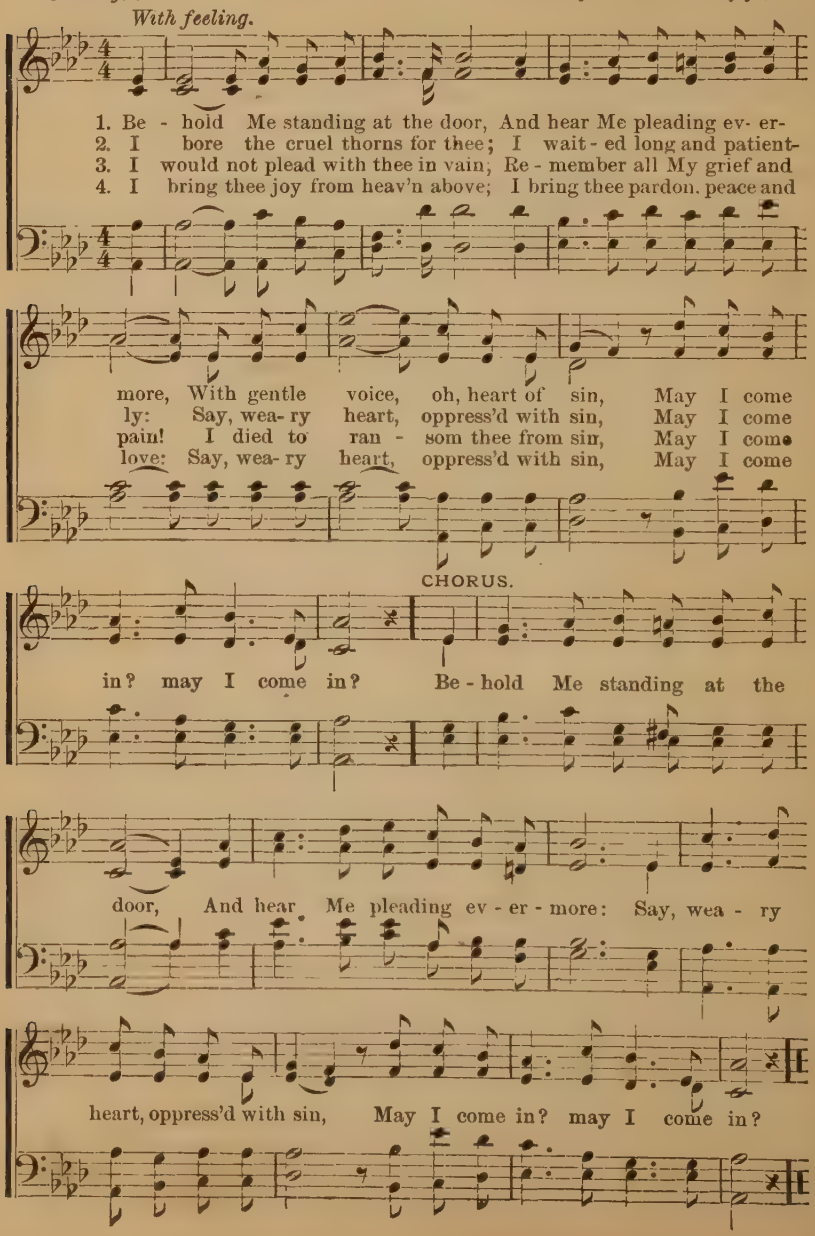
Behold Me Standing at the Door!

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. iii: 20.

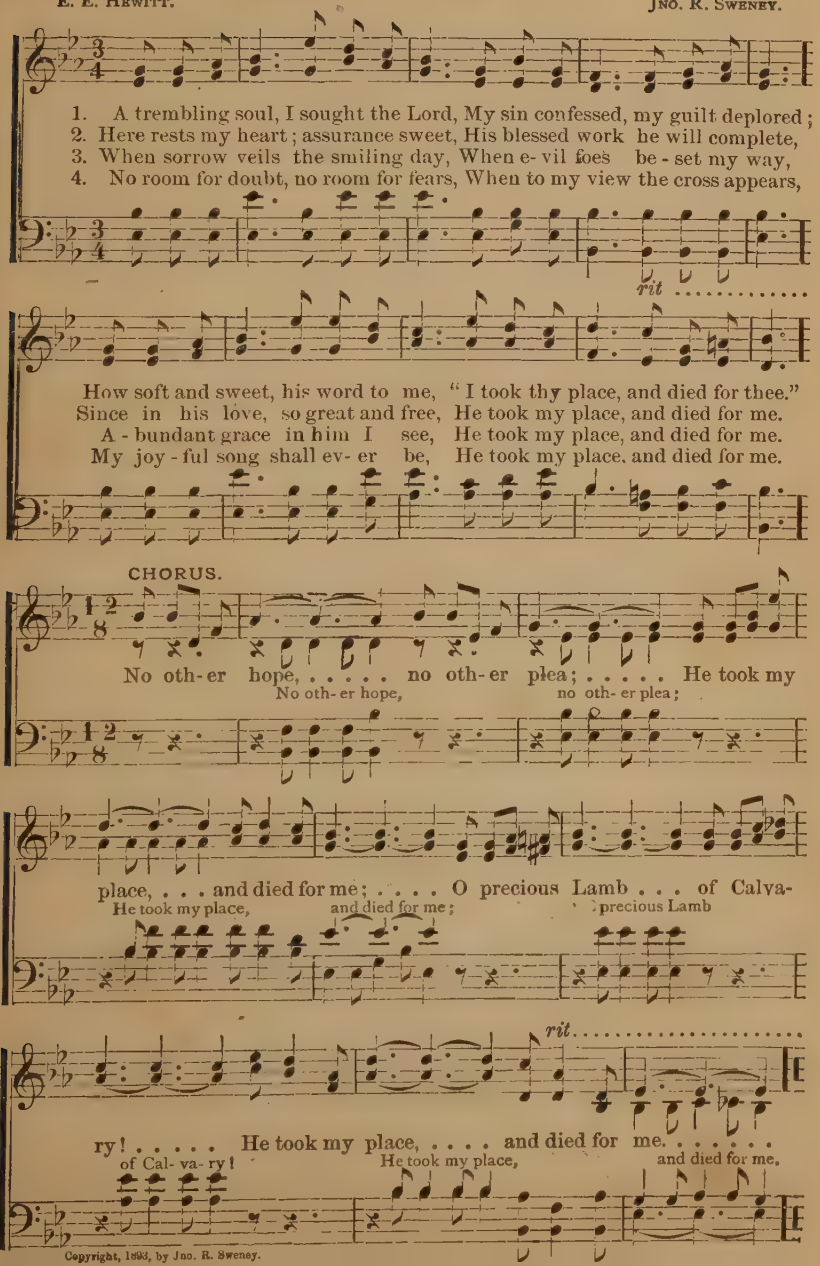
FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.

With feeling.


1. Be - hold Me standing at the door, And hear Me pleading ev- er-
2. I bore the cruel thorns for thee; I wait - ed long and patient-
3. I would not plead with thee in vain; Re - member all My grief and
4. I bring thee joy from heav'n above; I bring thee pardon, peace and
more, With gentle voice, oh, heart of sin, May I come
ly: Say, wea- ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come
pain! I died to ran - som thee from sin, May I come
love: Say, wea- ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come
CHORUS.
in? may I come in? Be - hold Me standing at the
door, And hear Me pleading ev - er - more: Say, wea - ry
heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come in? may I come in?

He Took My Place.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. A trembling soul, I sought the Lord, My sin confessed, my guilt deplored;
2. Here rests my heart; assurance sweet, His blessed work he will complete,
3. When sorrow veils the smiling day, When e- vil foes be - set my way,
4. No room for doubt, no room for fears, When to my view the cross appears,
rit
How soft and sweet, his word to me, "I took thy place, and died for thee."
Since in his love, so great and free, He took my place, and died for me.
A - bundant grace in him I see, He took my place, and died for me.
My joy - ful song shall ev- er be, He took my place, and died for me.
CHORUS.
No oth-er hope, ... no oth-er plea; . . . . . He took my
No oth- er hope,
no oth- er plea;
place, . . . and died for me; . . . . O precious Lamb . . . of Calva-
He took my place,
and died for me;
precious Lamb
rit
ry! . . . . . He took my place, ... and died for me. . . . . .
of Cal- va- ry!
He took my place,
and died for me.

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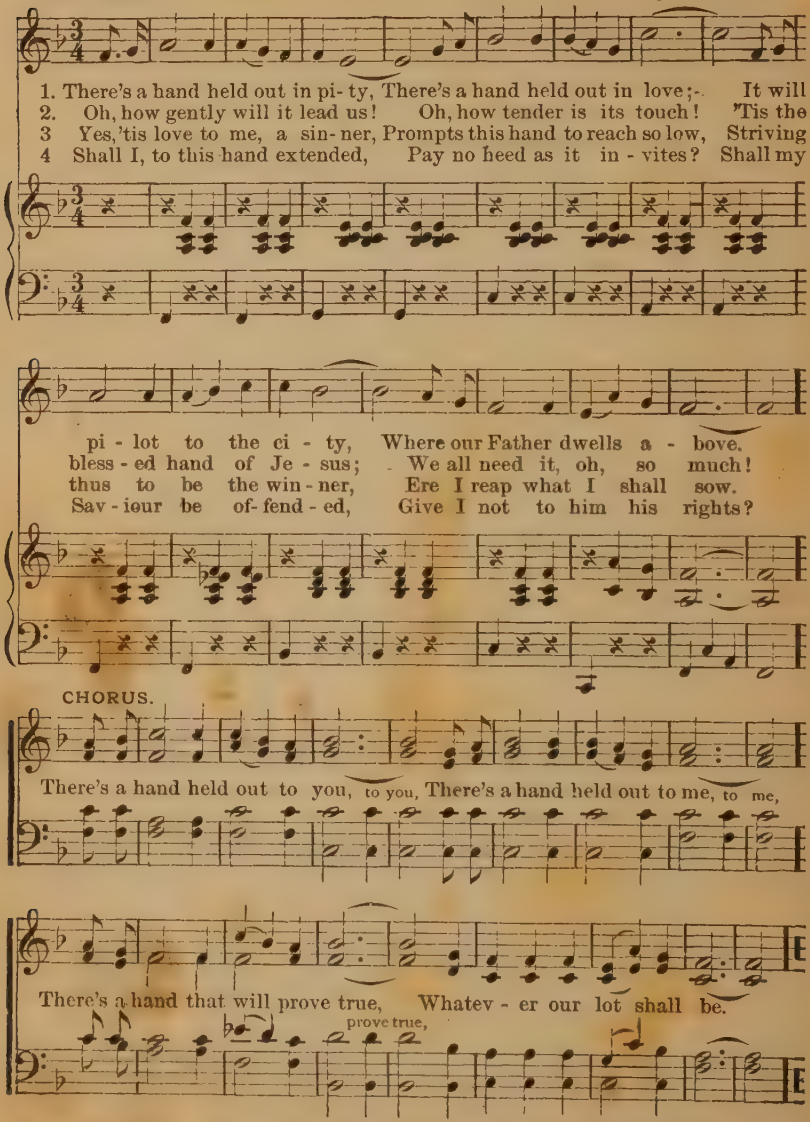
There's a Hand Held Out.

M. W. Morse. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. There's a hand held out in pi- ty, There's a hand held out in love;- It will
2. Oh, how gently will it lead us! Oh, how tender is its touch! 'Tis the
3 Yes,'tis love to me, a sin- ner, Prompts this hand to reach so low, Striving
4 Shall I, to this hand extended, Pay no heed as it in - vites? Shall my
pi - lot to the ci - ty, Where our Father dwells a - bove.
bless - ed hand of Je - sus; We all need it, oh, so much!
thus to be the win - ner, Ere I reap what I shall sow.
Sav - iour be of- fend - ed, Give I not to him his rights?
CHORUS.
There's a hand held out to you, to you, There's a hand held out to me, to me,
There's a hand that will prove true, Whatev - er our lot shall be.
prove true,

5 Nay, I would this proffered hand take,
Knowing that it leads aright;
Yes, I would this loving choice make;
Trusting in his love and might.

6 Then, as hand in hand together
With my Saviour, with my Friend,
With my Christ, my Elder Brother,
Let him lead till life shall end.

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ANON. Arr. by W. W.

1. I used to think that Canaan Was somewhere up on high, Where I, perhaps, might
2. A land of corn and wine, Where milk and honey flow, On which the Lord doth
3. A life at peace with God; With Jesus in my soul; A heart washed in the
4. This rest it is for thee; Then leave the wilderness; You'll find God's word is
go Whene'er I came to die. But when I came to God, And at his cross did
smile, As all who live there know. I do the will of God. Because he shows me
blood, By him made fully whole. From death to life divine; Each dark spot white as
true; You're able to possess. So put away the things That God does not al-
bow, I found salvation thro' the blood. I'm living in Canaan now.
how; I stand where good old Joshua stood; I'm living in Canaan now.
snow; He speaks the word, and it is done; The soul receives it now.
low; And if your all to Christ you bring, You'll be living in Canaan now.
CHORUS.
I'm liv-ing in Canaan now, I'm liv-ing in Canaan now;
I'm do-ing well, I'm glad to tell; I'm living in Canaan now.

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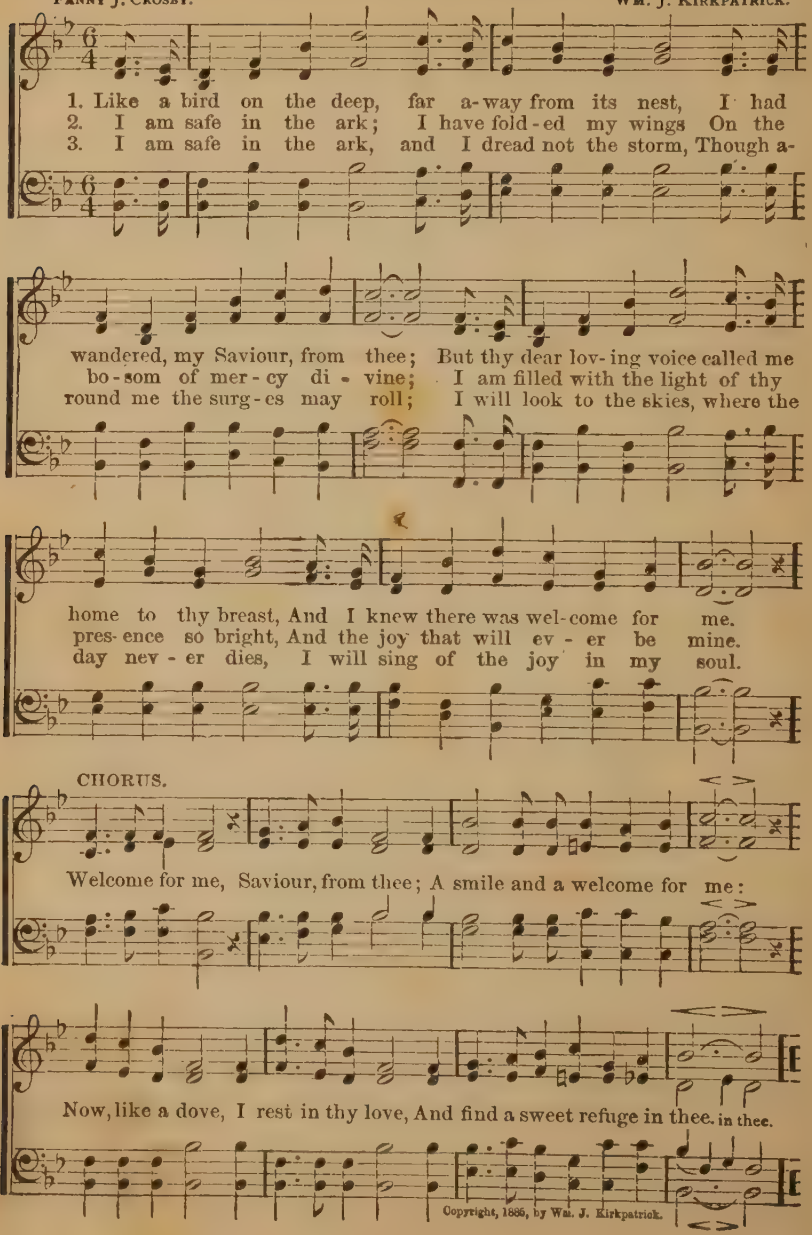
Welcome for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Like a bird on the deep, far a-way from its nest, I had
2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold-ed my wings On the
3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Though a-
wandered, my Saviour, from thee; But thy dear lov-ing voice called me
bo-som of mer-cy di-vine; I am filled with the light of thy
round me the surg-es may roll; I will look to the skies, where the
home to thy breast, And I knew there was wel-come for me.
pres-ence so bright, And the joy that will ev-er be mine.
day nev-er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.
CHORUS.
Welcome for me, Saviour, from thee; A smile and a welcome for me:
Now, like a dove, I rest in thy love, And find a sweet refuge in thee. in thee.

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Shall I Turn Back?

E. E. Hewitt. Arr. by J. J. H.

1. Lost, lost on the mountains of sin and de-spair, Till Je-sus in
2. My days, swiftly passing, have brought from above So man-y bright
3. How well I re-member, in sorrow's dark night, The lamp of his
4. Be-fore me the tow'rs of Je-ru-sa-lem rise, Each day I am
love, sought and rescued me there, He saved me from wand'ring, he
tok-ens of mer-cy and love; "More grace" he has giv-en, and
word shed its beau-ti-ful light, And sweet was the voice of the
near-ing my home in the skies; My Sav-iour a mansion of
gave me re-lease, And led me to pathways of blessing and peace.
burdens removed, Yes, o-ver and o-ver, his goodness I've proved.
Comfort-er then, A-waking new praises a-gain and a-gain.
joy will prepare, And loved ones are waiting to welcome me there.
CHORUS.
And shall I turn back in-to the world? Oh, no! not I! not I!
And shall I turn back in-to the world? No, no, not I!

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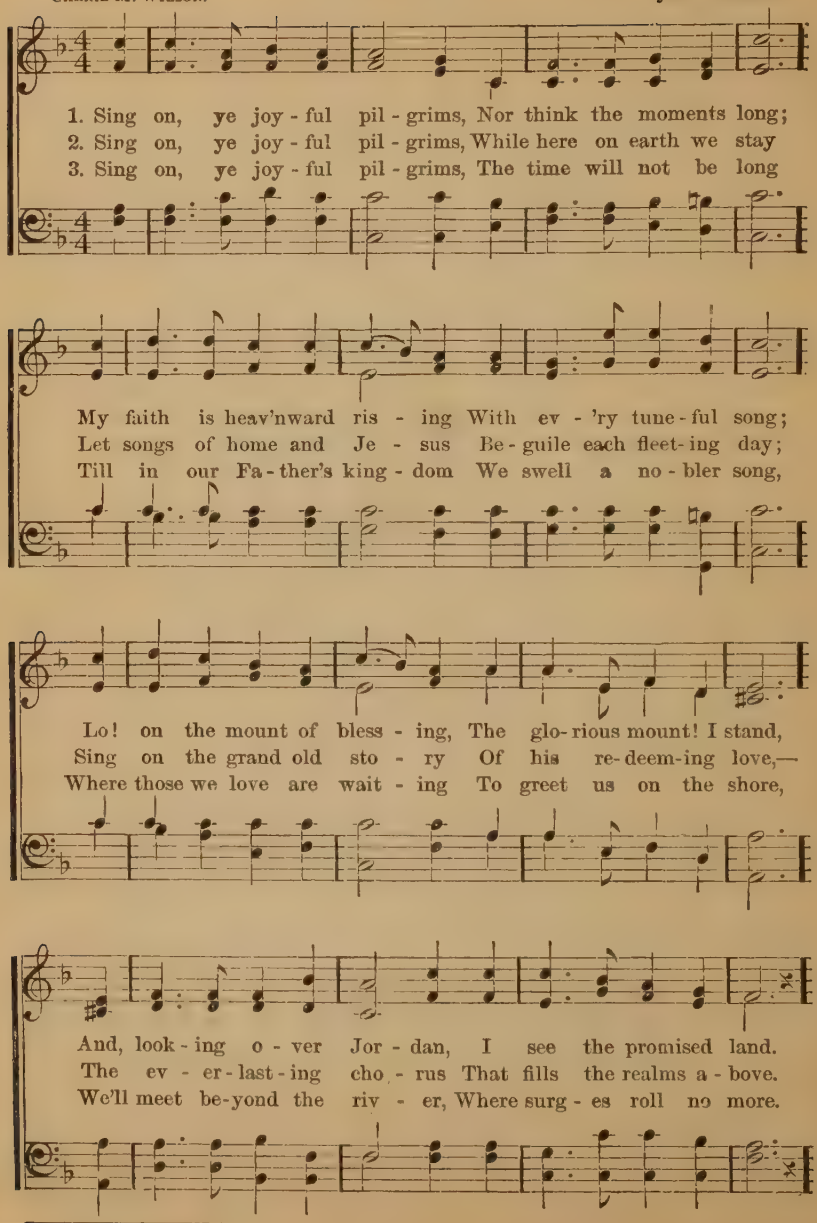
Sing On.

CARRIE M. WILSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, Nor think the moments long;
2. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, While here on earth we stay
3. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, The time will not be long
My faith is heav'nward ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune - ful song;
Let songs of home and Je - sus Be - guile each fleet - ing day;
Till in our Fa - ther's king - dom We swell a no - bler song,
Lo! on the mount of bless - ing, The glo - rious mount! I stand,
Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of his re - deem - ing love,—
Where those we love are wait - ing To greet us on the shore,
And, look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I see the promised land.
The ev - er - last - ing cho - rus That fills the realms a - bove.
We'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Where surg - es roll no more.

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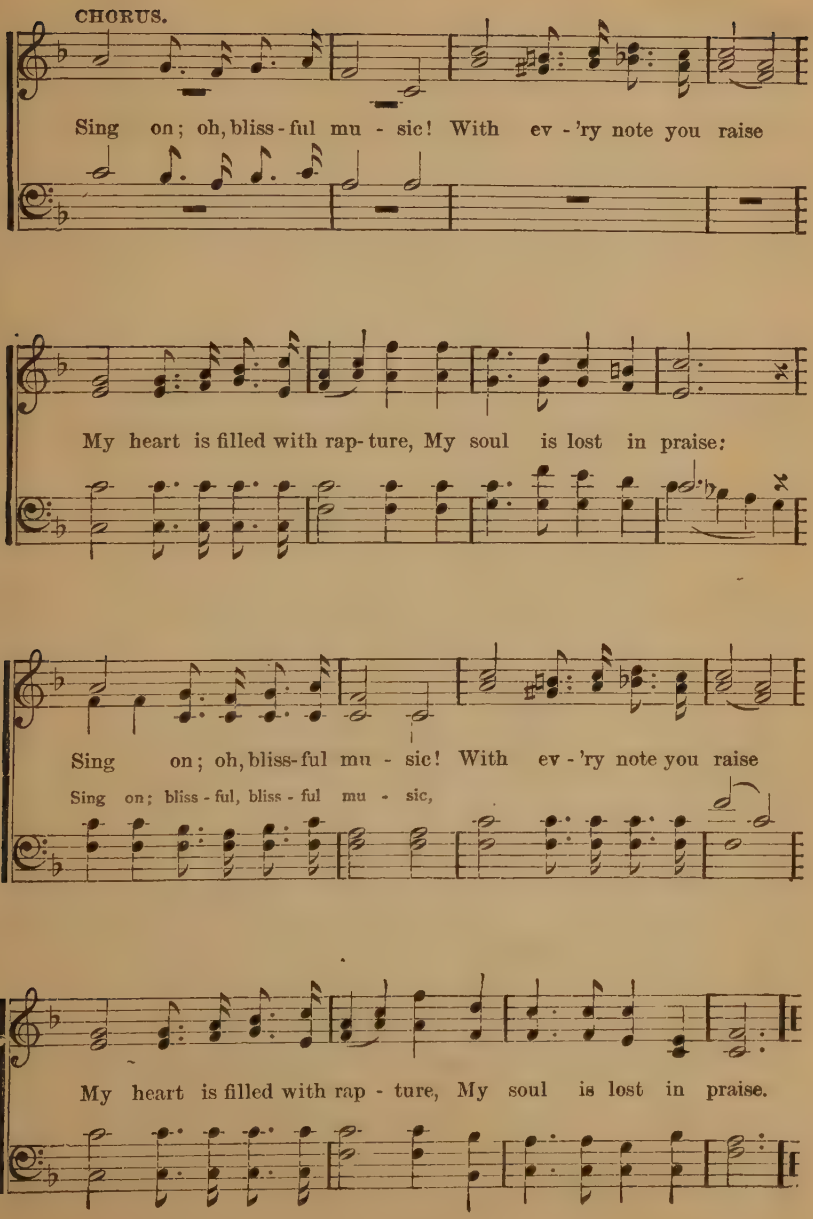
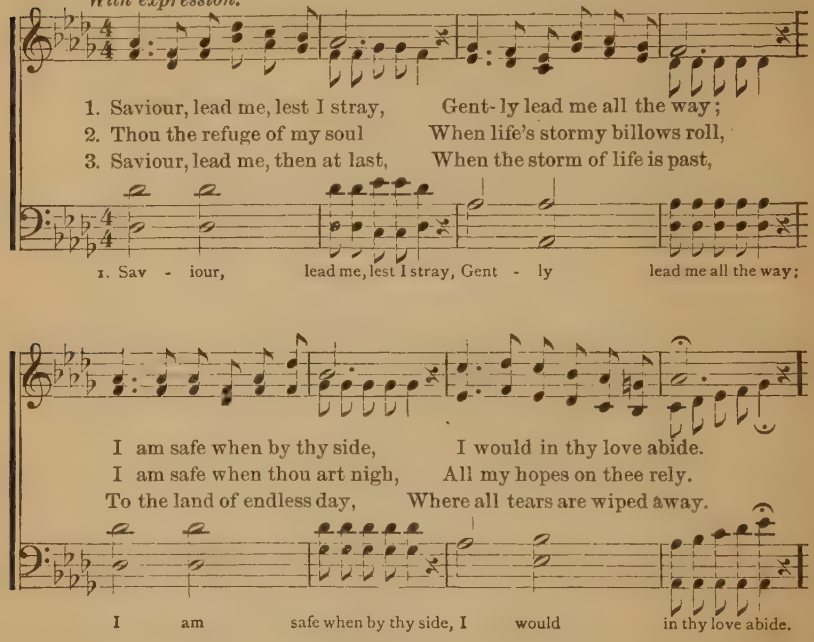

CHORUS.
Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise
My heart is filled with rap-ture, My soul is lost in praise:
Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise
Sing on; bliss - ful, bliss - ful mu - sic,
My heart is filled with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.

Lead Me, Saviour.

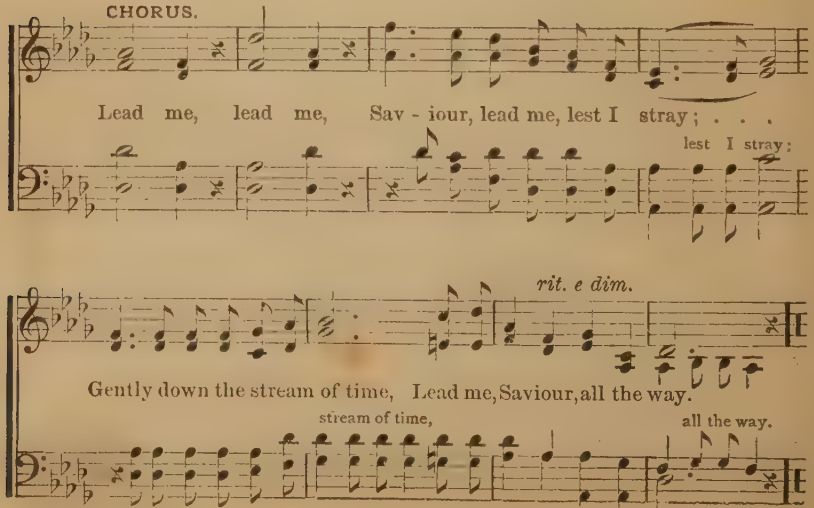
F. M. D. "For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. xxxi. 3.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.


1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent- ly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,
1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way;
I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.
I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee rely.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped away.
I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.

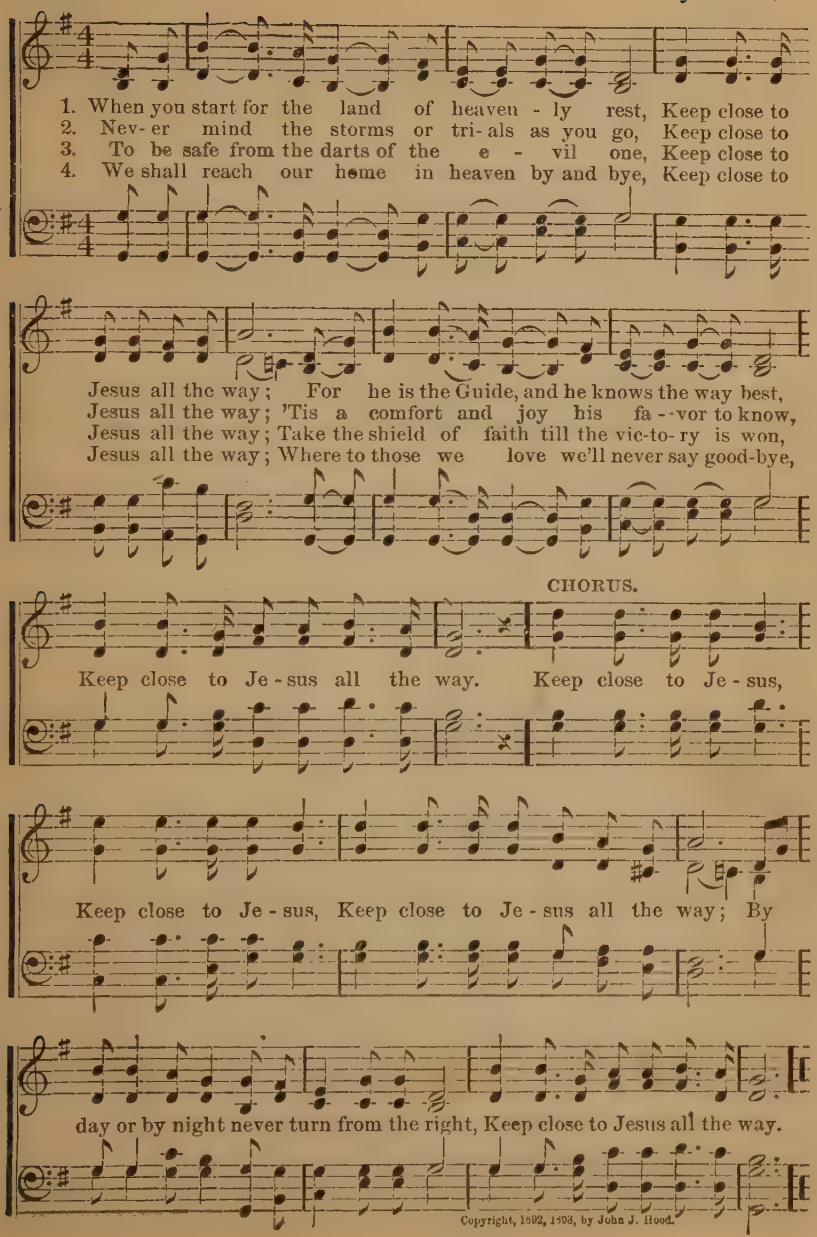
CHORUS.


Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray; . . .
lest I stray;
rit. e dim.
Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
stream of time,
all the way.

From "Carols of Joy," by per.

Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L. JOHN LANE.


1. When you start for the land of heaven - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev- er mind the storms or tri- als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heaven by and bye, Keep close to
Jesus all the way; For he is the Guide, and he knows the way best,
Jesus all the way; 'Tis a comfort and joy his fa - vor to know,
Jesus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic-to- ry is won,
Jesus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,
CHORUS.
Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,
Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By
day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

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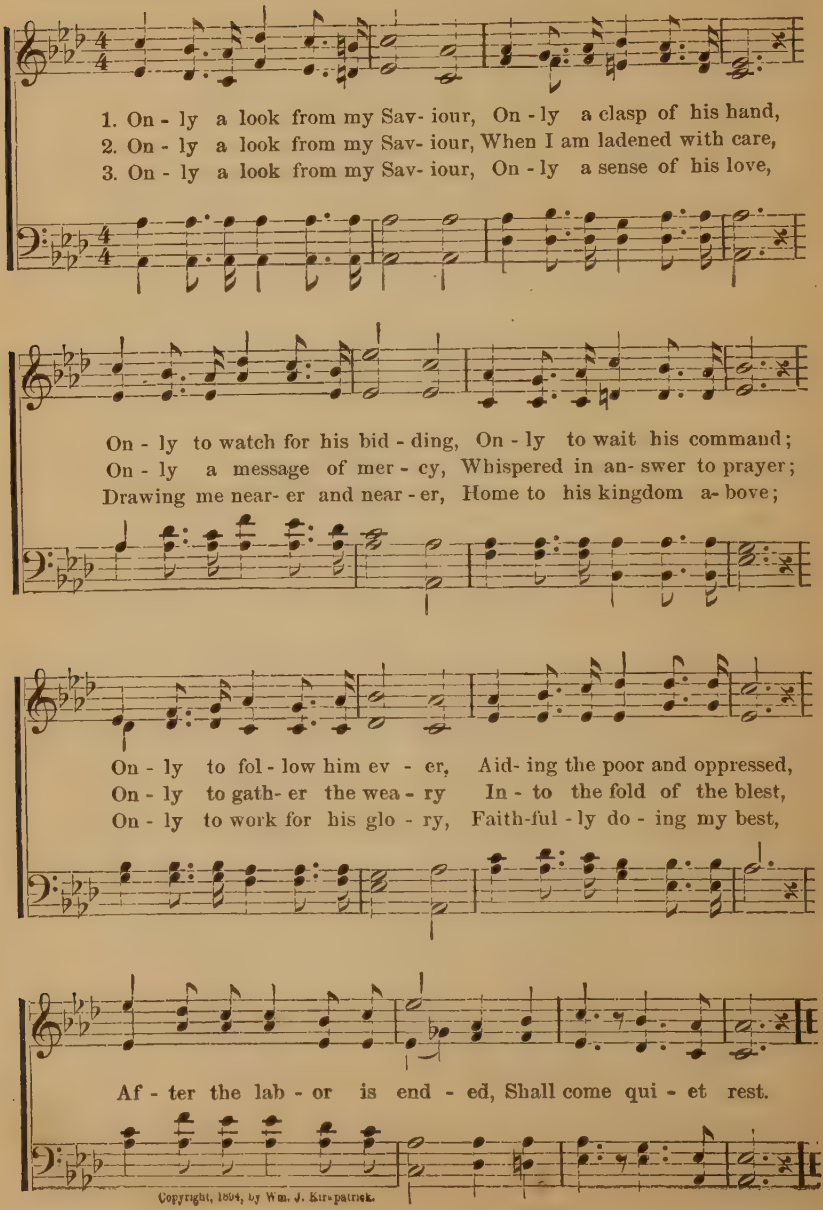
Rest, Quiet Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. On - ly a look from my Sav- iour, On - ly a clasp of his hand,
2. On - ly a look from my Sav- iour, When I am ladened with care,
3. On - ly a look from my Sav- iour, On - ly a sense of his love,
On - ly to watch for his bid - ding, On - ly to wait his command;
On - ly a message of mer - cy, Whispered in an- swer to prayer;
Drawing me near- er and near - er, Home to his kingdom a- bove;
On - ly to fol - low him ev - er, Aid- ing the poor and oppressed,
On - ly to gath- er the wea - ry In - to the fold of the blest,
On - ly to work for his glo - ry, Faith-ful - ly do - ing my best,
Af - ter the lab - or is end - ed, Shall come qui - et rest.

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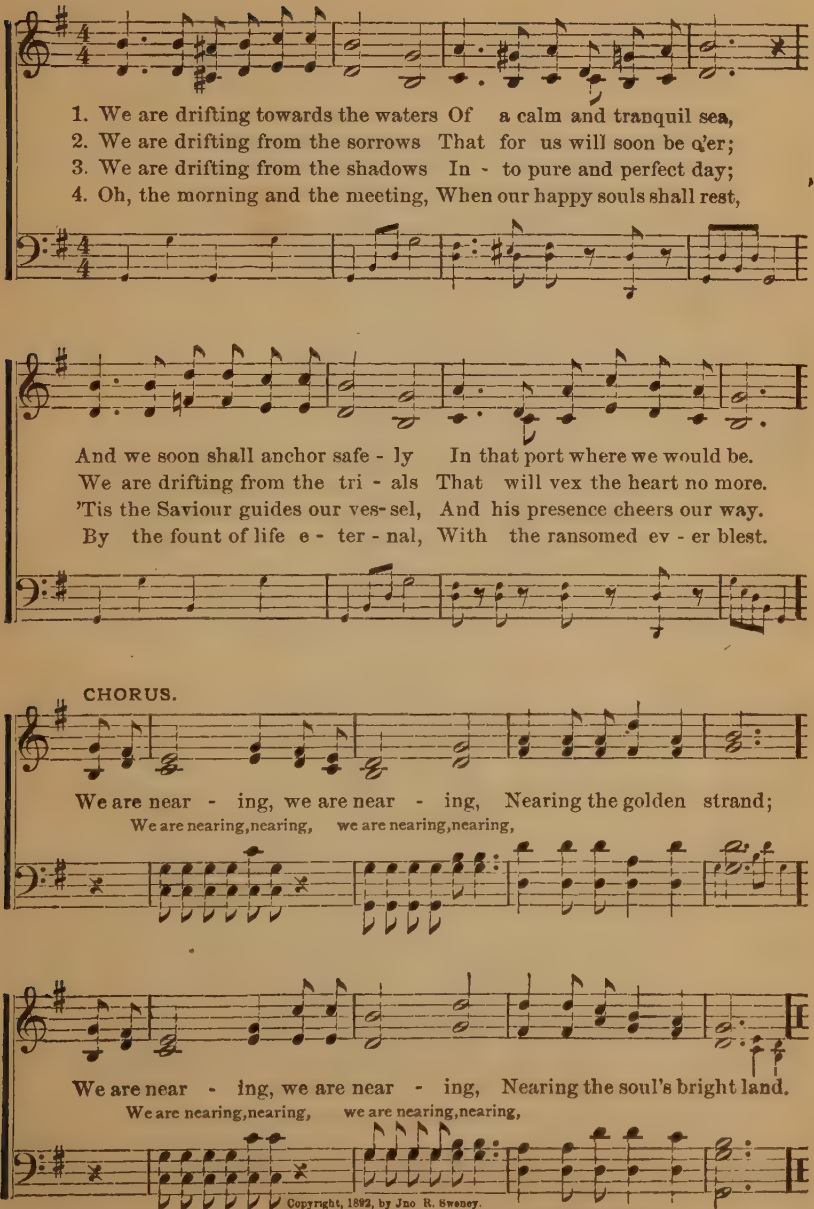
We are Nearing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. We are drifting towards the waters Of a calm and tranquil sea,
2. We are drifting from the sorrows That for us will soon be o'er;
3. We are drifting from the shadows In - to pure and perfect day;
4. Oh, the morning and the meeting, When our happy souls shall rest,
And we soon shall anchor safe - ly In that port where we would be.
We are drifting from the tri - als That will vex the heart no more.
'Tis the Saviour guides our ves-sel, And his presence cheers our way.
By the fount of life e - ter - nal, With the ransomed ev - er blest.
CHORUS.
We are near - ing, we are near - ing, Nearing the golden strand;
We are nearing,nearing, we are nearing,nearing,
We are near - ing, we are near - ing, Nearing the soul's bright land.
We are nearing,nearing, we are nearing,nearing,

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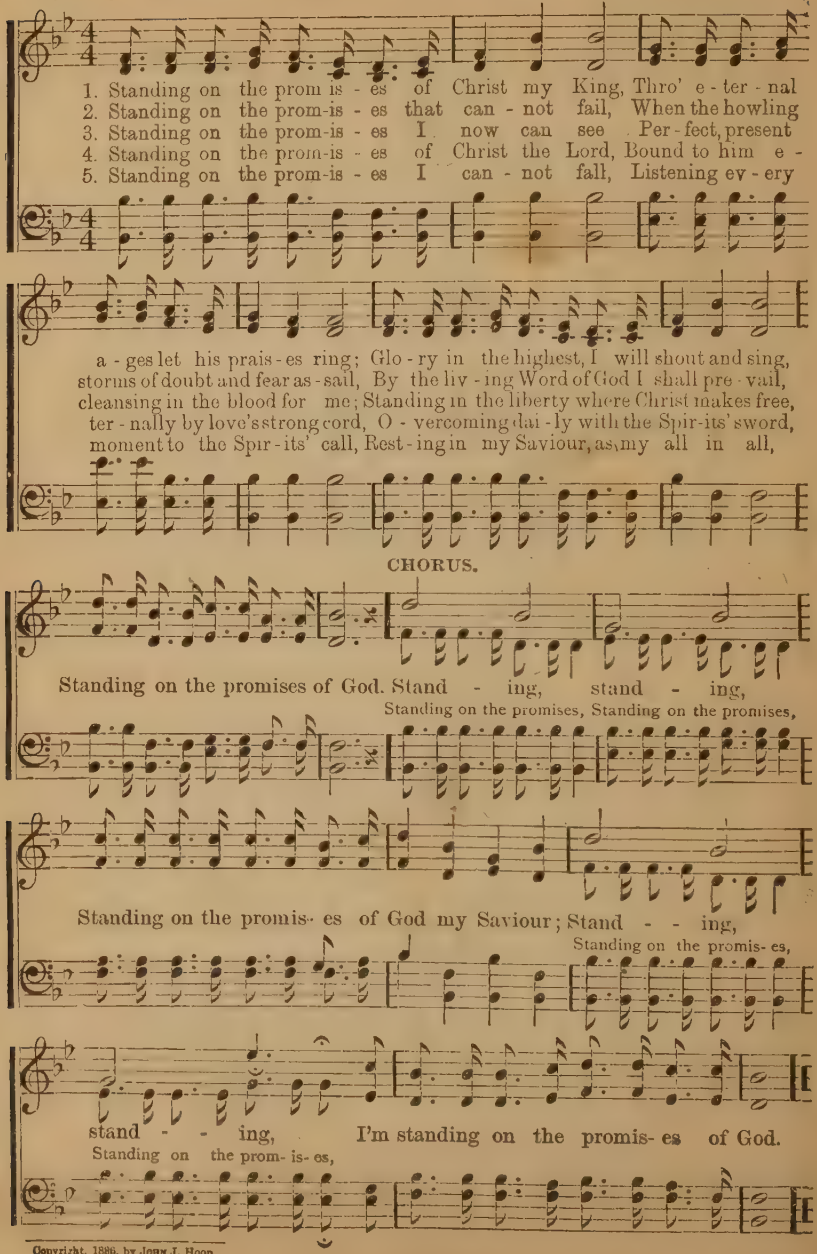
Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Standing on the prom is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling
3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per - fect, present
4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e -
5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Listening ev - ery
a - ges let his prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
ter - nally by love's strong cord, O - vercoming dai - ly with the Spir-its' sword,
moment to the Spir - its' call, Rest - ing in my Saviour, as my all in all,
CHORUS.
Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,
Standing on the promis - es of God my Saviour; Stand - - ing,
Standing on the promis - es,
stand - - ing, I'm standing on the promis - es of God.
Standing on the prom - is - es,

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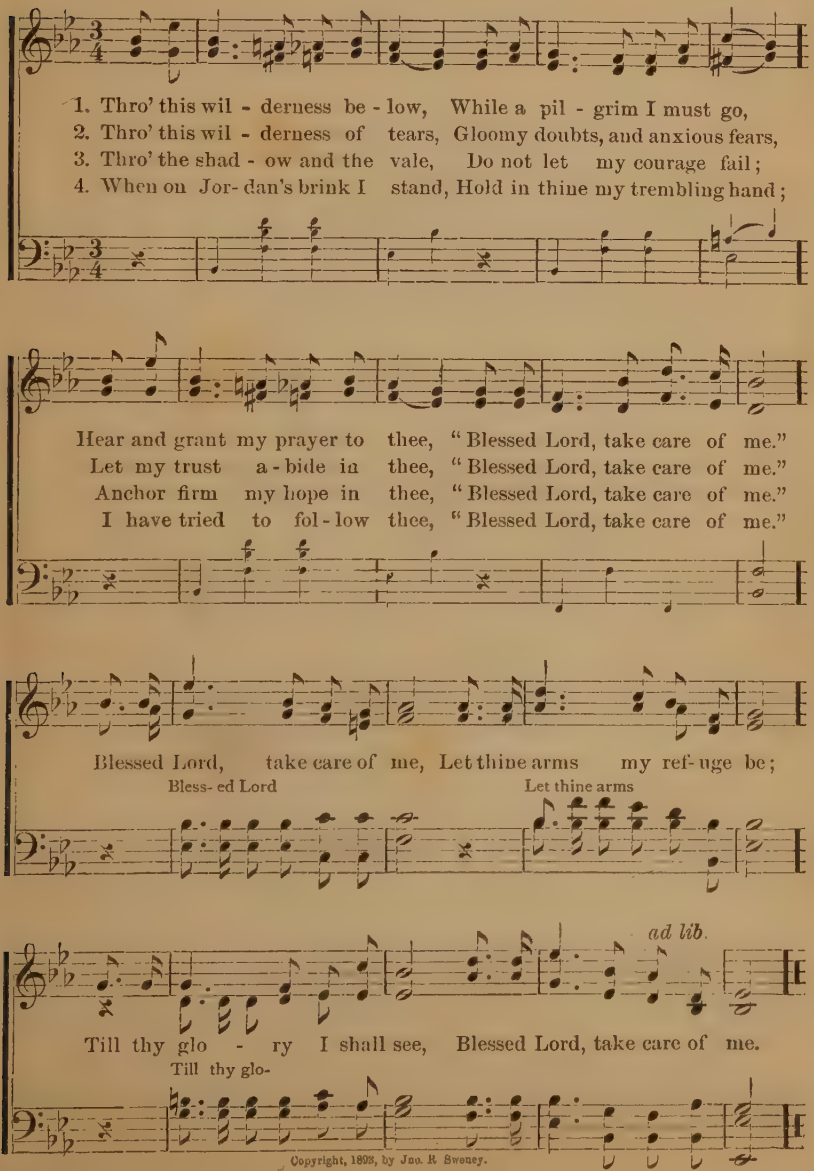
Blessed Lord, Take Care of Me.

The last words spoken by Catherine Clemmer just before she closed her eyes in sleep, "Jasus haube auf mich aucht."——"Blessed Lord, take care of me."

To my friend, Prof. Jas. N. Clemmer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Thro' this wil - derness be - low, While a pil - grim I must go,
2. Thro' this wil - derness of tears, Gloomy doubts, and anxious fears,
3. Thro' the shad - ow and the vale, Do not let my courage fail;
4. When on Jor- dan's brink I stand, Hold in thine my trembling hand;
Hear and grant my prayer to thee, "Blessed Lord, take care of me."
Let my trust a - bide in thee, "Blessed Lord, take care of me."
Anchor firm my hope in thee, "Blessed Lord, take care of me."
I have tried to fol - low thee, "Blessed Lord, take care of me."
Blessed Lord, take care of me, Let thine arms my ref- uge be;
Bless- ed Lord
Let thine arms
ad lib.
Till thy glo - ry I shall see, Blessed Lord, take care of me.
Till thy glo-

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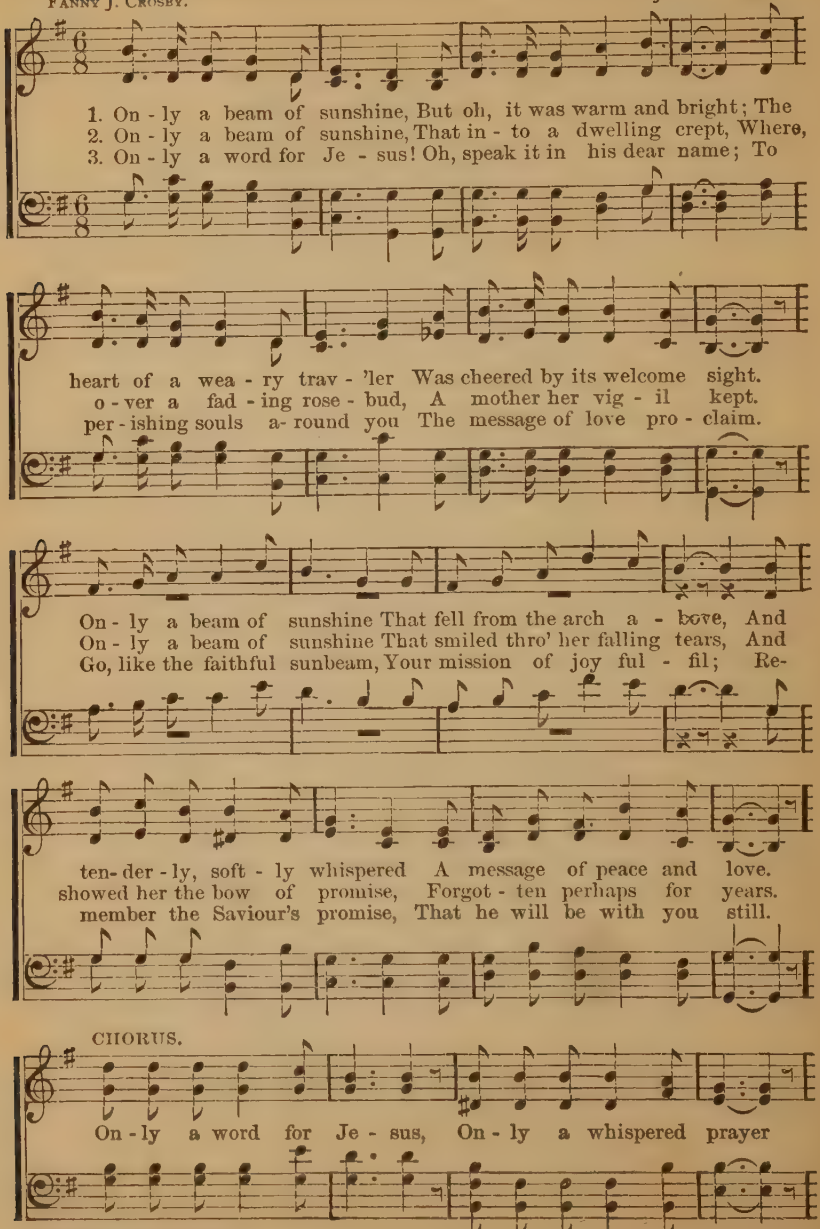
Only a Beam of Sunshine.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. On - ly a beam of sunshine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The
2. On - ly a beam of sunshine, That in - to a dwelling crept, Where,
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in his dear name; To
heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheered by its welcome sight.
o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A mother her vig - il kept.
per - ishing souls a - round you The message of love pro - claim.
On - ly a beam of sunshine That fell from the arch a - bove, And
On - ly a beam of sunshine That smiled thro' her falling tears, And
Go, like the faithful sunbeam, Your mission of joy ful - fil; Re-
ten- der - ly, soft - ly whispered A message of peace and love.
showed her the bow of promise, Forgot - ten perhaps for years.
member the Saviour's promise, That he will be with you still.
CHORUS.
On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whispered prayer

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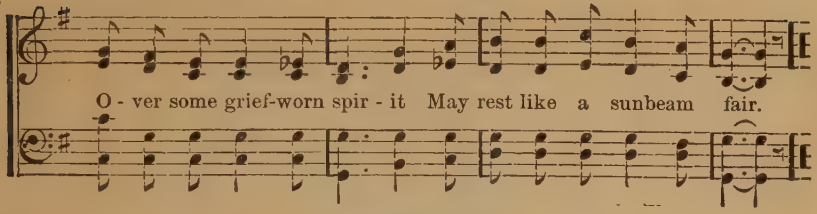
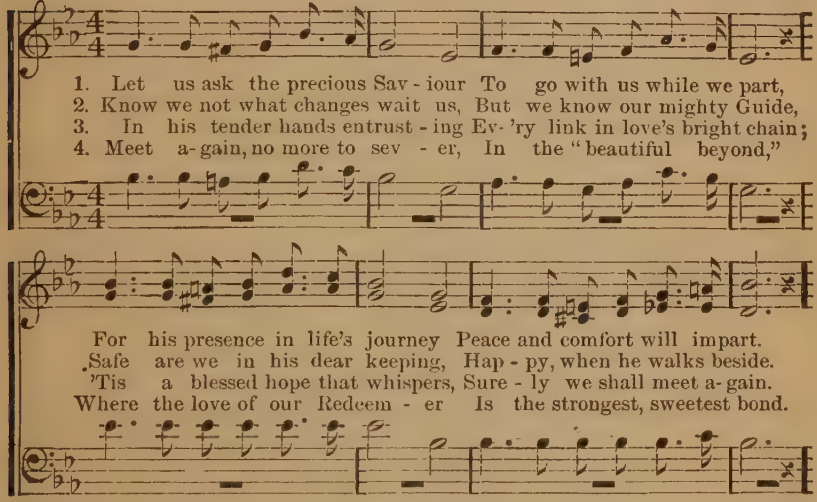
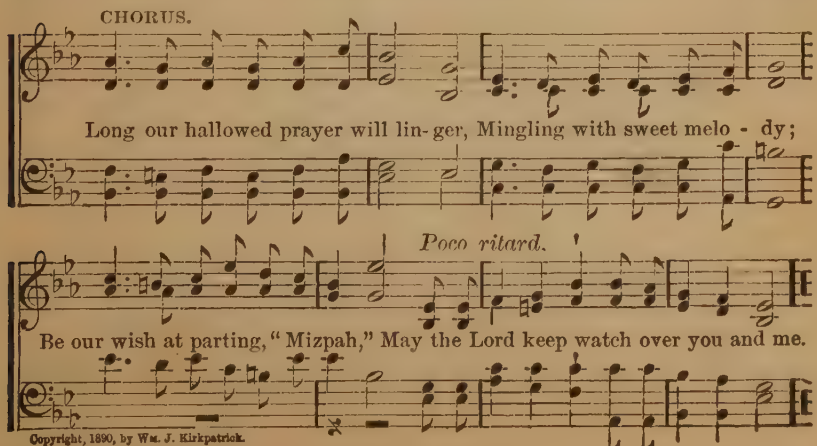


"Mizpah."

"Mizpah; . . The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."
E. E. Hewitt. Gen. xxxi. 49. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Let us ask the precious Sav - iour To go with us while we part,
2. Know we not what changes wait us, But we know our mighty Guide,
3. In his tender hands entrust - ing Ev- 'ry link in love's bright chain;
4. Meet a-gain, no more to sev - er, In the "beautiful beyond,"
For his presence in life's journey Peace and comfort will impart.
Safe are we in his dear keeping, Hap - py, when he walks beside.
'Tis a blessed hope that whispers, Sure - ly we shall meet a-gain.
Where the love of our Redeem - er Is the strongest, sweetest bond.


CHORUS.
Long our hallowed prayer will lin-ger, Mingling with sweet melo - dy;
Poco ritard.
Be our wish at parting, "Mizpah," May the Lord keep watch over you and me.

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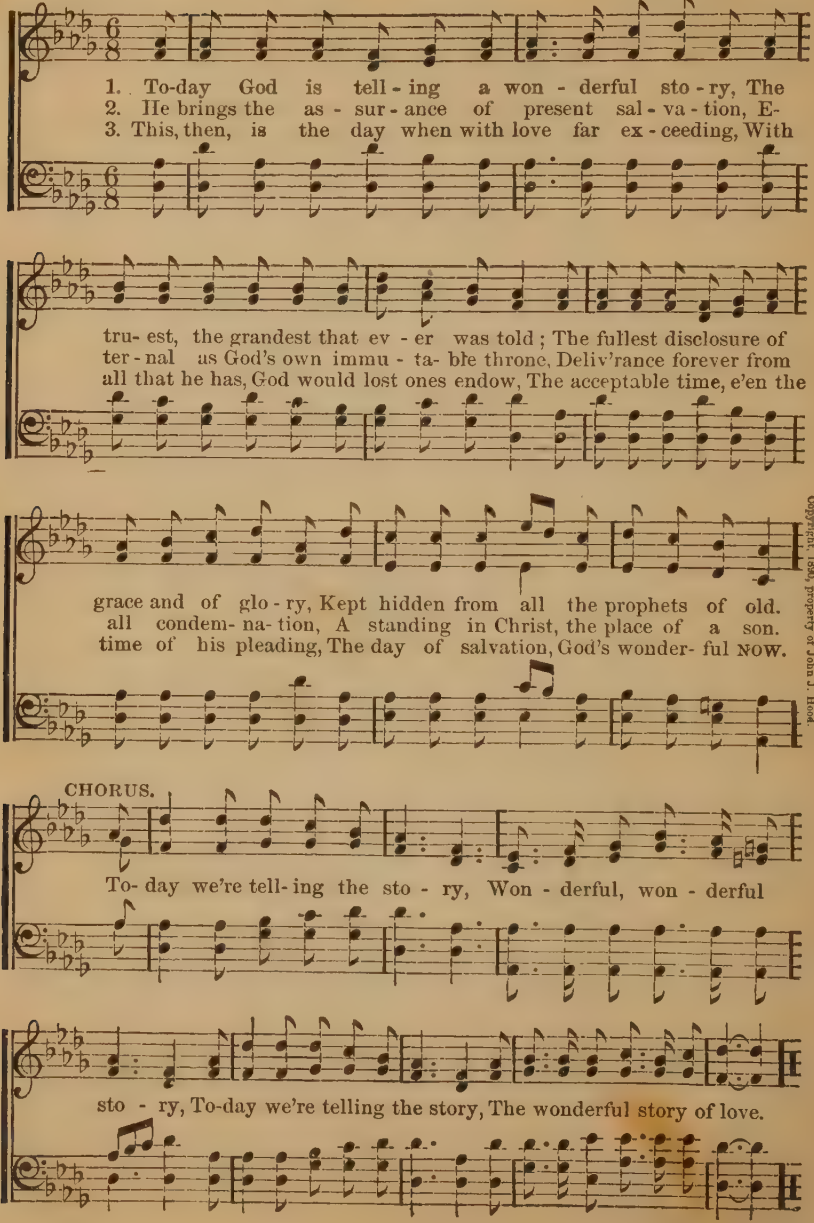
Wonderful Story of Love.

M. Taylor. Rev. Arthur J. Smith.


1. To-day God is tell - ing a won - derful sto - ry, The
2. He brings the as - sur - ance of present sal - va - tion, E-
3. This, then, is the day when with love far ex - ceeding, With
tru- est, the grandest that ev - er was told; The fullest disclosure of
ter - nal as God's own immu - ta- ble throne, Deliv'rance forever from
all that he has, God would lost ones endow, The acceptable time, e'en the
grace and of glo - ry, Kept hidden from all the prophets of old.
all condem- na- tion, A standing in Christ, the place of a son.
time of his pleading, The day of salvation, God's wonder- ful NOW.
CHORUS.
To- day we're tell- ing the sto - ry, Won - derful, won - derful
sto - ry, To-day we're telling the story, The wonderful story of love.

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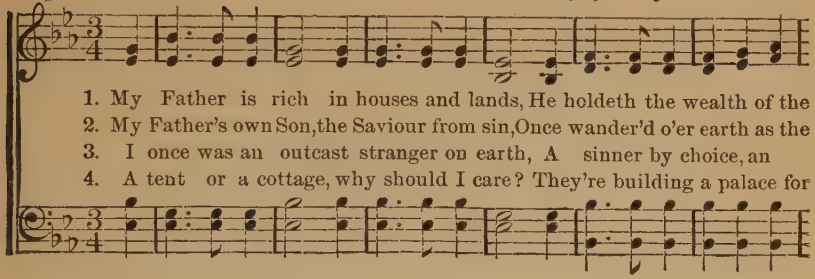
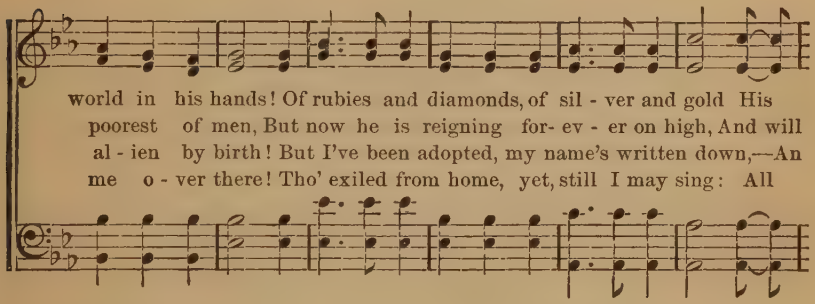
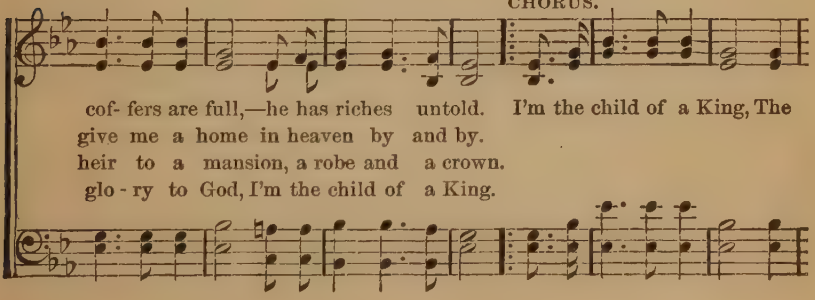
The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. from Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.


1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour from sin, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for


world in his hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold His
poorest of men, But now he is reigning for- ev - er on high, And will
al - ien by birth! But I've been adopted, my name's written down,—An
me o - ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All


CHORUS.
cof- fers are full,—he has riches untold. I'm the child of a King, The
give me a home in heaven by and by.
heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

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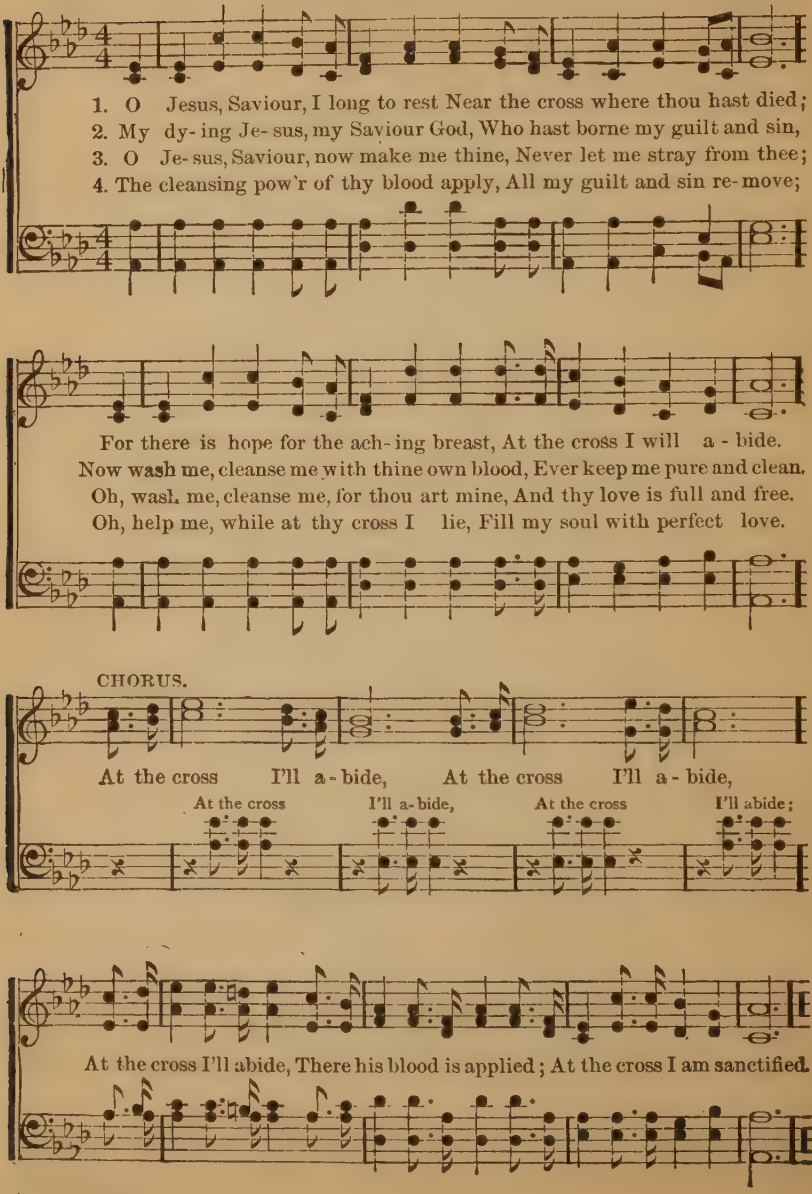
At the Cross I'll Abide.

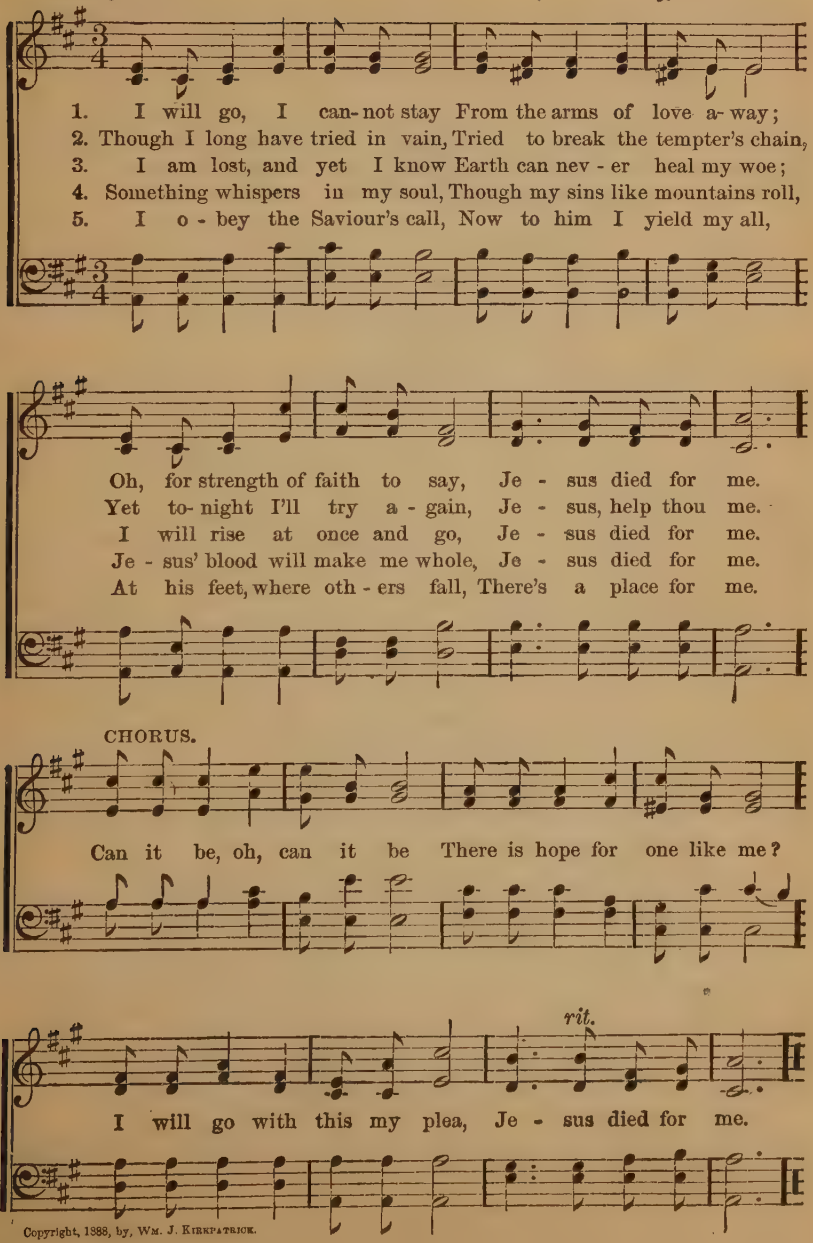
I. B. "And many women were there."—Matt. xxvii. 55. I. Baltzell.


1. O Jesus, Saviour, I long to rest Near the cross where thou hast died;
2. My dy- ing Je- sus, my Saviour God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
3. O Je- sus, Saviour, now make me thine, Never let me stray from thee;
4. The cleansing pow'r of thy blood apply, All my guilt and sin re- move;
For there is hope for the ach- ing breast, At the cross I will a - bide.
Now wash me, cleanse me with thine own blood, Ever keep me pure and clean.
Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for thou art mine, And thy love is full and free.
Oh, help me, while at thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with perfect love.
CHORUS.
At the cross I'll a- bide, At the cross I'll a - bide,
At the cross I'll a- bide, At the cross I'll abide;
At the cross I'll abide, There his blood is applied; At the cross I am sanctified.

By permission.

I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way;
2. Though I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain,
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev - er heal my woe;
4. Something whispers in my soul, Though my sins like mountains roll,
5. I o - bey the Saviour's call, Now to him I yield my all,
Oh, for strength of faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
Yet to-night I'll try a - gain, Je - sus, help thou me.
I will rise at once and go, Je - sus died for me.
Je - sus' blood will make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
At his feet, where oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.
CHORUS.
Can it be, oh, can it be There is hope for one like me?
rit.
I will go with this my plea, Je - sus died for me.

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He is Mine, I am His.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Blessed Lil - y of the Val - ley, oh, how fair is he! He is
2. Let me sing of all his mercies, of his kindness true, He is
3. Tho' he lead me thro' the val- ley of the shade of death, He is
f.
mine, I am his; Sweeter than the angel's music is his
mine, I am his; Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes a
mine, I am his; Should I fear, when oh, so tender- ly he
D. S.—Sweeter than the angel's music is his
Fine.
voice to me, He is mine, I am his. Where the lilies fair are
bless- ing new, He is mine, I am his! With the deep'ning shadows
whis- per - eth, He is mine, I am his! For the sunshine of his
voice to me, He is mine, I am his.
blooming by the waters calm, There he leads me, and upholds me by his
comes a whisper, "safe-ly rest! Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
presence doth illume the night, And he leads me thro' the valley to the
strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,
thee mo - lest; I will linger till the morning, keeper, friend and guest,"
mountain height; Out of bondage in - to freedom, in - to cloudless light,

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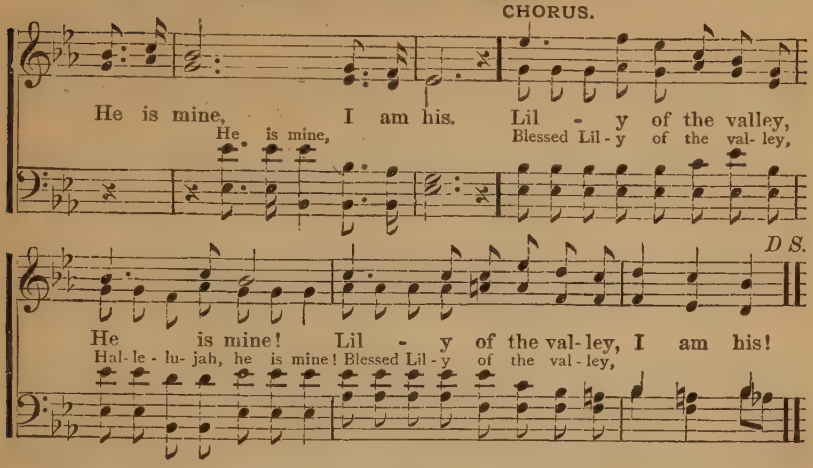
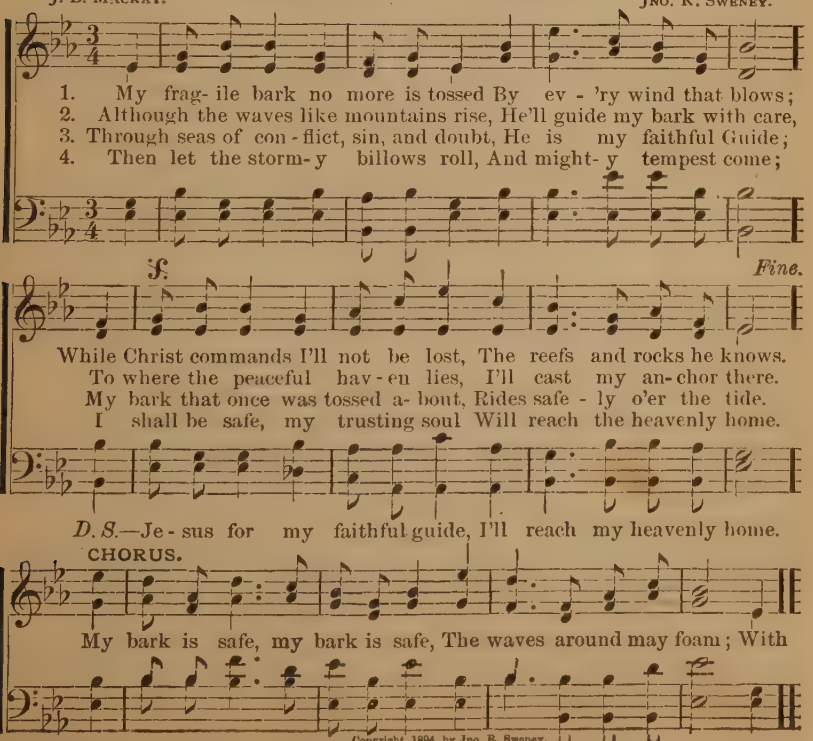
CHORUS.


He is mine, I am his. Lil - y of the valley,
He is mine, Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,
D.S.
He is mine! Lil - y of the val - ley, I am his!
Hal - le - lu - jah, he is mine! Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,

My Bark is Safe.

J. B. MACKAY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. My frag - ile bark no more is tossed By ev - 'ry wind that blows;
2. Although the waves like mountains rise, He'll guide my bark with care,
3. Through seas of con - flict, sin, and doubt, He is my faithful Guide;
4. Then let the storm - y billows roll, And might - y tempest come;
f.
Fine.
While Christ commands I'll not be lost, The reefs and rocks he knows.
To where the peaceful hav - en lies, I'll cast my an - chor there.
My bark that once was tossed a - bout, Rides safe - ly o'er the tide.
I shall be safe, my trusting soul Will reach the heavenly home.
D.S.—Je - sus for my faithful guide, I'll reach my heavenly home.
CHORUS.
My bark is safe, my bark is safe, The waves around may foam; With

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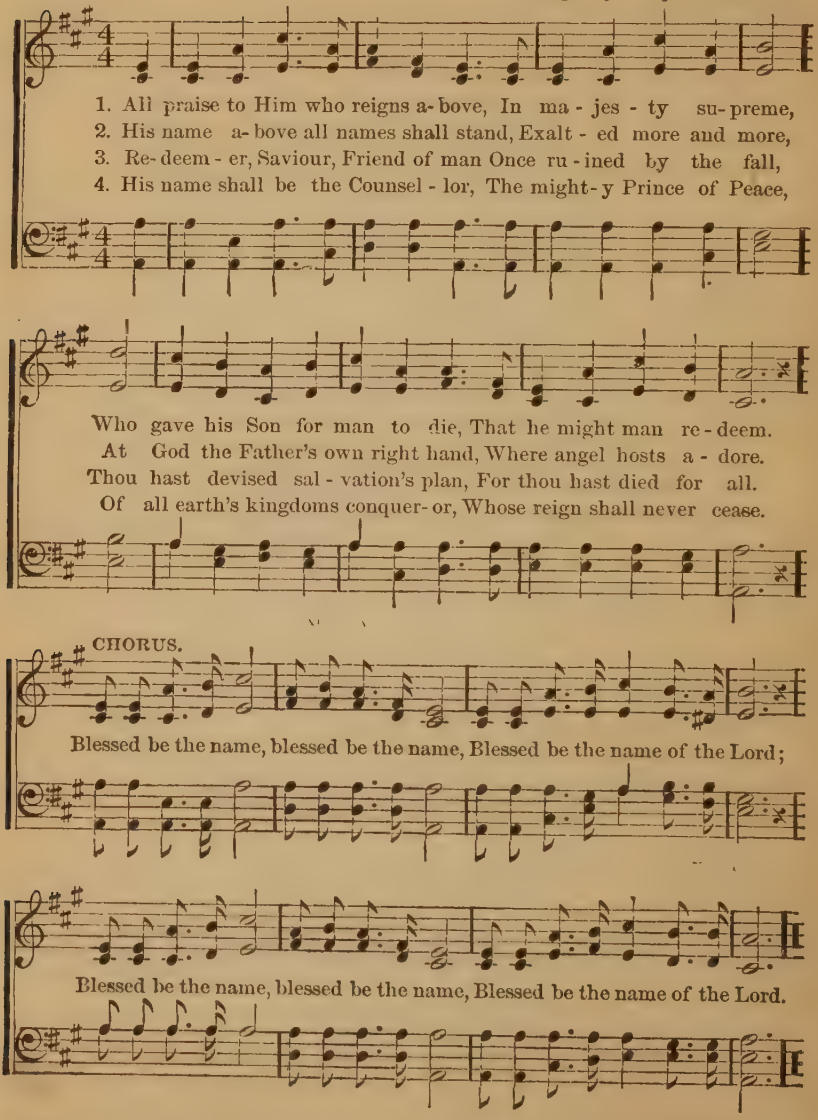
Blessed be the Name.

W. H. Clark. Arranged by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. All praise to Him who reigns a-bove, In ma - jes - ty su-preme,
2. His name a-bove all names shall stand, Exalt - ed more and more,
3. Re-deem - er, Saviour, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Counsel - lor, The might - y Prince of Peace,
Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re - deem.
At God the Father's own right hand, Where angel hosts a - dore.
Thou hast devised sal - vation's plan, For thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdoms conquer - or, Whose reign shall never cease.
CHORUS.
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at his feet.

6 Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the throne
His everlasting love.

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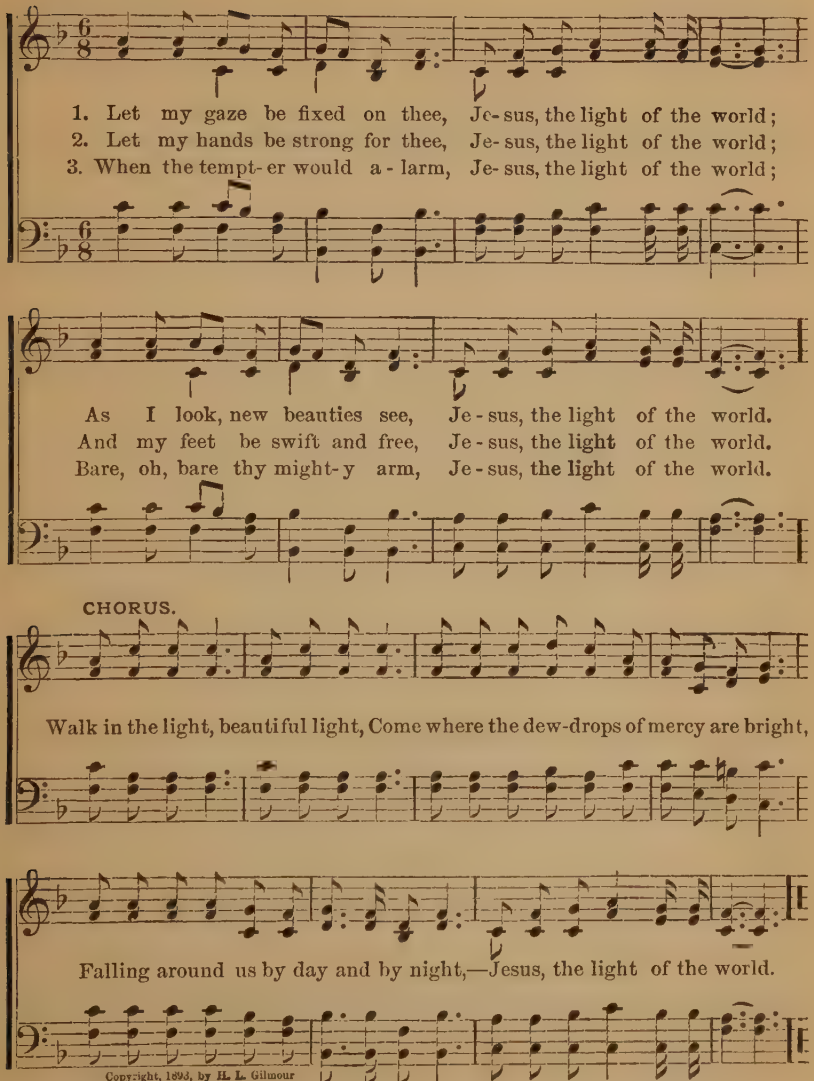
Jesus, the Light.

H. L. Gilmour. Arr. by H. L. G.


1. Let my gaze be fixed on thee, Je-sus, the light of the world;
2. Let my hands be strong for thee, Je-sus, the light of the world;
3. When the tempt-er would a-larm, Je-sus, the light of the world;
As I look, new beauties see, Je-sus, the light of the world.
And my feet be swift and free, Je-sus, the light of the world.
Bare, oh, bare thy might-y arm, Je-sus, the light of the world.
CHORUS.
Walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright,
Falling around us by day and by night,—Jesus, the light of the world.

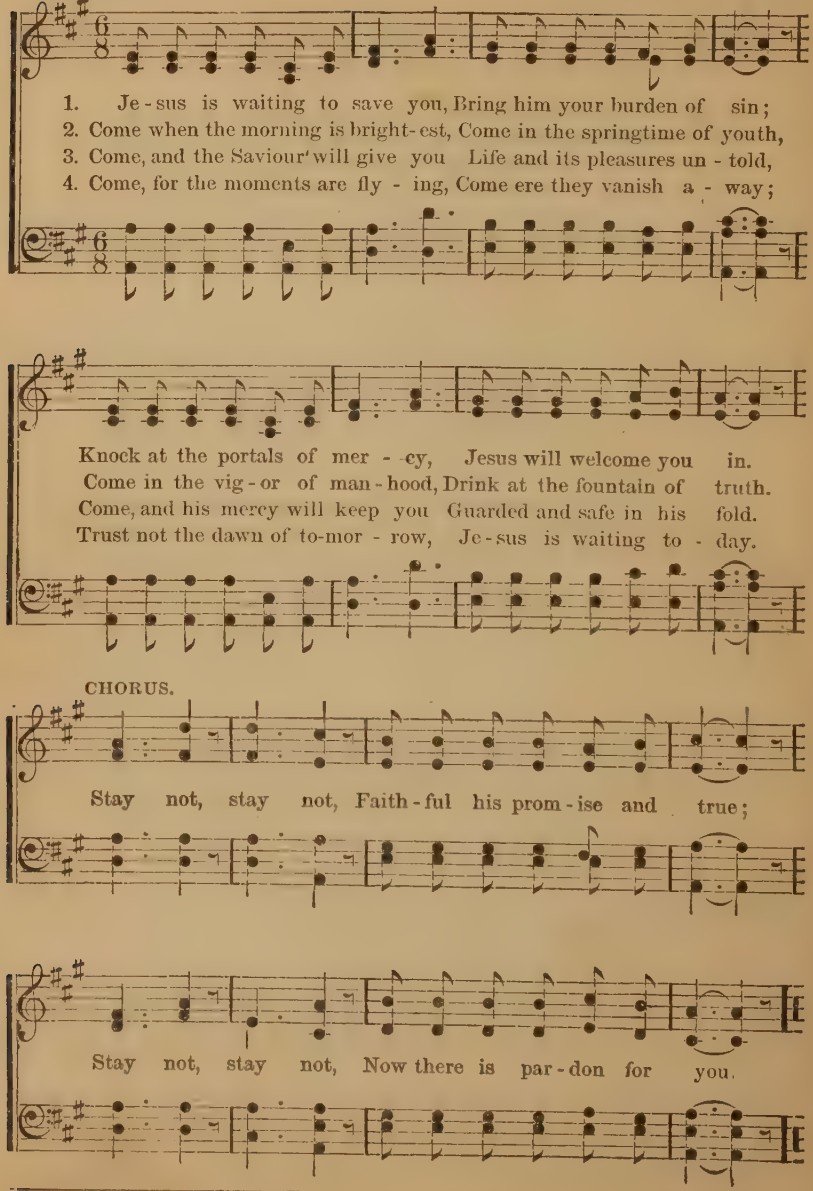
Copyright, 1893, by H. L. Gilmour

4 Walk the waves, across life's sea,
Jesus, the light of the world;
Nearer come, O Lord, to me,
Jesus, the light of the world.

5 Be a shelter in the storm,
Jesus, the light of the world;
Keep, oh, keep thy child from harm,
Jesus, the light of the world.

Stay Not.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Je - sus is waiting to save you, Bring him your burden of sin;
2. Come when the morning is bright - est, Come in the springtime of youth,
3. Come, and the Saviour will give you Life and its pleasures un - told,
4. Come, for the moments are fly - ing, Come ere they vanish a - way;
Knock at the portals of mer - cy, Jesus will welcome you in.
Come in the vig - or of man - hood, Drink at the fountain of truth.
Come, and his mercy will keep you Guarded and safe in his fold.
Trust not the dawn of to-mor - row, Je - sus is waiting to - day.
CHORUS.
Stay not, stay not, Faith - ful his prom - ise and true;
Stay not, stay not, Now there is par - don for you.

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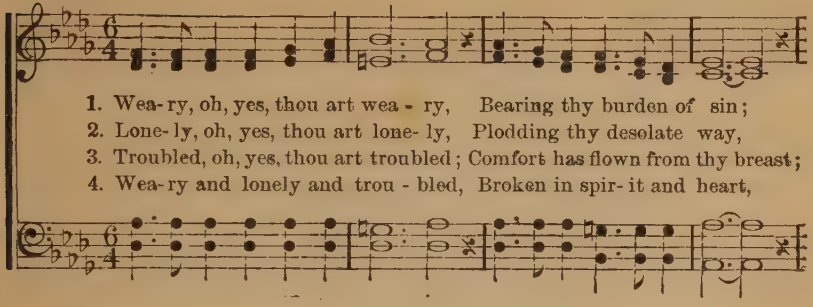
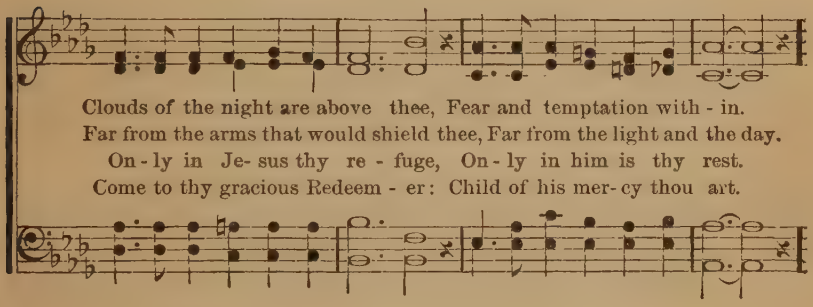
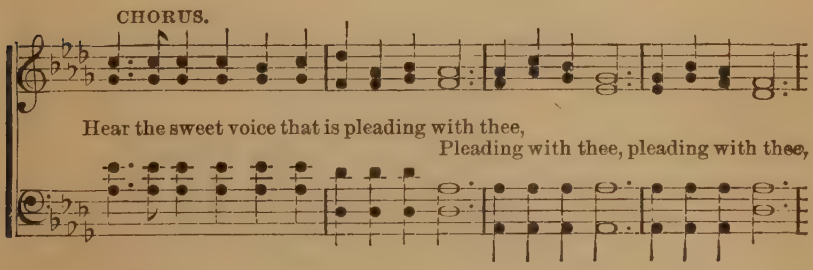
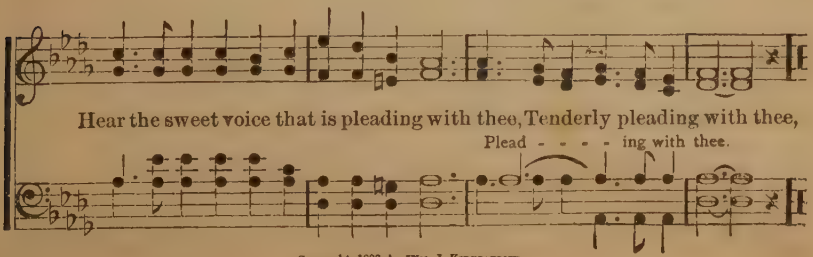
J. Jackson

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Wea-ry, oh, yes, thou art wea - ry, Bearing thy burden of sin;
2. Lone-ly, oh, yes, thou art lone- ly, Plodding thy desolate way,
3. Troubled, oh, yes, thou art troubled; Comfort has flown from thy breast;
4. Wea-ry and lonely and trou - bled, Broken in spir- it and heart,


Clouds of the night are above thee, Fear and temptation with - in.
Far from the arms that would shield thee, Far from the light and the day.
On - ly in Je- sus thy re - fuge, On - ly in him is thy rest.
Come to thy gracious Redeem - er: Child of his mer- cy thou art.





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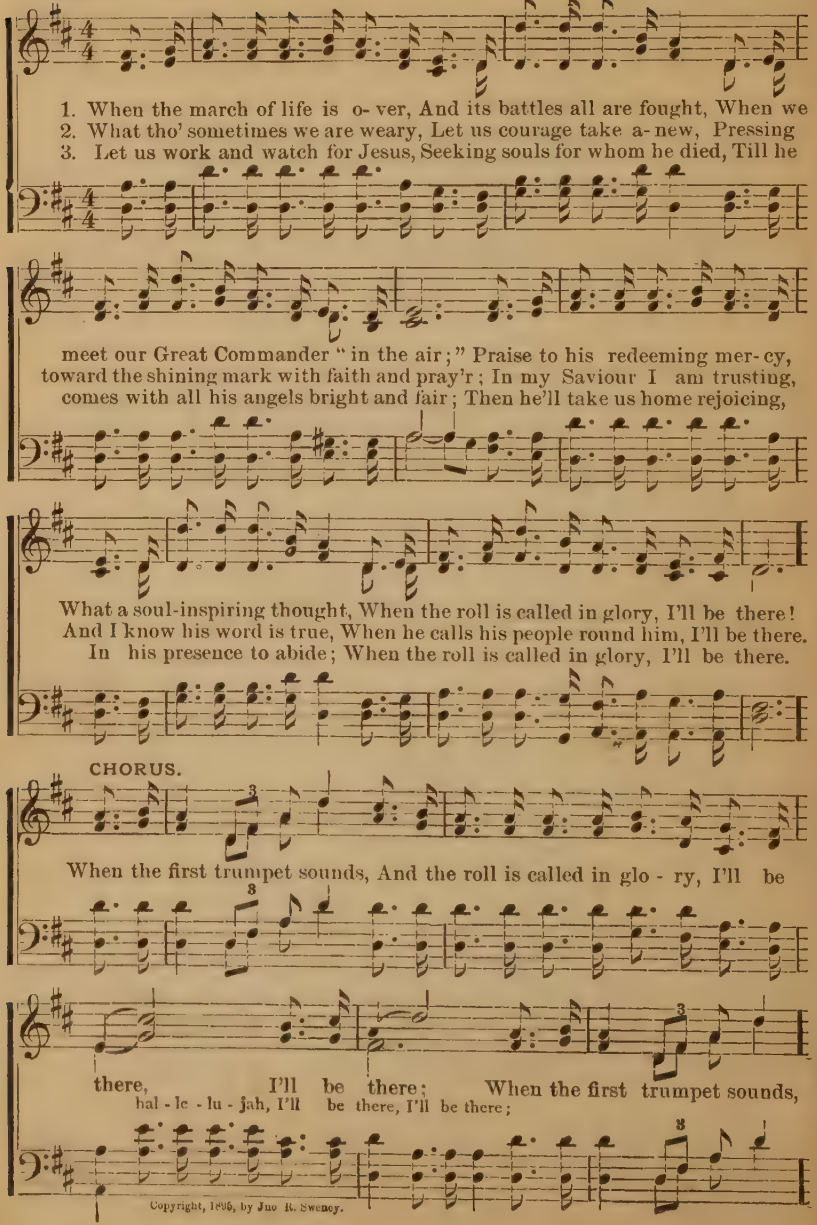
The Roll Call.

HATTIE I. WILDE. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. When the march of life is o- ver, And its battles all are fought, When we
2. What tho' sometimes we are weary, Let us courage take a- new, Pressing
3. Let us work and watch for Jesus, Seeking souls for whom he died, Till he
meet our Great Commander " in the air ;" Praise to his redeeming mer- cy,
toward the shining mark with faith and pray'r ; In my Saviour I am trusting,
comes with all his angels bright and fair ; Then he'll take us home rejoicing,
What a soul-inspiring thought, When the roll is called in glory, I'll be there!
And I know his word is true, When he calls his people round him, I'll be there.
In his presence to abide ; When the roll is called in glory, I'll be there.
CHORUS.
When the first trumpet sounds, And the roll is called in glo - ry, I'll be
there, I'll be there ; When the first trumpet sounds,
hal - le - lu - jah, I'll be there, I'll be there ;

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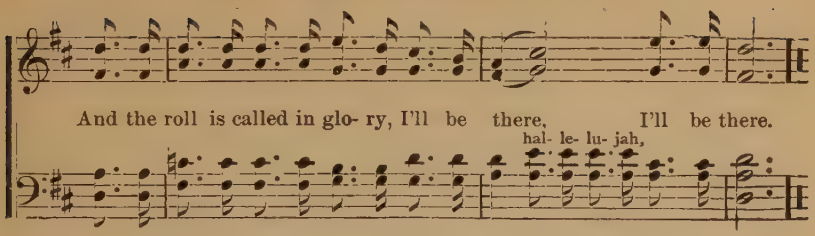
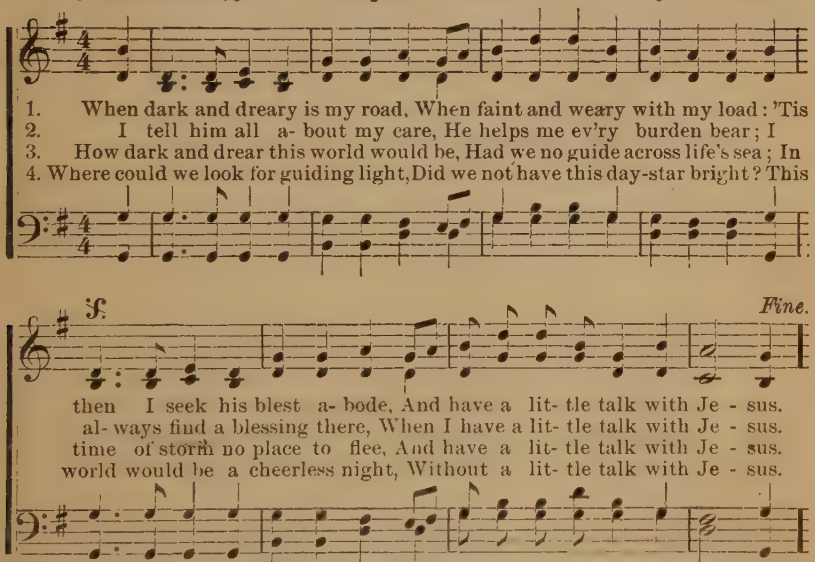
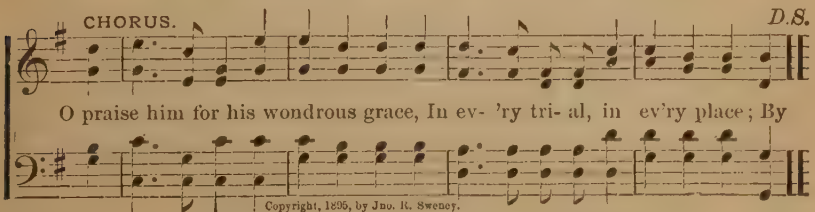


Have a Little Talk with Jesus.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. To Mr. Jas. N. Clemmer. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. When dark and dreary is my road, When faint and weary with my load: 'Tis
2. I tell him all a- bout my care, He helps me ev'ry burden bear; I
3. How dark and drear this world would be, Had we no guide across life's sea; In
4. Where could we look for guiding light, Did we not have this day-star bright? This
f.
Fine.
then I seek his blest a- bode, And have a lit- tle talk with Je - sus.
al- ways find a blessing there, When I have a lit- tle talk with Je - sus.
time of storm no place to flee, And have a lit- tle talk with Je - sus.
world would be a cheerless night, Without a lit- tle talk with Je - sus.
D. S.—faith we meet him face to face, And have a lit- tle talk with Je - sus.



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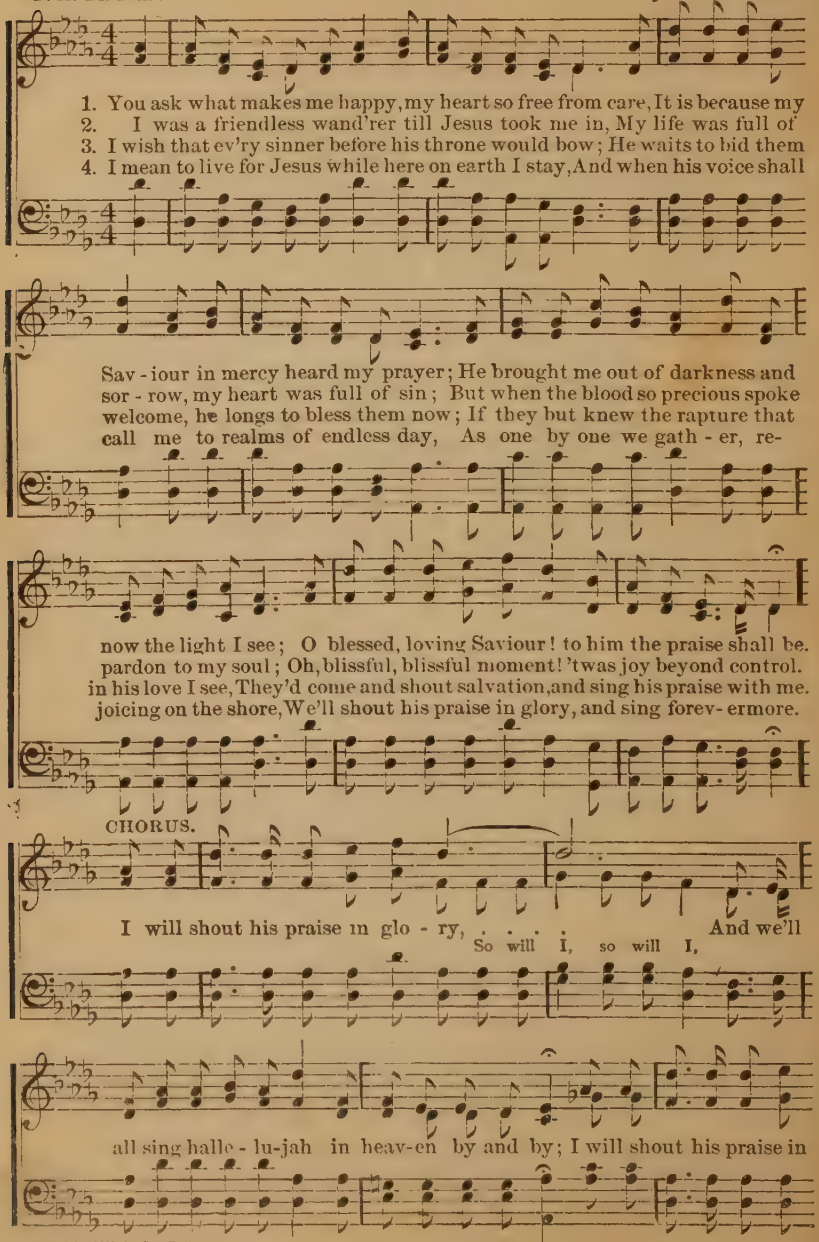
5 In times of peace, in times of strife,
Let joy prevail, or fears be rife;
I'll always seek this friend thro' life,
And have a little talk with Jesus.

6 And after life with me is o'er,
I'll enter in thro' mercy's door,
And with the millions gone before,
I'll ever live and talk with Jesus.

I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. DINGMAN. JNO R. SWENEY.


1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before his throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall
Sav - iour in mercy heard my prayer; He brought me out of darkness and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke
welcome, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that
call me to realms of endless day, As one by one we gath - er, re-
now the light I see; O blessed, loving Saviour! to him the praise shall be.
pardon to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control.
in his love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing his praise with me.
joicing on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glory, and sing forev- ermore.
CHORUS.
I will shout his praise in glo - ry, And we'll
So will I, so will I,
all sing halle - lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout his praise in

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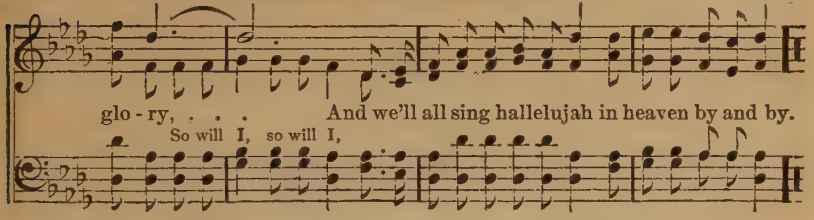
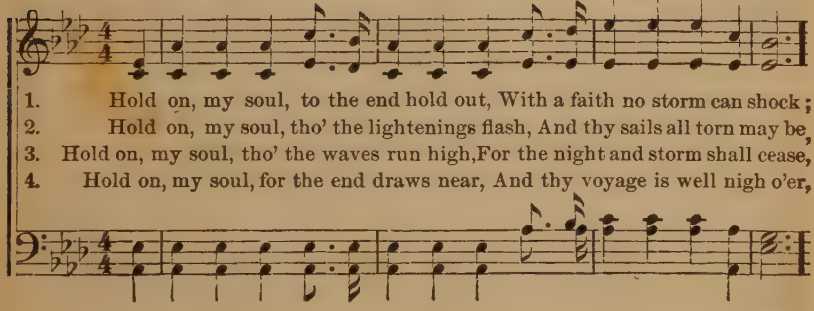
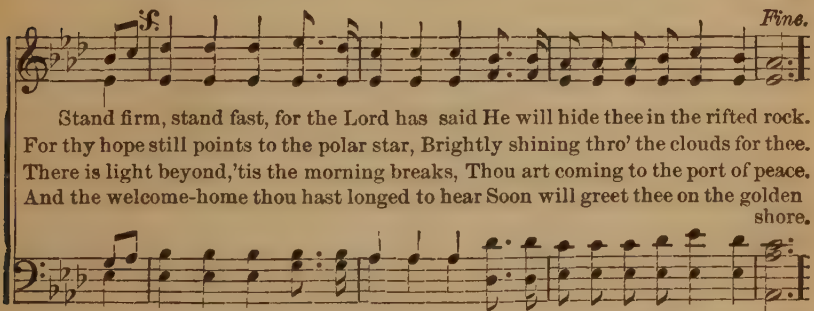
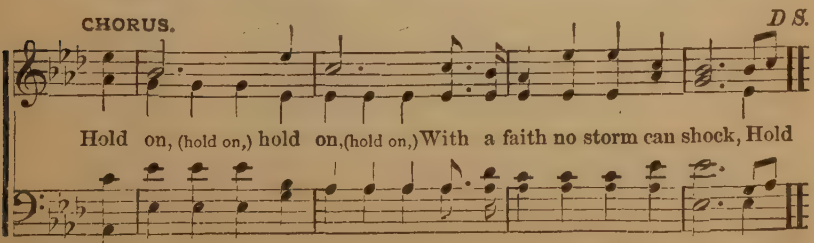


Hold On, My Soul.

WM. H. JONES. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Hold on, my soul, to the end hold out, With a faith no storm can shock;
2. Hold on, my soul, tho' the lightenings flash, And thy sails all torn may be,
3. Hold on, my soul, tho' the waves run high, For the night and storm shall cease,
4. Hold on, my soul, for the end draws near, And thy voyage is well nigh o'er,


f.
Fine.
Stand firm, stand fast, for the Lord has said He will hide thee in the rifted rock.
For thy hope still points to the polar star, Brightly shining thro' the clouds for thee.
There is light beyond, 'tis the morning breaks, Thou art coming to the port of peace.
And the welcome-home thou hast longed to hear Soon will greet thee on the golden shore.
D.S.—on, my soul, for the Lord has said He will hide thee in the rifted rock.



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Valley of Rest.

ANNA C. STOREY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Val-ley of E-den, beyond the sea, Haven of rest, tranquil and blest,
2. Val-ley of Eden, the soul's dear home, Bright are thy hills, peaceful thy rills;
3. Val-ley of E-den, beyond the sea, Lovely thy bowers, fadeless thy flowers;
Anchored forev-er we soon shall be, Gathered with Jesus to rest;
Hap-py for-ev-er we soon shall roam O-ver thy bright blooming hills;
Val-ley of E-den, we dream of thee, Dream of thy beauti-ful bowers.
Songs of the ransomed are floating in air, Wafted to earth from thy region so fair;
Thine are the beauties that never decay, Thine is a light of a shadowless day;
Friends that were parted with rapture shall meet, Casting their crowns at Immanuel's
feet:
Angels are tender-ly calling us there, Calling the wea-ry to rest.
Voices of loved ones are calling a-way, Home to thy bright blooming hills.
Still the glad voices of angels re-peat, Come to the valley of flowers.
CHORUS. Repeat, Tenor and Soprano changing parts.
Come, come, come, come,
Come to this val-ley of E-den fair, Wea-ry and sorrow-op-pressed;

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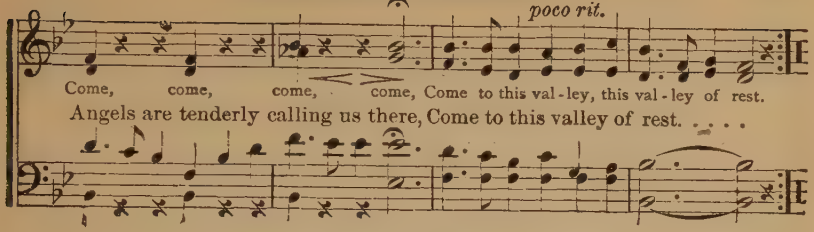
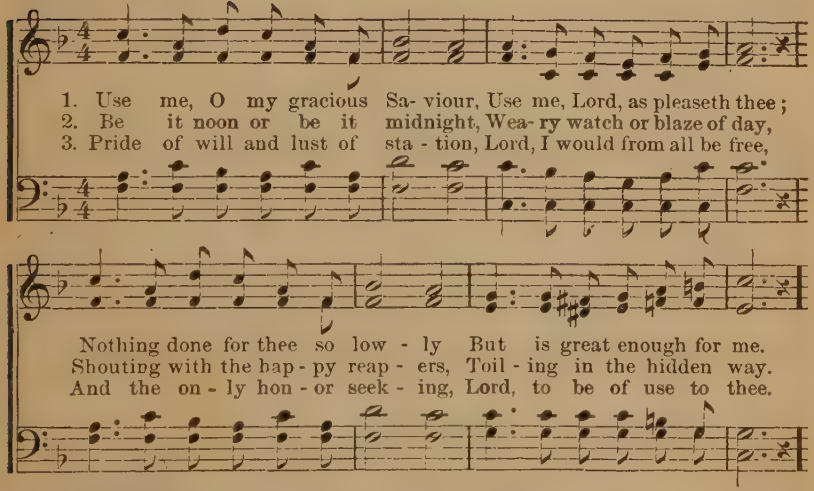
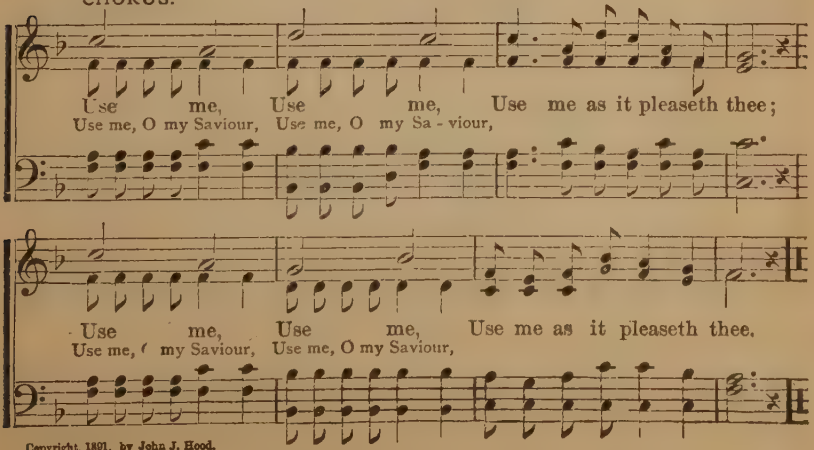

poco rit.
Come, come, come, come, Come to this val-ley, this val-ley of rest.
Angels are tenderly calling us there, Come to this valley of rest. . . .

Use Me, Saviour.

FRED. WOODROW. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Use me, O my gracious Sa- viour, Use me, Lord, as pleaseth thee;
2. Be it noon or be it midnight, Wea- ry watch or blaze of day,
3. Pride of will and lust of sta - tion, Lord, I would from all be free,
Nothing done for thee so low - ly But is great enough for me.
Shouting with the hap - py reap - ers, Toil - ing in the hidden way.
And the on - ly hon - or seek - ing, Lord, to be of use to thee.

CHORUS.


Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth thee;
Use me, O my Saviour, Use me, O my Sa - viour,
Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth thee.
Use me, O my Saviour, Use me, O my Saviour,

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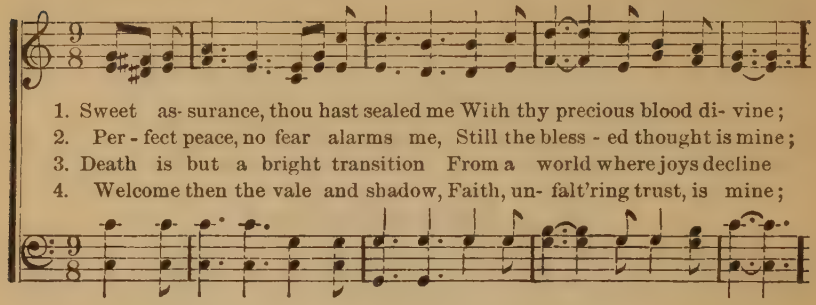
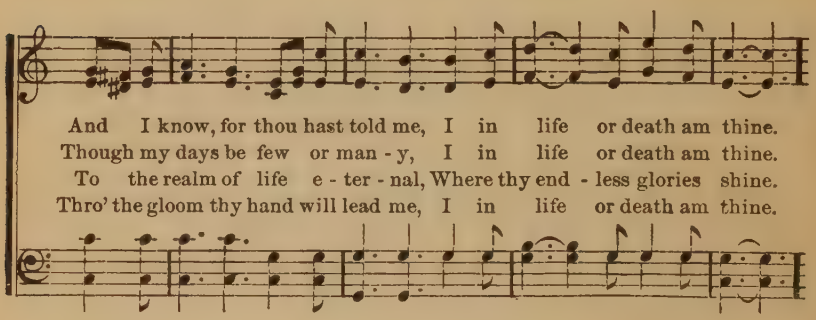
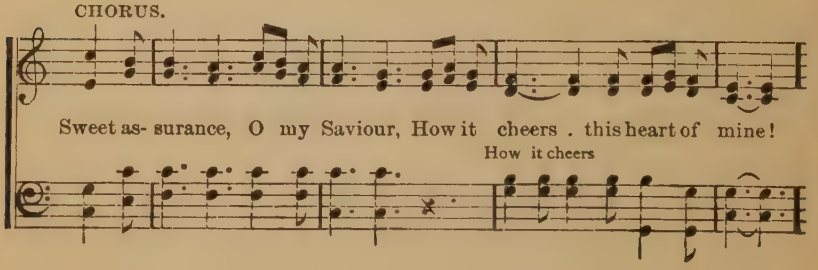
Sweet Assurance.

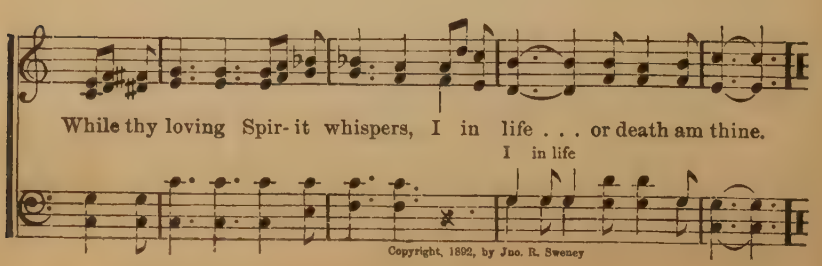
FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Sweet as- surance, thou hast sealed me With thy precious blood di- vine;
2. Per - fect peace, no fear alarms me, Still the bless - ed thought is mine;
3. Death is but a bright transition From a world where joys decline
4. Welcome then the vale and shadow, Faith, un- falt'ring trust, is mine;


And I know, for thou hast told me, I in life or death am thine.
Though my days be few or man - y, I in life or death am thine.
To the realm of life e - ter - nal, Where thy end - less glories shine.
Thro' the gloom thy hand will lead me, I in life or death am thine.

CHORUS.





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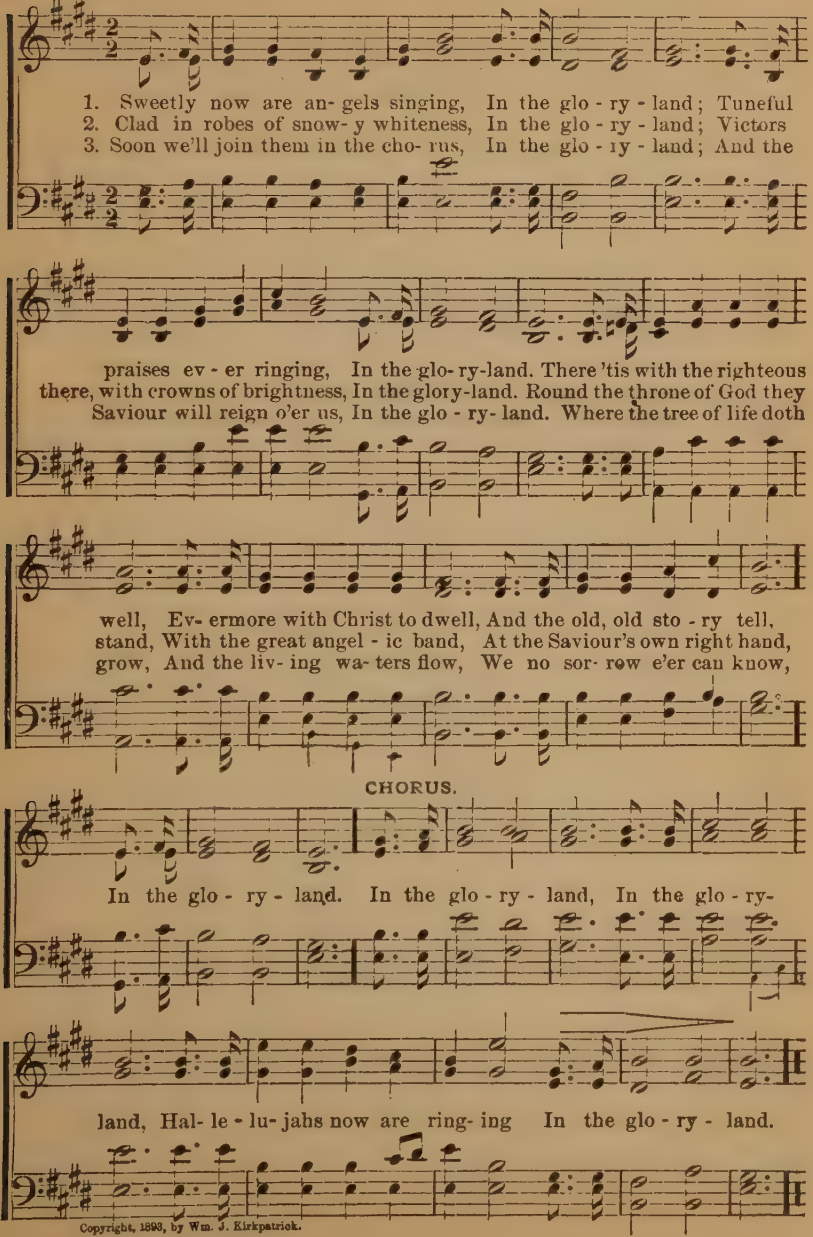
MINNIE B. JOHNSON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Sweetly now are an- gels singing, In the glo - ry - land; Tuneful
2. Clad in robes of snow- y whiteness, In the glo - ry - land; Victors
3. Soon we'll join them in the cho- rus, In the glo - ry - land; And the
praises ev - er ringing, In the glo- ry-land. There 'tis with the righteous
there, with crowns of brightness, In the glory-land. Round the throne of God they
Saviour will reign o'er us, In the glo - ry- land. Where the tree of life doth
well, Ev- ermore with Christ to dwell, And the old, old sto - ry tell,
stand, With the great angel - ic band, At the Saviour's own right hand,
grow, And the liv- ing wa- ters flow, We no sor- row e'er can know,
CHORUS.
In the glo - ry - land. In the glo - ry - land, In the glo - ry-
land, Hal- le - lu- jahs now are ring- ing In the glo - ry - land.

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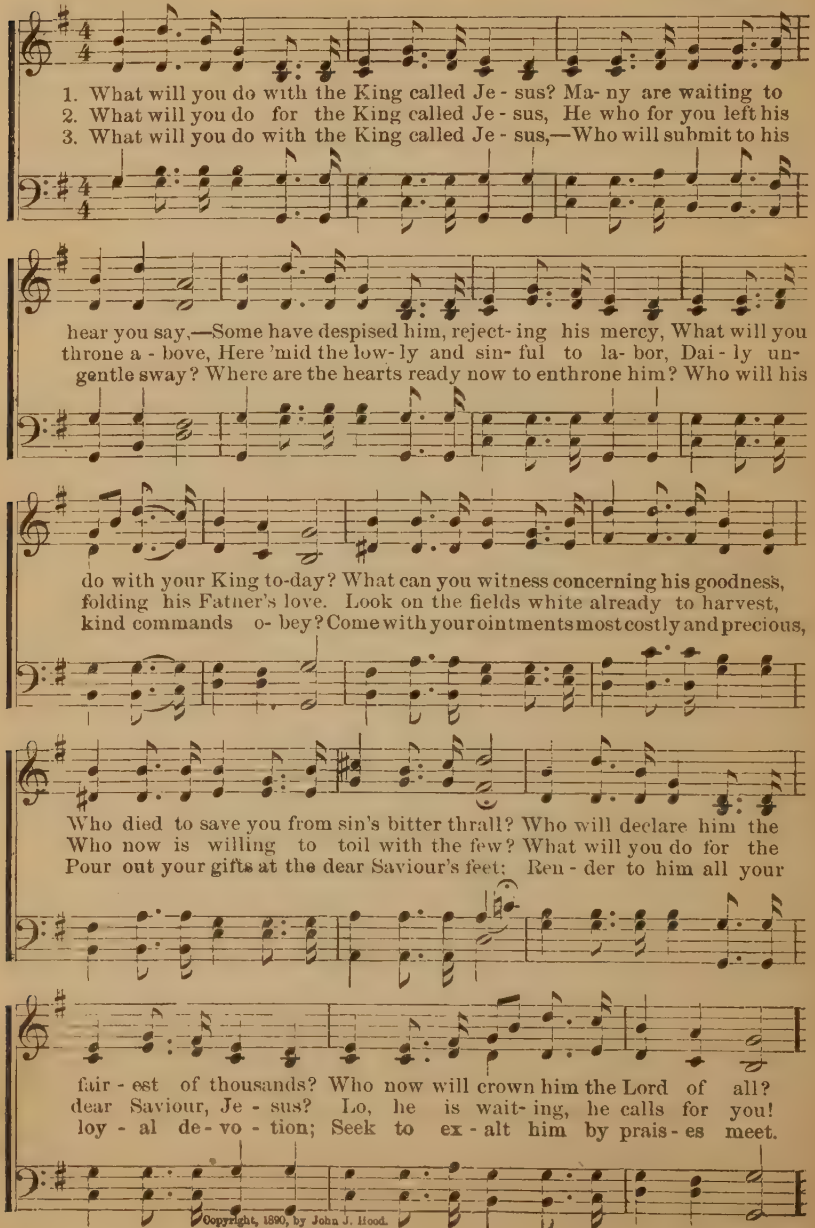
What will You do?

F. G. BURROUGHS. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. What will you do with the King called Je - sus? Ma- ny are waiting to
2. What will you do for the King called Je - sus, He who for you left his
3. What will you do with the King called Je - sus,—Who will submit to his
hear you say,—Some have despised him, reject- ing his mercy, What will you
throne a - bove, Here 'mid the low- ly and sin- ful to la- bor, Dai - ly un-
gentle sway? Where are the hearts ready now to enthrone him? Who will his
do with your King to-day? What can you witness concerning his goodness,
folding his Father's love. Look on the fields white already to harvest,
kind commands o- bey? Come with your ointments most costly and precious,
Who died to save you from sin's bitter thrall? Who will declare him the
Who now is willing to toil with the few? What will you do for the
Pour out your gifts at the dear Saviour's feet; Ren - der to him all your
fair - est of thousands? Who now will crown him the Lord of all?
dear Saviour, Je - sus? Lo, he is wait- ing, he calls for you!
loy - al de - vo - tion; Seek to ex - alt him by prais - es meet.

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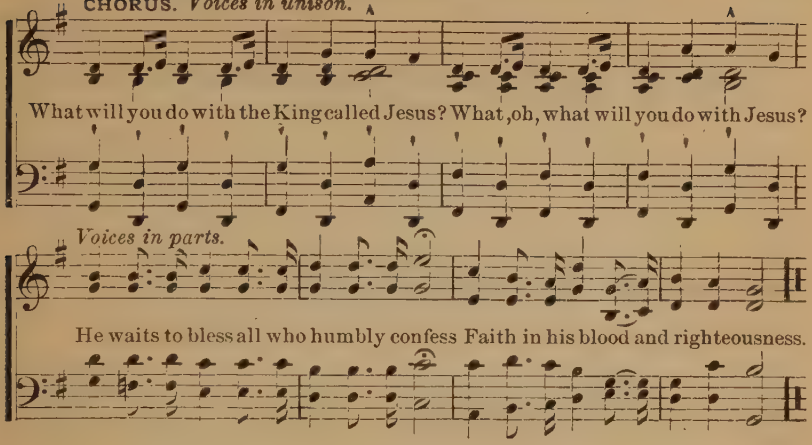
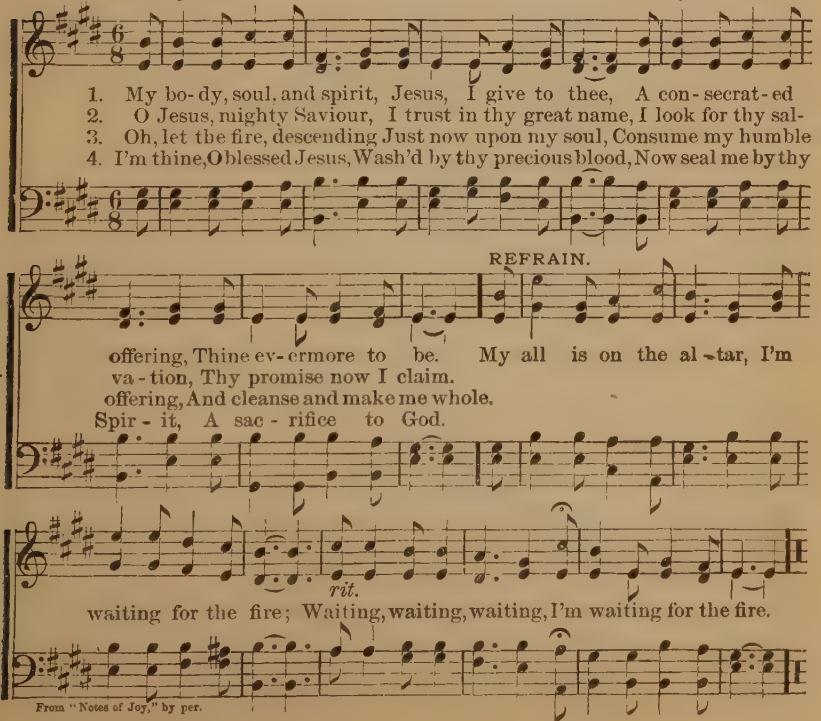
CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*


What will you do with the King called Jesus? What, oh, what will you do with Jesus?
Voices in parts.
He waits to bless all who humbly confess Faith in his blood and righteousness.

Consecration.

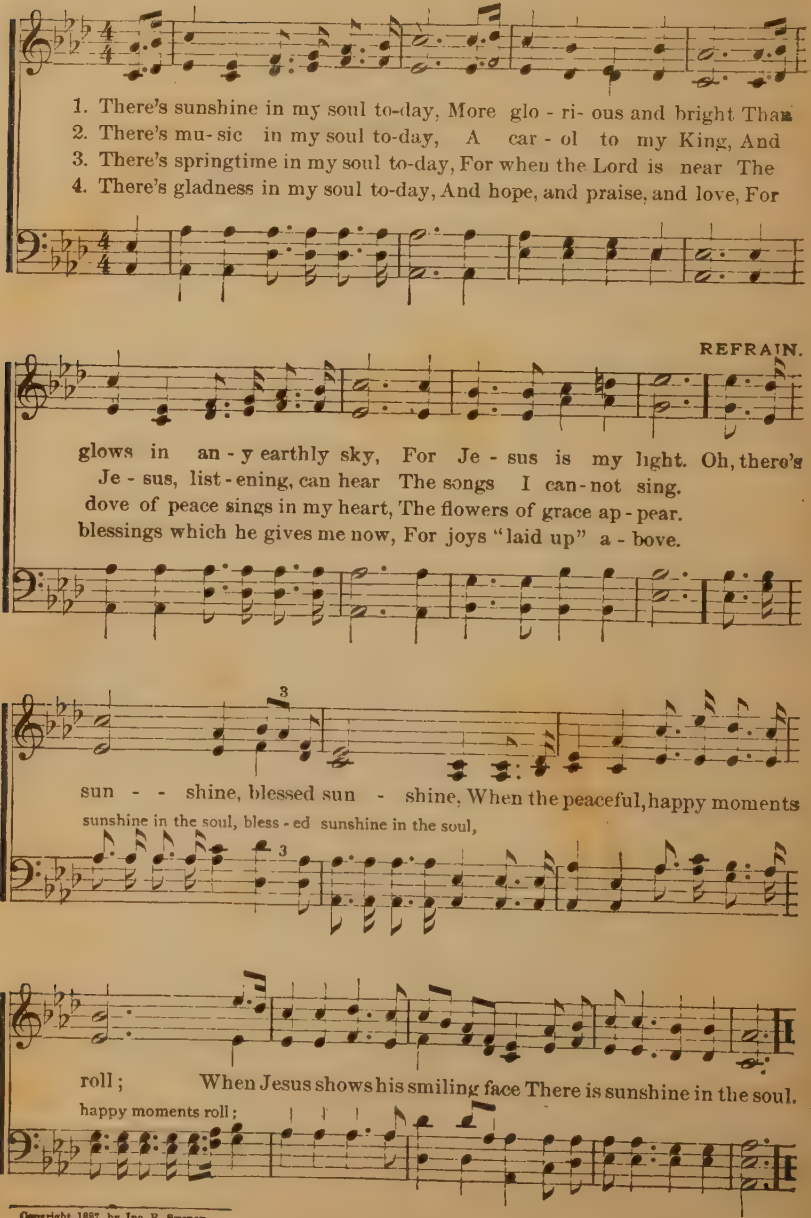
Mrs Mary D. James. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.


1. My bo-dy, soul, and spirit, Jesus, I give to thee, A con-secrat-ed
2. O Jesus, mighty Saviour, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy sal-
3. Oh, let the fire, descending Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble
4. I'm thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by thy precious blood, Now seal me by thy
REFRAIN.
offering, Thine ev-ermore to be. My all is on the al-tar, I'm
va-tion, Thy promise now I claim.
offering, And cleanse and make me whole.
Spir-it, A sac-rifice to God.
rit.
waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

From "Notes of Joy," by per.

Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri- ous and bright Than
2. There's mu- sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near The
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For
REFRAIN.
glows in an - y earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's
Je - sus, list - ening, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.
3
sun - - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
sunshine in the soul, bless - ed sunshine in the soul,
roll; When Jesus shows his smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
happy moments roll;

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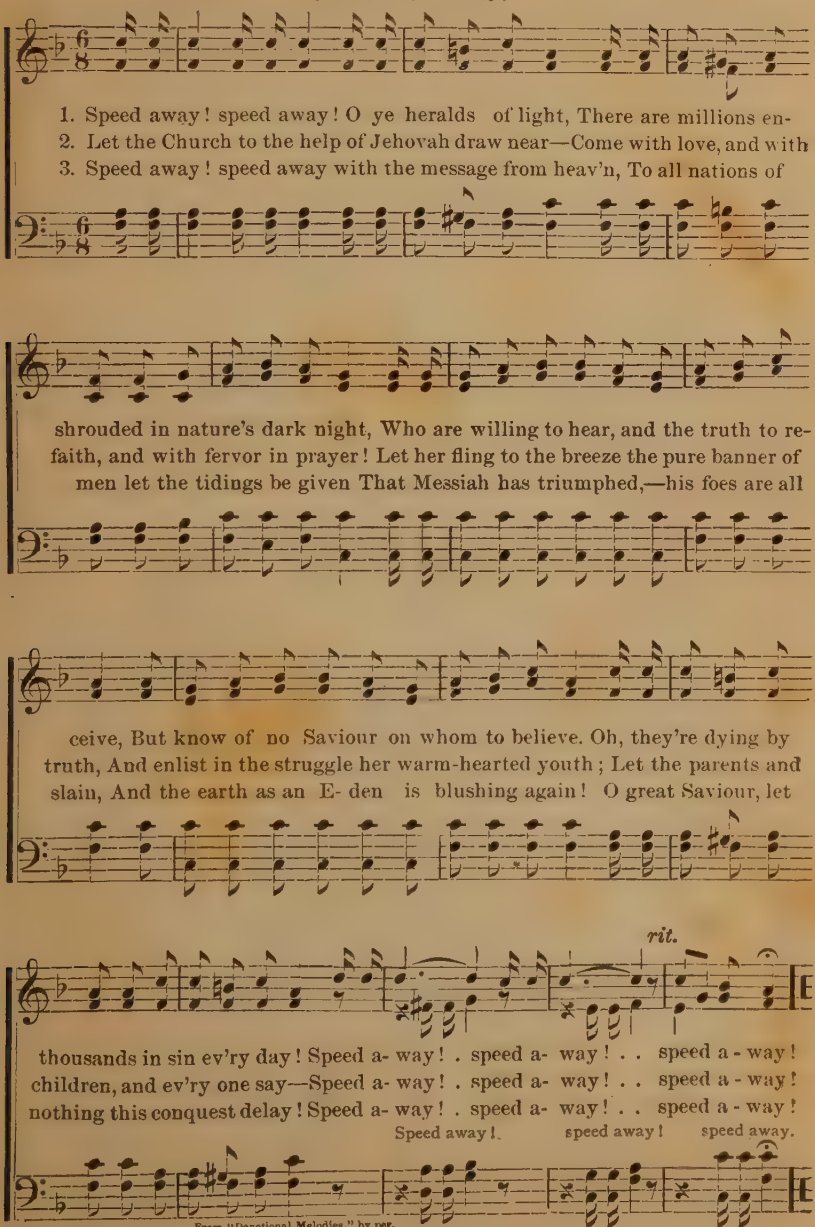
Speed Away! Speed Away!

Rev. C. Cooke. (Arr. by W. J. K., 1859.) I. B. Woodbury.


1. Speed away! speed away! O ye heralds of light, There are millions en-
2. Let the Church to the help of Jehovah draw near—Come with love, and with
3. Speed away! speed away with the message from heav'n, To all nations of
shrouded in nature's dark night, Who are willing to hear, and the truth to re-
faith, and with fervor in prayer! Let her fling to the breeze the pure banner of
men let the tidings be given That Messiah has triumphed,—his foes are all
ceive, But know of no Saviour on whom to believe. Oh, they're dying by
truth, And enlist in the struggle her warm-hearted youth; Let the parents and
slain, And the earth as an E- den is blushing again! O great Saviour, let
rit.
thousands in sin ev'ry day! Speed a- way! . speed a- way! . . speed a - way!
children, and ev'ry one say—Speed a- way! . speed a- way! . . speed a - way!
nothing this conquest delay! Speed a- way! . speed a- way! . . speed a - way!
Speed away! speed away! speed away.

From "Devotional Melodies," by per.

The Endeavor Band.

L. F. Lindsay. Jno. R. Sweney.

Moderato.

1. A Christian band . . . . from far and near, ... We meet to
2. A Christian band . . . where all may sing, ... Glad songs of
3. Each willing hand . . . . and thankful heart . . . . Is bound a-
4. The Master's work . . . . we'll still pursue, ... And once a-
learn . . . of Jesus here, . . To read his word, . . whose every
praise . . to God our King, . . And youthful hearts . may find the
gain . . . before we part, . . As Sheaves on earth . are bound with
gain . . our pledge renew, . . To him who saves . . . us by his
line . . . . Is full of hope . . . and joy di - vine. . . . .
way, . . . To perfect peace . . . and endless day. . . . .
twine, . . His word shall bind . . . as cords di - vine. . . . .
love, . . . Till gathered home . . . with him a - bove. . . . .
CHORUS.
This blest Endeavor band, All o'er this broad bright land, Is gathered in His
Name, To grasp the friendly hand, Our thoughts are one in thee, Our

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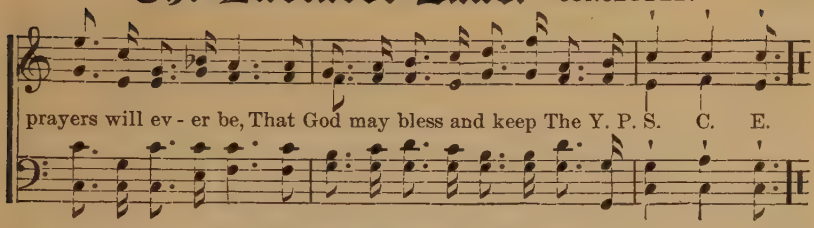


Our Sunday School. *Music above.*

1 Our Sunday-school, how sweet, how dear
To meet and learn of Jesus here;
To read his word, whose ev'ry line
Is full of hope and joy divine.

CHO.—Our blessed Sunday-school,
Our bright and happy home,
Within thy peaceful dome
We love, we love to come;
Our thoughts will cling to thee,
And still our prayer will be,
That God may bless and keep our
Sunday-school.

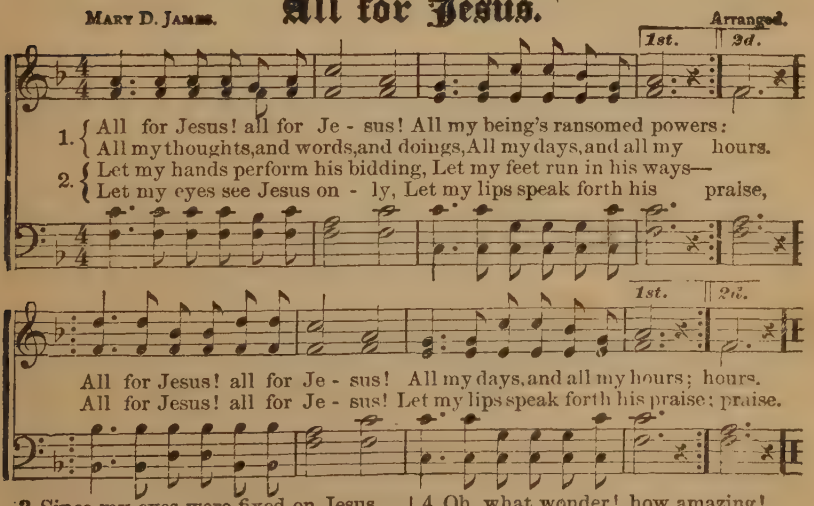
2 Our Sunday school, where all may sing
Glad songs of praise to God our King,
And youthful hearts may find the way
To perfect peace and endless day.

3 Our school is like a garden fair,
Where plants are trained with tender care
To bloom for him, the Lord of all,
Whose loving smiles like sunbeams fall.

4 Our Sunday-school, whose golden hours
From Eden bring refreshing showers,
In thee on earth we learn to live,
For thee our thanks to God we give.

All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES. Arranged.

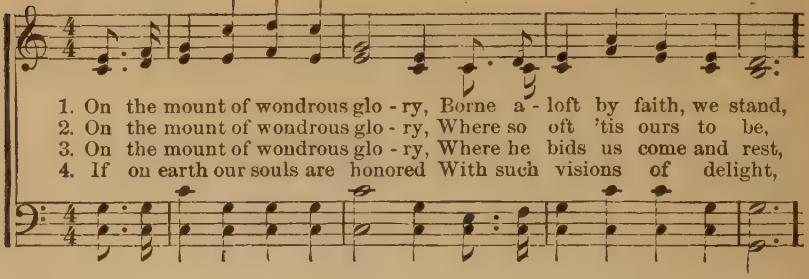

1st.
2d.
1. All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers:
All my thoughts, and words, and doings, All my days, and all my hours.
2. Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways—
Let my eyes see Jesus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise,
1st.
2d.
All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my days, and all my hours; hours.
All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.

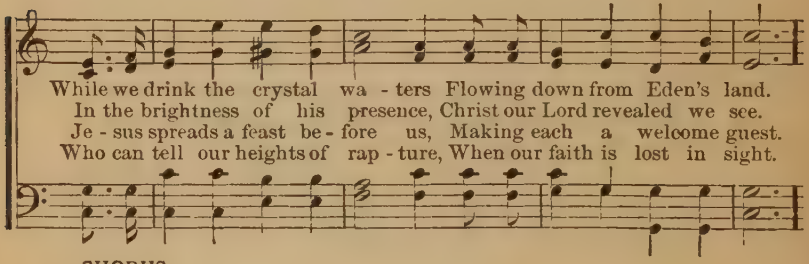
3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings! :‖

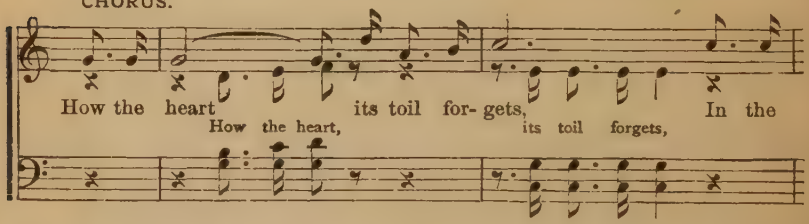
Wondrous Glory.

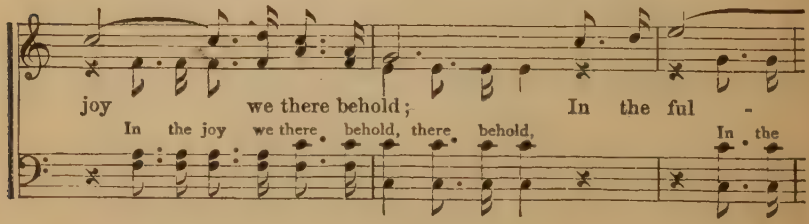
Sallie M. Smith. Jno. R. Sweney

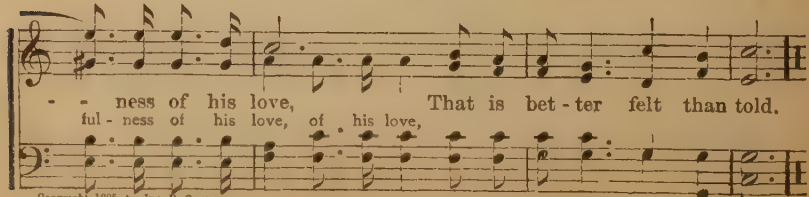

1. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Borne a - loft by faith, we stand,
2. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Where so oft 'tis ours to be,
3. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Where he bids us come and rest,
4. If on earth our souls are honored With such visions of delight,


While we drink the crystal wa - ters Flowing down from Eden's land.
In the brightness of his presence, Christ our Lord revealed we see.
Je - sus spreads a feast be - fore us, Making each a welcome guest.
Who can tell our heights of rap - ture, When our faith is lost in sight.

CHORUS.







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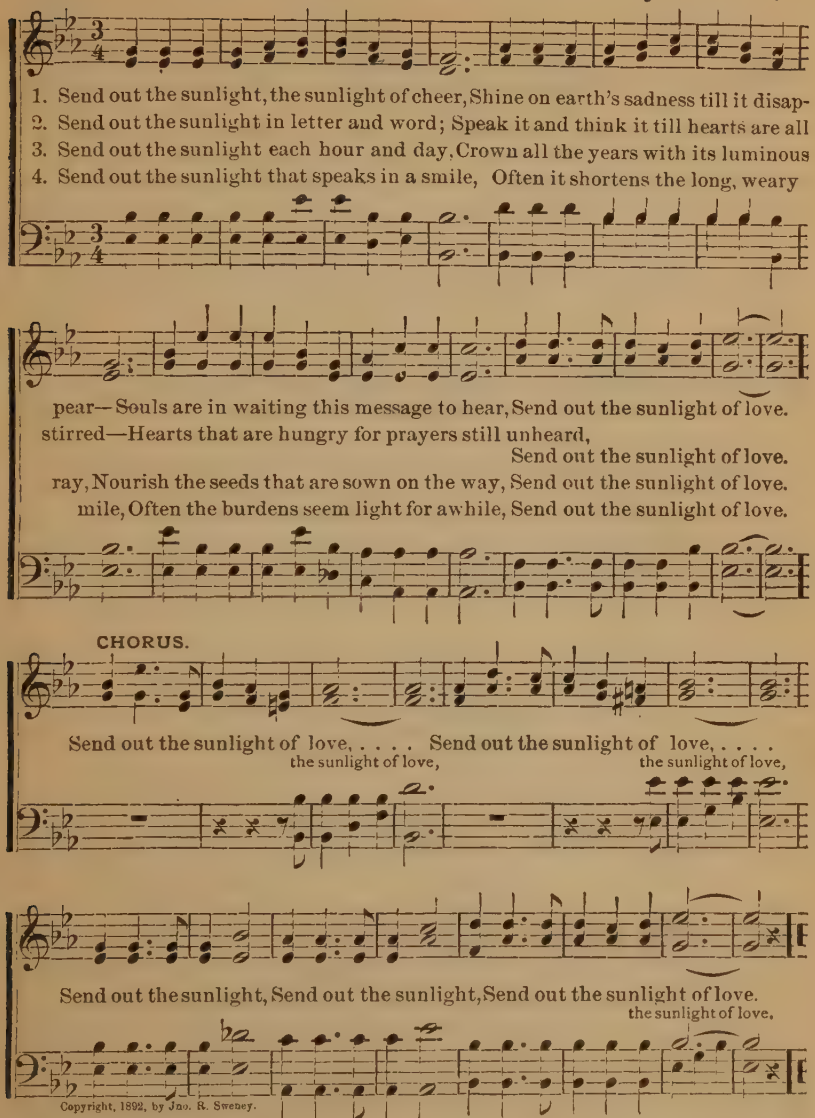
Send out the Sunlight.

ELLEN DARE. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till it disap-
2. Send out the sunlight in letter and word; Speak it and think it till hearts are all
3. Send out the sunlight each hour and day, Crown all the years with its luminous
4. Send out the sunlight that speaks in a smile, Often it shortens the long, weary
pear—Souls are in waiting this message to hear, Send out the sunlight of love.
stirred—Hearts that are hungry for prayers still unheard,
Send out the sunlight of love.
ray, Nourish the seeds that are sown on the way, Send out the sunlight of love.
mile, Often the burdens seem light for awhile, Send out the sunlight of love.
CHORUS.
Send out the sunlight of love, ... Send out the sunlight of love, ...
the sunlight of love, the sunlight of love,
Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight of love.
the sunlight of love.

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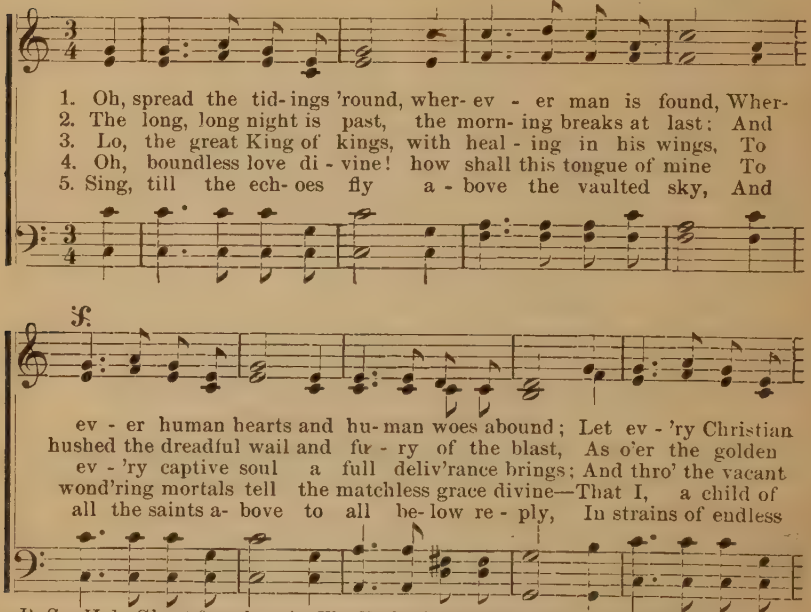
5 Send out the sunlight, as free as the air!
Blessings will follow with none to compare,
Blessings of peace, that will rise from despair!
Send out the sunlight of love.

6 Send out the sunlight, you have it in you'
Clouds may obscure it just now from your view;
Pray for its presence! your prayer will come true
Send out the sunlight of love.

The Comforter has Come.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John xiv: 16.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Oh, spread the tid-ings 'round, wher- ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn- ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in his wings, To
4. Oh, boundless love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech- oes fly a - bove the vaulted sky, And
f.
ev - er human hearts and hu- man woes abound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the golden
ev - 'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine—That I, a child of
all the saints a- bove to all be- low re - ply, In strains of endless
D. S.—Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings
Fine.
tongue proclaim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - vances fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in his im- age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!
round, Wher- ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!
CHORUS.
D.S.
The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort- er has come! The

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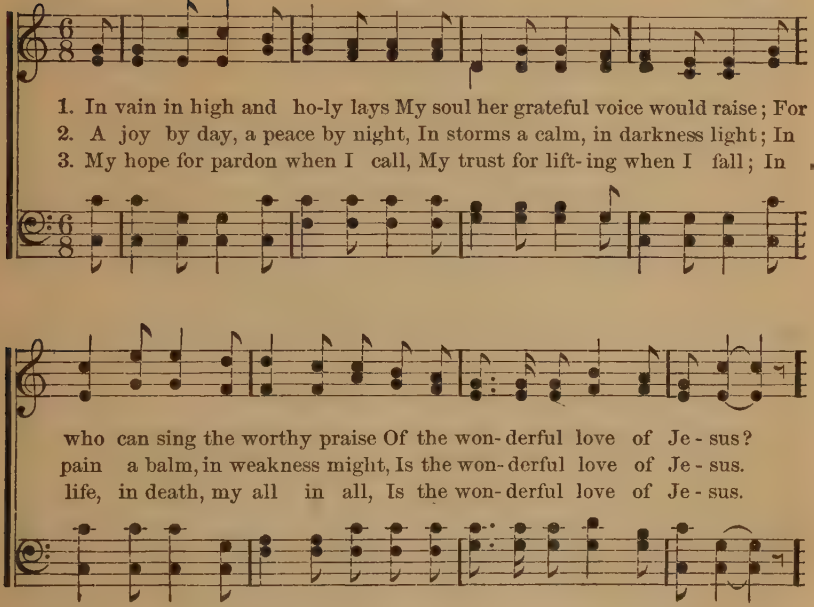
"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."
Eph. iii. 19.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.


1. In vain in high and ho-ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; For
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light; In
3. My hope for pardon when I call, My trust for lift-ing when I fall; In
who can sing the worthy praise Of the won-derful love of Je-sus?
pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the won-derful love of Je-sus.
life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-derful love of Je-sus.
CHORUS.
Won-derful love! won-derful love! Won-der-ful love of Je-sus!
Wonder-ful love! won-derful love! Wonder-ful love of Je-sus!

From "Holy Voices," by per.

Help Just a Little.

Music from "The Wells of Salvation," new words by Rev. W. A. Spencer.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.
CHORUS.
Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!
Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.

4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,
Help just a little.

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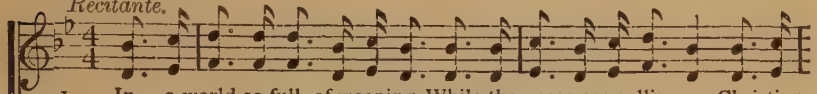
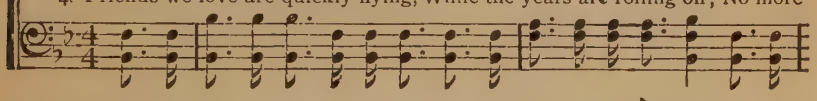
While the Years are Rolling on.

HARRIET B. McKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

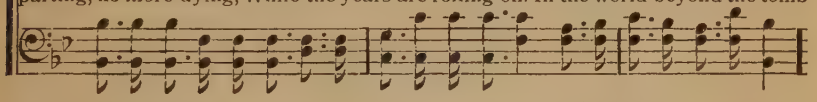
Recitante.



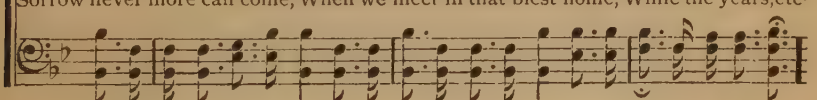
1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on, Christian
2. There's no time to waste in sighing. While the years are rolling on; Time is
3. Let us strengthen one anoth - er, While the years are rolling on; Seek to
4. Friends we love are quickly flying, While the years are rolling on; No more



[pursue,
souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on. While our journey we
flying, souls are dying, While the years are rolling on, Loving words a soul may win,
raise a fallen brother, While the years are rolling on. This is work for ev'ry hand
parting, no more dying, While the years are rolling on. In the world beyond the tomb

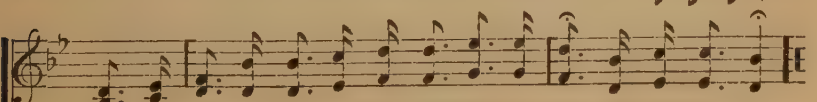


With the haven still in view, There is work for us to do, While the years are rolling on.
From the wretched paths of sin; We may bring the wand'rers in, While the years, etc.
Till, Throughout creation's land, Armies for the Lord shall stand, While the years, etc.
Sorrow never more can come, When we meet in that blest home, While the years, etc.



CHORUS.

Are roll - ing on, are rolling on, Are roll- ing on, are rolling on,



Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are rolling on.

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Wait, and Murmur Not.

W. H. Bellamy. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care ; Yes!
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot Thou
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow ; If
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot ; The
'tis a bright and blessed home ; Who would not fain be resting there?
yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
day of rest will dawn for thee ; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
CHORUS.
O, wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,
wait, meek-ly wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, meek-ly wait,
O, wait, meekly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not. O, murmur not.

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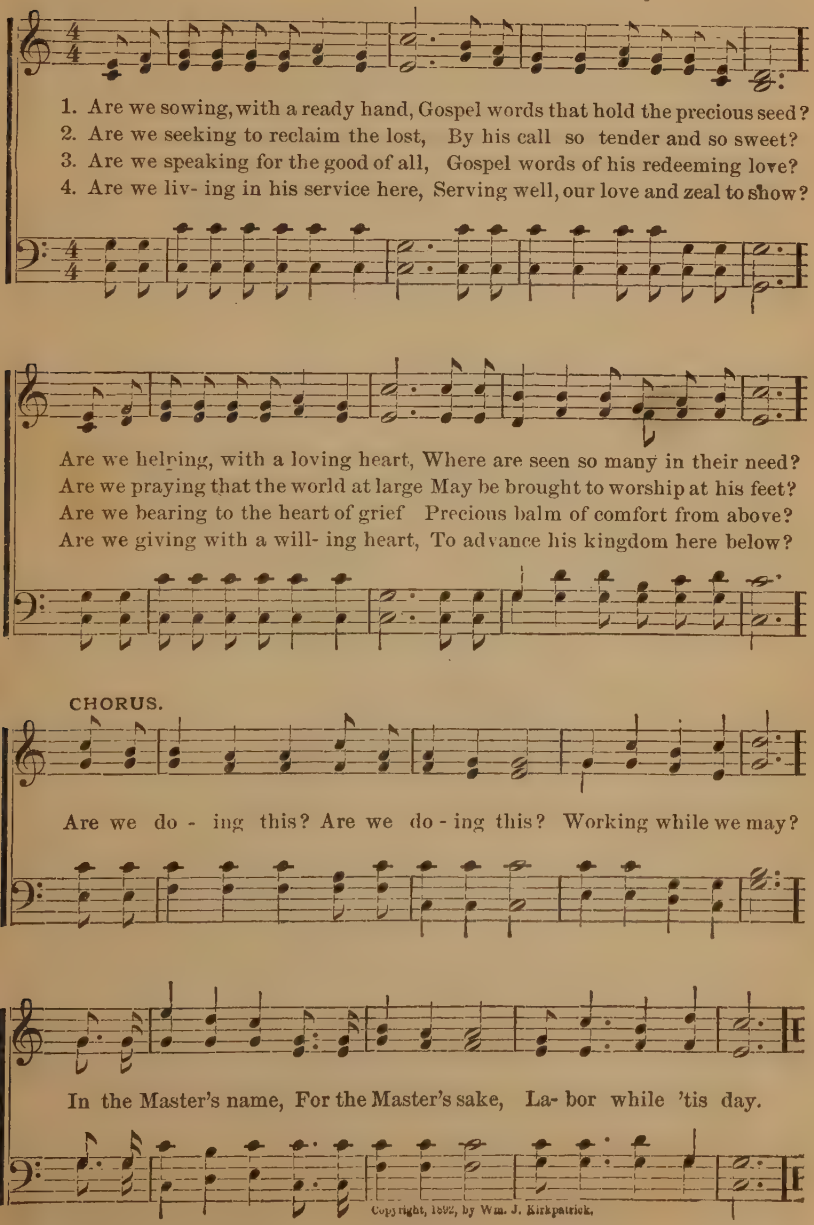
In the Master's Name.

E. A. Barnes. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Are we sowing, with a ready hand, Gospel words that hold the precious seed?
2. Are we seeking to reclaim the lost, By his call so tender and so sweet?
3. Are we speaking for the good of all, Gospel words of his redeeming love?
4. Are we liv- ing in his service here, Serving well, our love and zeal to show?
Are we helping, with a loving heart, Where are seen so many in their need?
Are we praying that the world at large May be brought to worship at his feet?
Are we bearing to the heart of grief Precious balm of comfort from above?
Are we giving with a will- ing heart, To advance his kingdom here below?
CHORUS.
Are we do - ing this? Are we do - ing this? Working while we may?
In the Master's name, For the Master's sake, La- bor while 'tis day.

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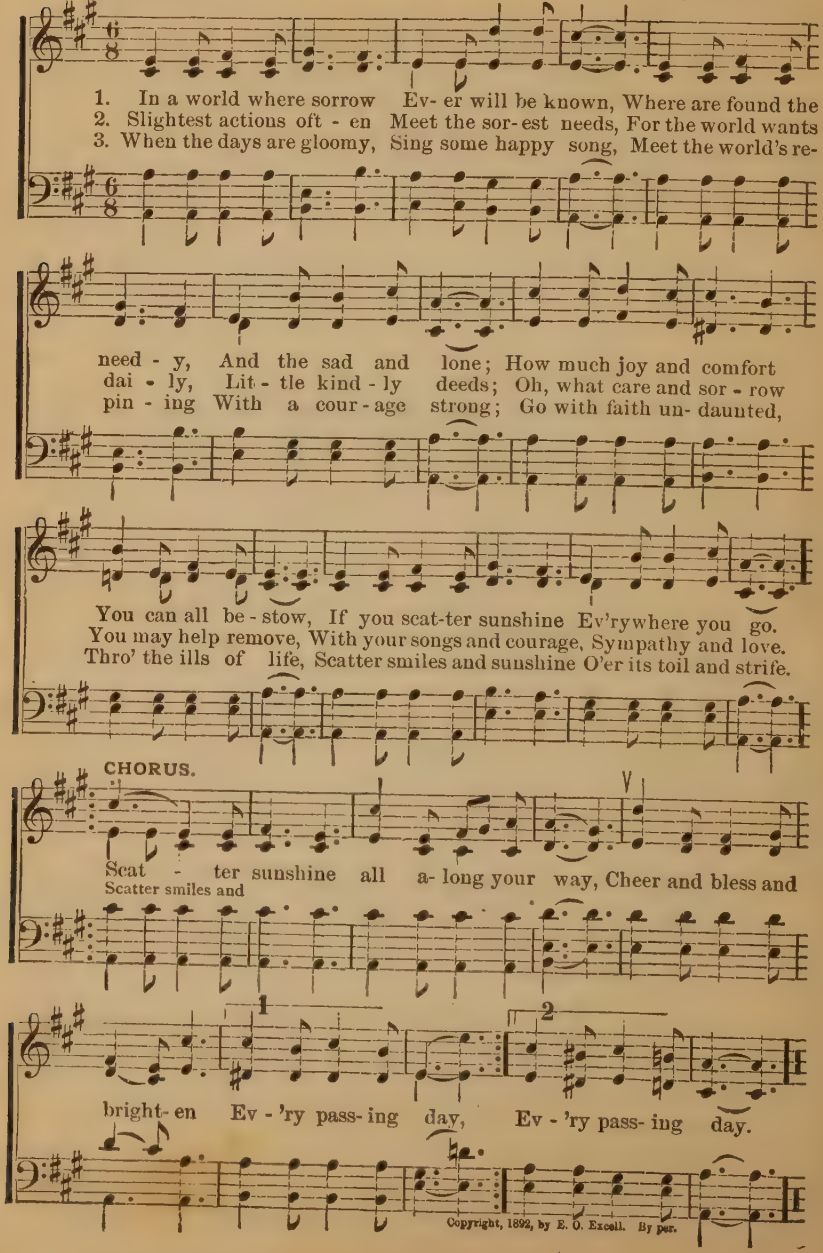
Scatter Sunshine.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. E. O. EXCELL.


1. In a world where sorrow Ev- er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest actions oft - en Meet the sor- est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloomy, Sing some happy song, Meet the world's re-
need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and comfort
dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un- daunted,
You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sunshine Ev'rywhere you go.
You may help remove, With your songs and courage, Sympathy and love.
Thro' the ills of life, Scatter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.
CHORUS.
Scat - ter sunshine all a- long your way, Cheer and bless and
Scatter smiles and
1
2
bright- en Ev - 'ry pass- ing day, Ev - 'ry pass- ing day.

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Safe in the Glory Land.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In the good old way where the saints have gone, And the
2. In the good old way like the ransomed throng, Un - to
3. In the good old way with a stead - fast faith, In the
4. Tho' our feet must stand on the cold, cold brink Of the
King leads on be - fore us, We are travelling home to the
Zi - on now re - turn - ing, We are travelling home at the
bonds of love and un - ion, What a joy is ours for the
Jor - dan's storm - y riv - er, With the King we'll cross to the
CHORUS.
heavenly hills, With the day-star shining o'er us. Travelling home to the
King's command, And our lamps are trimm'd and burning.
King we see, And with him we hold communion.
oth - er side, And we'll sing his praise for-ev - er.
man - sions fair, Crowns of re - joic - ing and life to wear;
O what a shout when we all get there, Safe in the glo - ry land!

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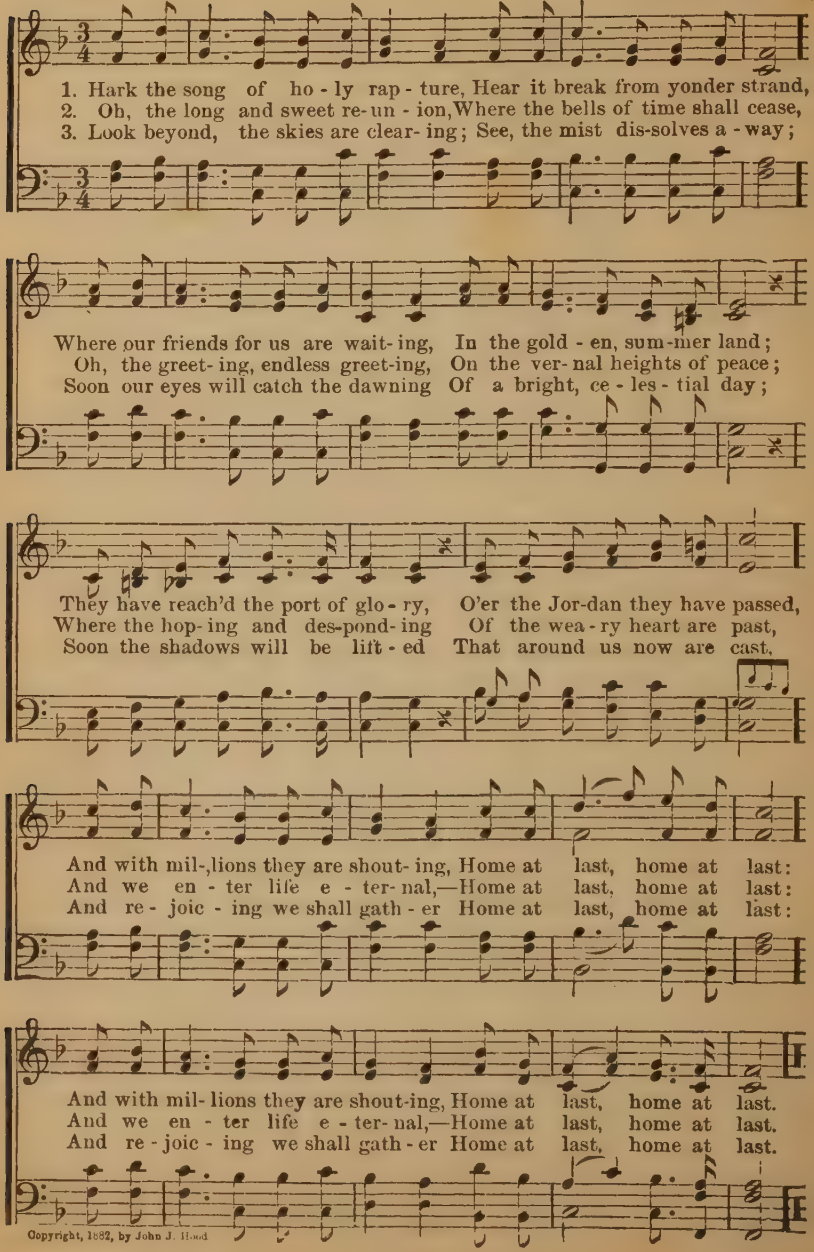
Home at Last.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Melody by M. Lindsay.
Arr. by W. J. K.


1. Hark the song of ho - ly rap - ture, Hear it break from yonder strand,
2. Oh, the long and sweet re-un - ion, Where the bells of time shall cease,
3. Look beyond, the skies are clear- ing; See, the mist dis-solves a - way;
Where our friends for us are wait- ing, In the gold - en, sum-mer land;
Oh, the greet- ing, endless greet-ing, On the ver- nal heights of peace;
Soon our eyes will catch the dawning Of a bright, ce - les - tial day;
They have reach'd the port of glo - ry, O'er the Jor-dan they have passed,
Where the hop- ing and des-pond- ing Of the wea - ry heart are past,
Soon the shadows will be lift - ed That around us now are cast.
And with mil-,lions they are shout- ing, Home at last, home at last:
And we en - ter life e - ter- nal,—Home at last, home at last:
And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last:
And with mil- lions they are shout-ing, Home at last, home at last.
And we en - ter life e - ter- nal,—Home at last, home at last.
And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last.

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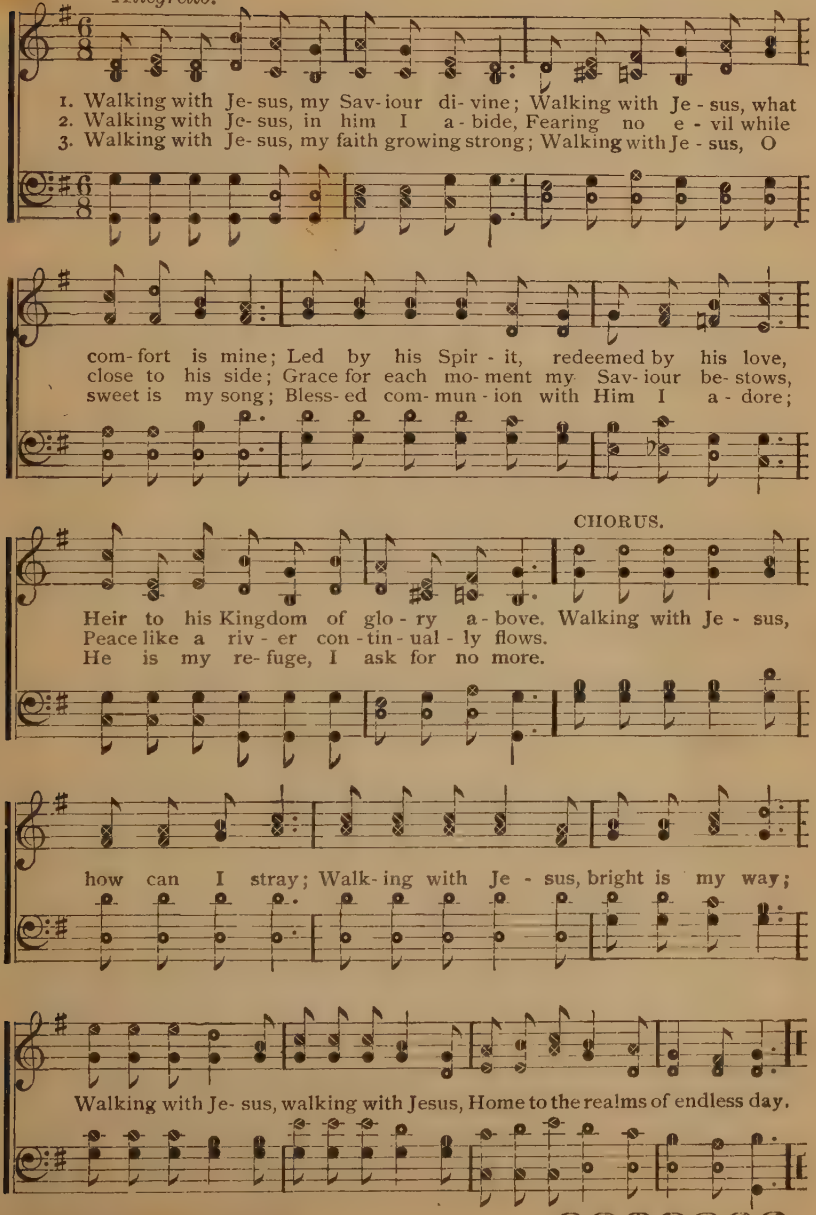
Walking with Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.


1. Walking with Je-sus, my Sav-iour di-vine; Walking with Je-sus, what
2. Walking with Je-sus, in him I a-bide, Fearing no e-vil while
3. Walking with Je-sus, my faith growing strong; Walking with Je-sus, O
com-fort is mine; Led by his Spir-it, redeemed by his love,
close to his side; Grace for each mo-ment my Sav-iour be-stows,
sweet is my song; Bless-ed com-mun-ion with Him I a-dore;
CHORUS.
Heir to his Kingdom of glo-ry a-bove. Walking with Je-sus,
Peace like a riv-er con-tin-ual-ly flows.
He is my re-fuge, I ask for no more.
how can I stray; Walk-ing with Je-sus, bright is my way;
Walking with Je-sus, walking with Jesus, Home to the realms of endless day.

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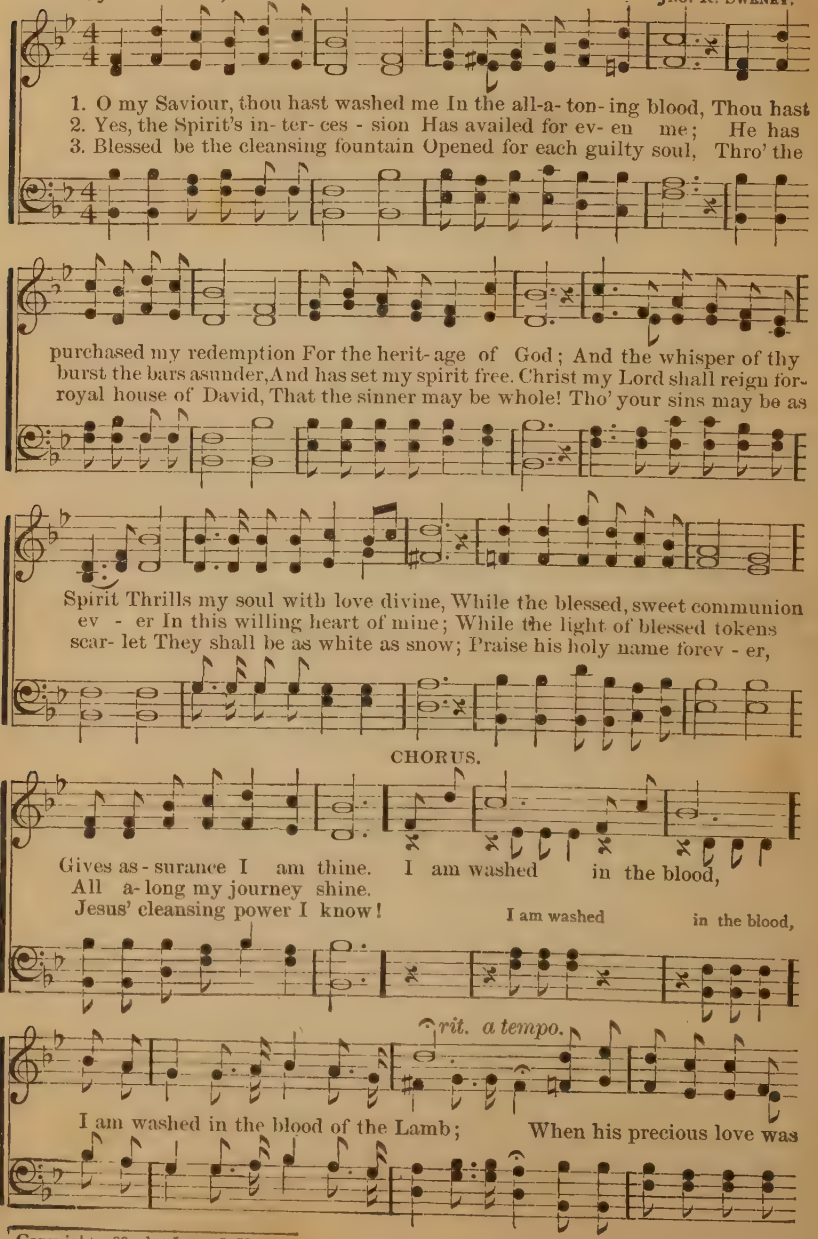
All-atoning Blood.

Rev. Jno. O. Foster, A. M. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. O my Saviour, thou hast washed me In the all-a-ton-ing blood, Thou hast
2. Yes, the Spirit's in-ter-ces-sion Has availed for ev-en me; He has
3. Blessed be the cleansing fountain Opened for each guilty soul, Thro' the
purchased my redemption For the herit-age of God; And the whisper of thy
burst the bars asunder, And has set my spirit free. Christ my Lord shall reign for-
royal house of David, That the sinner may be whole! Tho' your sins may be as
Spirit Thrills my soul with love divine, While the blessed, sweet communion
ev-er In this willing heart of mine; While the light of blessed tokens
scar-let They shall be as white as snow; Praise his holy name forev-er,
CHORUS.
Gives as-surance I am thine. I am washed in the blood,
All a-long my journey shine.
Jesus' cleansing power I know!
I am washed in the blood,
rit. a tempo.
I am washed in the blood of the Lamb; When his precious love was

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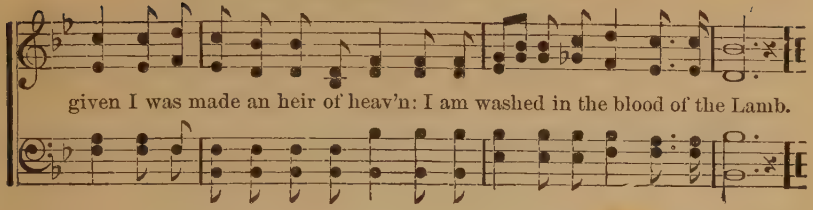
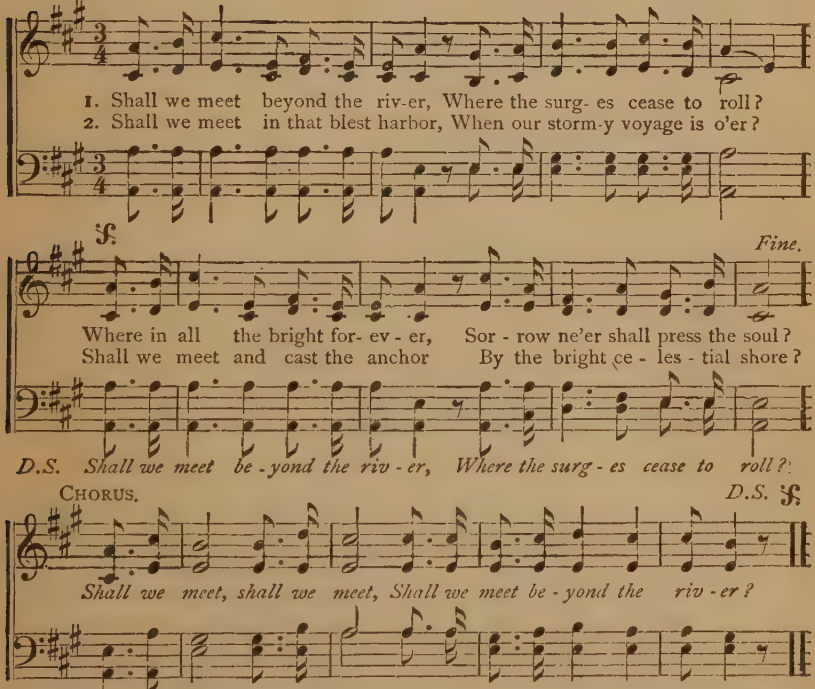


Shall we Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS. ELISHA S. RICE.


1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg- es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
F.
Fine.
Where in all the bright for- ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
D.S. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
CHORUS.
D.S. F.
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

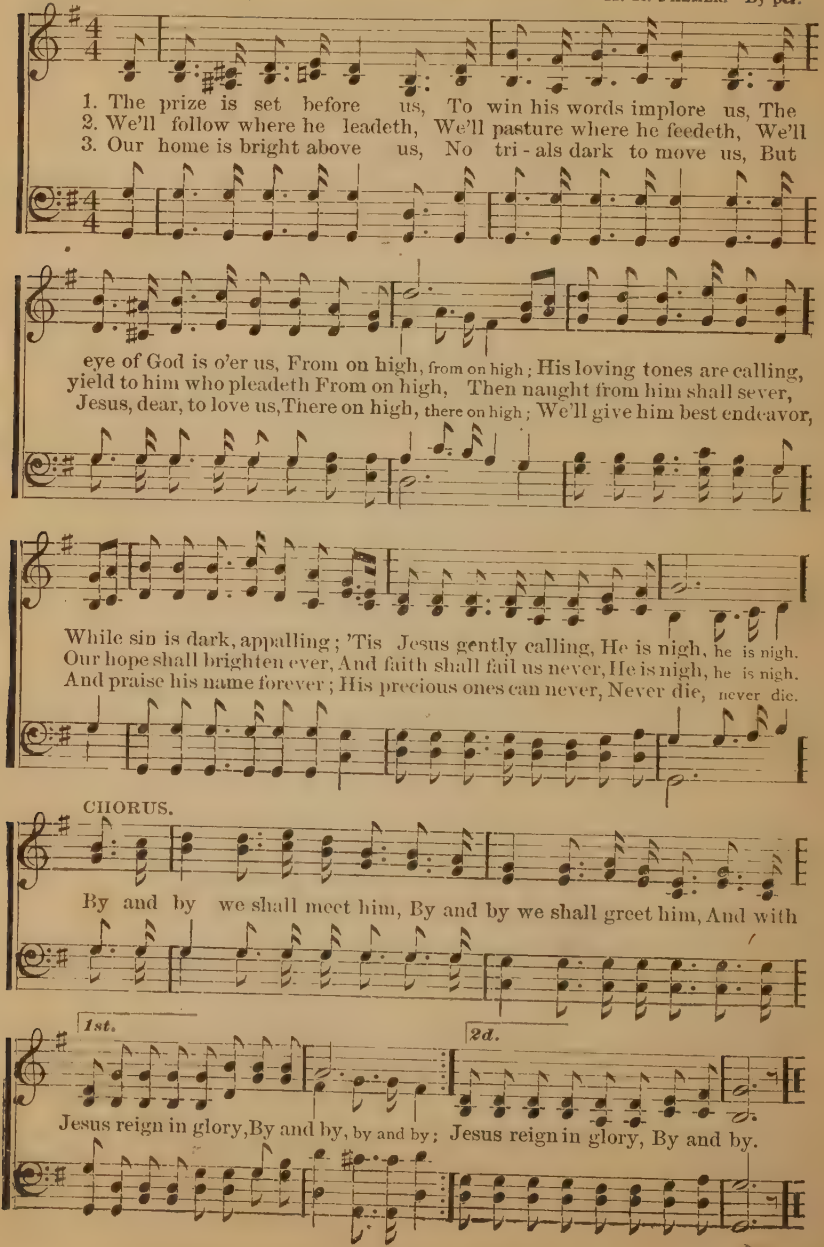
4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

Triumph By and By.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. H. R. Palmer. By per.


1. The prize is set before us, To win his words implore us, The
2. We'll follow where he leadeth, We'll pasture where he feedeth, We'll
3. Our home is bright above us, No tri - als dark to move us, But
eye of God is o'er us, From on high, from on high; His loving tones are calling,
yield to him who pleadeth From on high, Then naught from him shall sever,
Jesus, dear, to love us, There on high, there on high; We'll give him best endeavor,
While sin is dark, appalling; 'Tis Jesus gently calling, He is nigh, he is nigh.
Our hope shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never, He is nigh, he is nigh.
And praise his name forever; His precious ones can never, Never die, never die.
CHORUS.
By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him, And with
1st.
2d.
Jesus reign in glory, By and by, by and by; Jesus reign in glory, By and by.

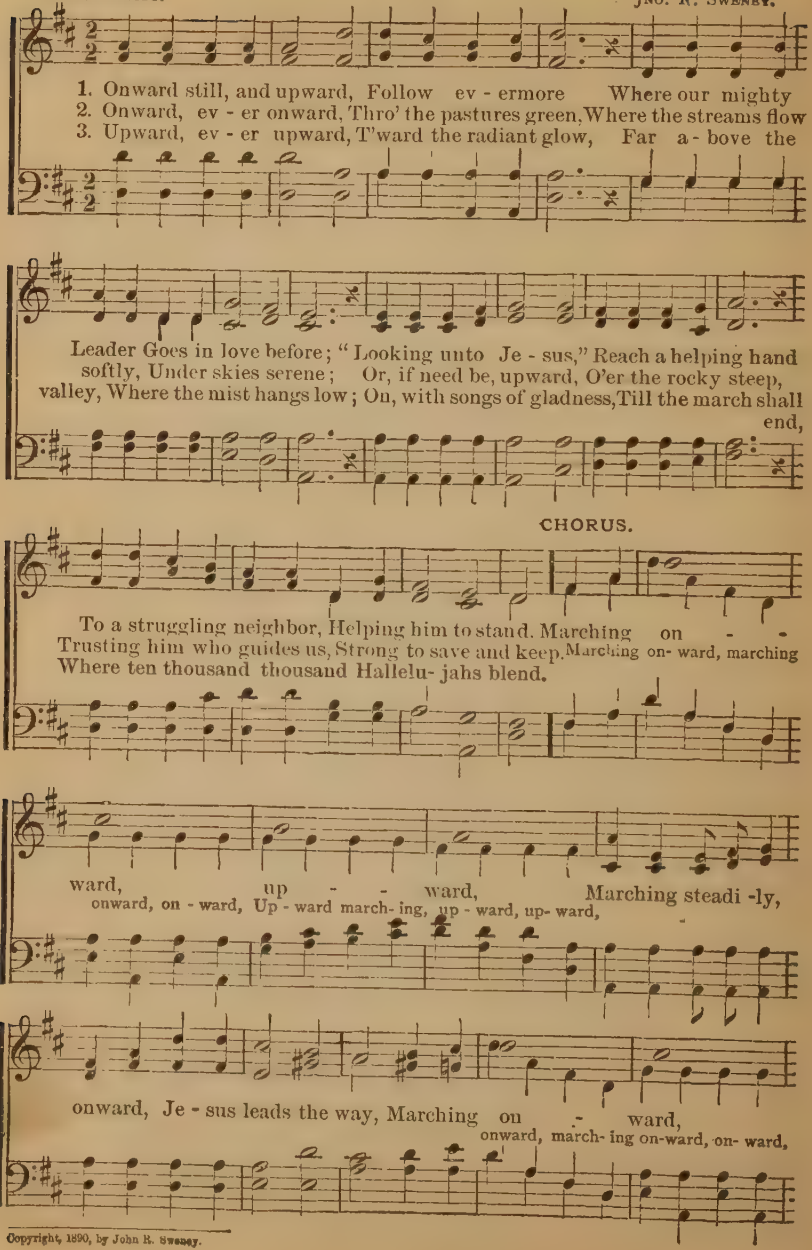
Open the Door.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. [From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.] W. J. K.

1. Je - sus, the Saviour, is waiting and knocking, Standing to-day at the door of thy heart; Say, wilt thou o - pen and glad - ly receive him,
2. Long he has called thee and thou hast refused him, Long he has waited thy ans - wer to hear; Still he is knocking; how canst thou be silent?
3. What if the lamp of thy life should be darken'd? What if the Saviour should call thee no more? Think of the anguish, thy spir - it ap - palling,
4. While he is calling and waits to be gracious Haste to admit him, the warn - ing o - bey; While he is holding the scep - tre of pardon,
CHORUS.
Or wilt thou bid him in sor - row de-part? O - pen the door, 'tis the Saviour knocking, Patiently knocking to-day at thy heart; O - pen the door, 'tis the Saviour knocking, Knocking, knocking,—must he depart?
Now at this moment thy doom may be near.
Knowing the day of pro-ba - tion is o'er.
Quickly receive him—no long - er de - lay.
ad lib.

Onward and Upward.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Onward still, and upward, Follow ev - ermore Where our mighty
2. Onward, ev - er onward, Thro' the pastures green, Where the streams flow
3. Upward, ev - er upward, T'ward the radiant glow, Far a - bove the
Leader Goes in love before; "Looking unto Je - sus," Reach a helping hand
softly, Under skies serene; Or, if need be, upward, O'er the rocky steep,
valley, Where the mist hangs low; On, with songs of gladness, Till the march shall
end,
CHORUS.
To a struggling neighbor, Helping him to stand. Marching on - -
Trusting him who guides us, Strong to save and keep. Marching on- ward, marching
Where ten thousand thousand Hallelu- jahs blend.
ward, up - - ward, Marching steadi -ly,
onward, on - ward, Up - ward march- ing, up - ward, up- ward,
onward, Je - sus leads the way, Marching on - ward,
onward, march- ing on-ward, on- ward,

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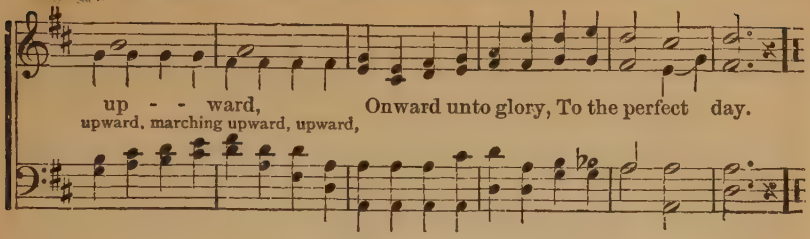
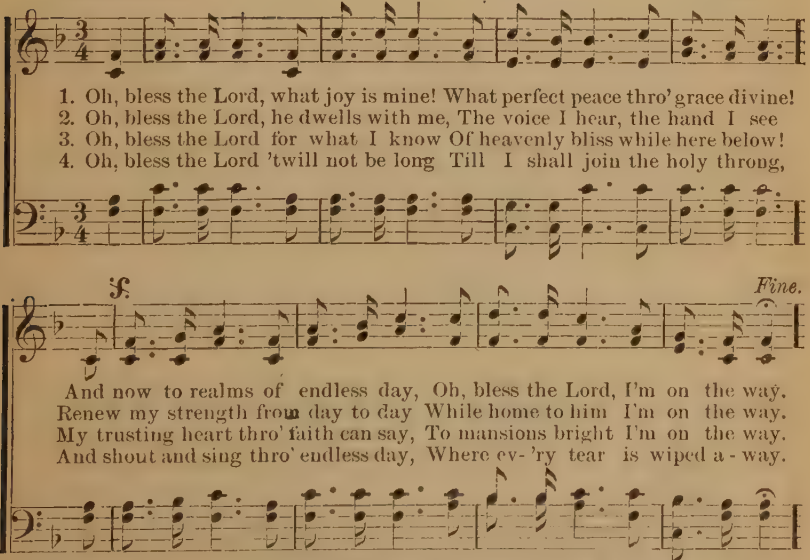
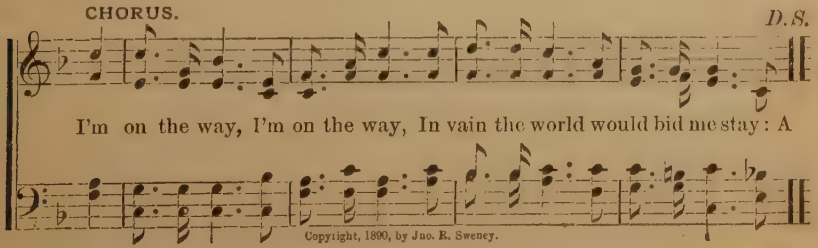


On the Way.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Oh, bless the Lord, what joy is mine! What perfect peace thro' grace divine!
2. Oh, bless the Lord, he dwells with me, The voice I hear, the hand I see
3. Oh, bless the Lord for what I know Of heavenly bliss while here below!
4. Oh, bless the Lord 'twill not be long Till I shall join the holy throng,
F.
Fine.
And now to realms of endless day, Oh, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.
Renew my strength from day to day While home to him I'm on the way.
My trusting heart thro' faith can say, To mansions bright I'm on the way.
And shout and sing thro' endless day, Where ev-'ry tear is wiped a-way.
D.S.—crown to wear in end-less day, Oh, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.



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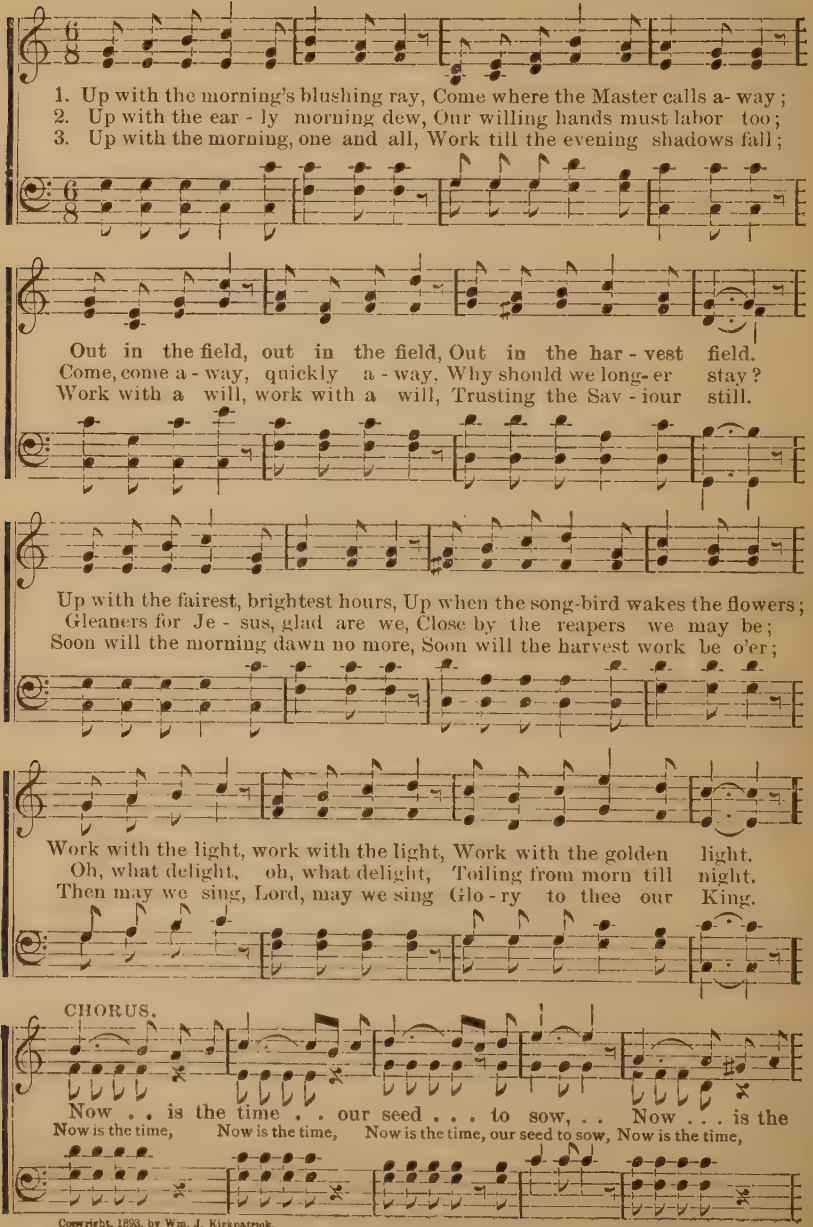
Up with the Morning.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Up with the morning's blushing ray, Come where the Master calls a- way;
2. Up with the ear - ly morning dew, Our willing hands must labor too;
3. Up with the morning, one and all, Work till the evening shadows fall;
Out in the field, out in the field, Out in the har - vest field.
Come, come a - way, quickly a - way, Why should we long- er stay?
Work with a will, work with a will, Trusting the Sav - iour still.
Up with the fairest, brightest hours, Up when the song-bird wakes the flowers;
Gleaners for Je - sus, glad are we, Close by the reapers we may be;
Soon will the morning dawn no more, Soon will the harvest work be o'er;
Work with the light, work with the light, Work with the golden light.
Oh, what delight, oh, what delight, Toiling from morn till night.
Then may we sing, Lord, may we sing Glo - ry to thee our King.
CHORUS.
Now . . is the time . . our seed . . . to sow, . . Now . . . is the
Now is the time, Now is the time, Now is the time, our seed to sow, Now is the time,

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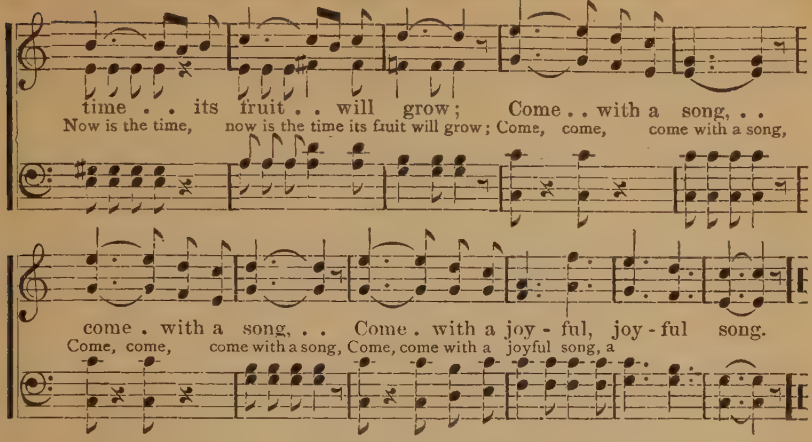
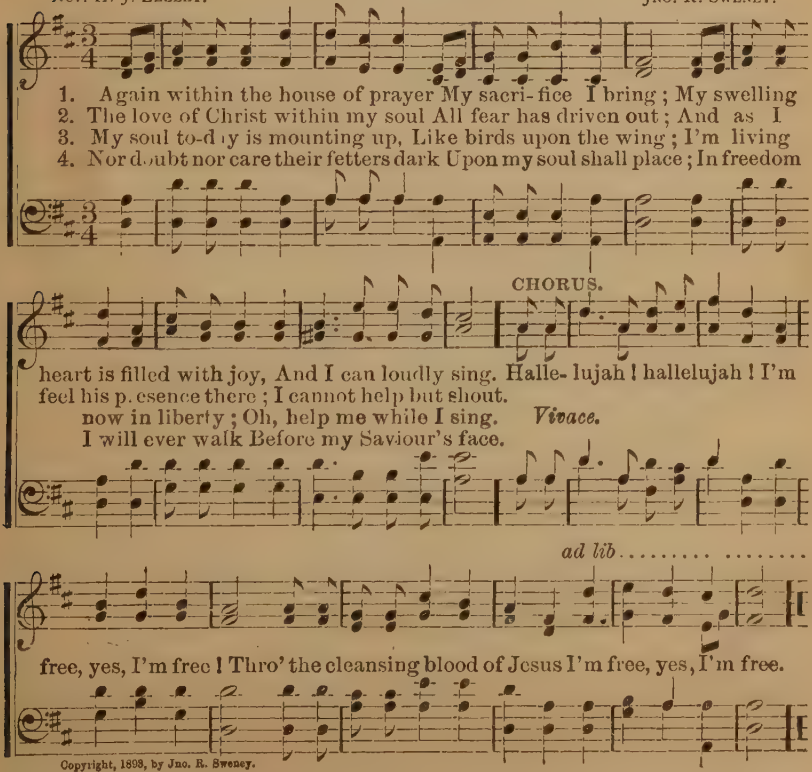

time . . its fruit . . will grow; Come . . with a song, . .
Now is the time, now is the time its fruit will grow; Come, come, come with a song,
come . with a song, . . Come . with a joy - ful, joy - ful song.
Come, come, come with a song, Come, come with a joyful song, a

I'm Free.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Again within the house of prayer My sacri- fice I bring; My swelling
2. The love of Christ within my soul All fear has driven out; And as I
3. My soul to-d y is mounting up, Like birds upon the wing; I'm living
4. Nor doubt nor care their fetters dark Upon my soul shall place; In freedom
CHORUS.
heart is filled with joy, And I can loudly sing. Halle- lujah! hallelujah! I'm
feel his p. esence there; I cannot help but shout.
now in liberty; Oh, help me while I sing. Vivace.
I will ever walk Before my Saviour's face.
ad lib
free, yes, I'm free! Thro' the cleansing blood of Jesus I'm free, yes, I'm free.

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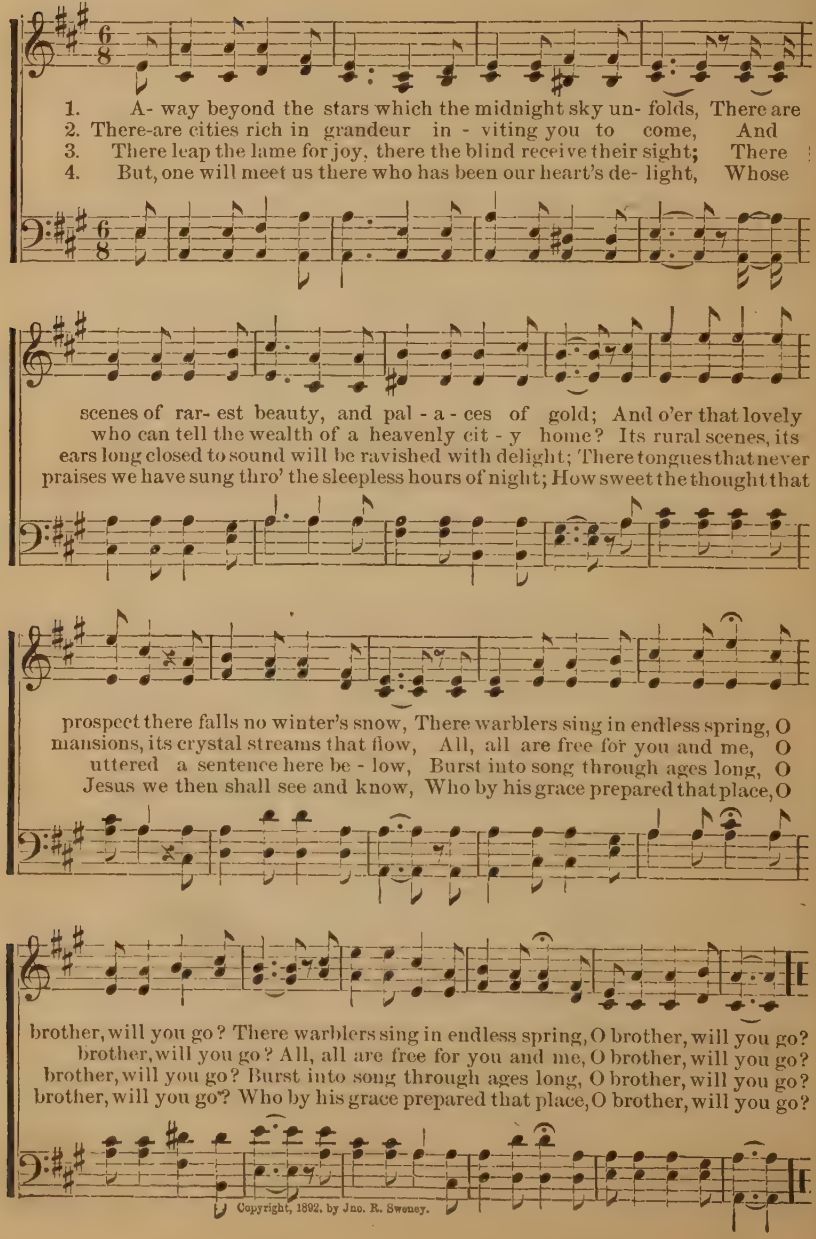
Brother, will You Go?

Wm. Woodward. Mrs. W. V. Baker.


1. A- way beyond the stars which the midnight sky un- folds, There are
2. There-are cities rich in grandeur in - viting you to come, And
3. There leap the lame for joy, there the blind receive their sight; There
4. But, one will meet us there who has been our heart's de- light, Whose
scenes of rar- est beauty, and pal - a - ces of gold; And o'er that lovely
who can tell the wealth of a heavenly cit - y home? Its rural scenes, its
ears long closed to sound will be ravished with delight; There tongues that never
praises we have sung thro' the sleepless hours of night; How sweet the thought that
prospect there falls no winter's snow, There warblers sing in endless spring, O
mansions, its crystal streams that flow, All, all are free for you and me, O
uttered a sentence here be - low, Burst into song through ages long, O
Jesus we then shall see and know, Who by his grace prepared that place, O
brother, will you go? There warblers sing in endless spring, O brother, will you go?
brother, will you go? All, all are free for you and me, O brother, will you go?
brother, will you go? Burst into song through ages long, O brother, will you go?
brother, will you go? Who by his grace prepared that place, O brother, will you go?

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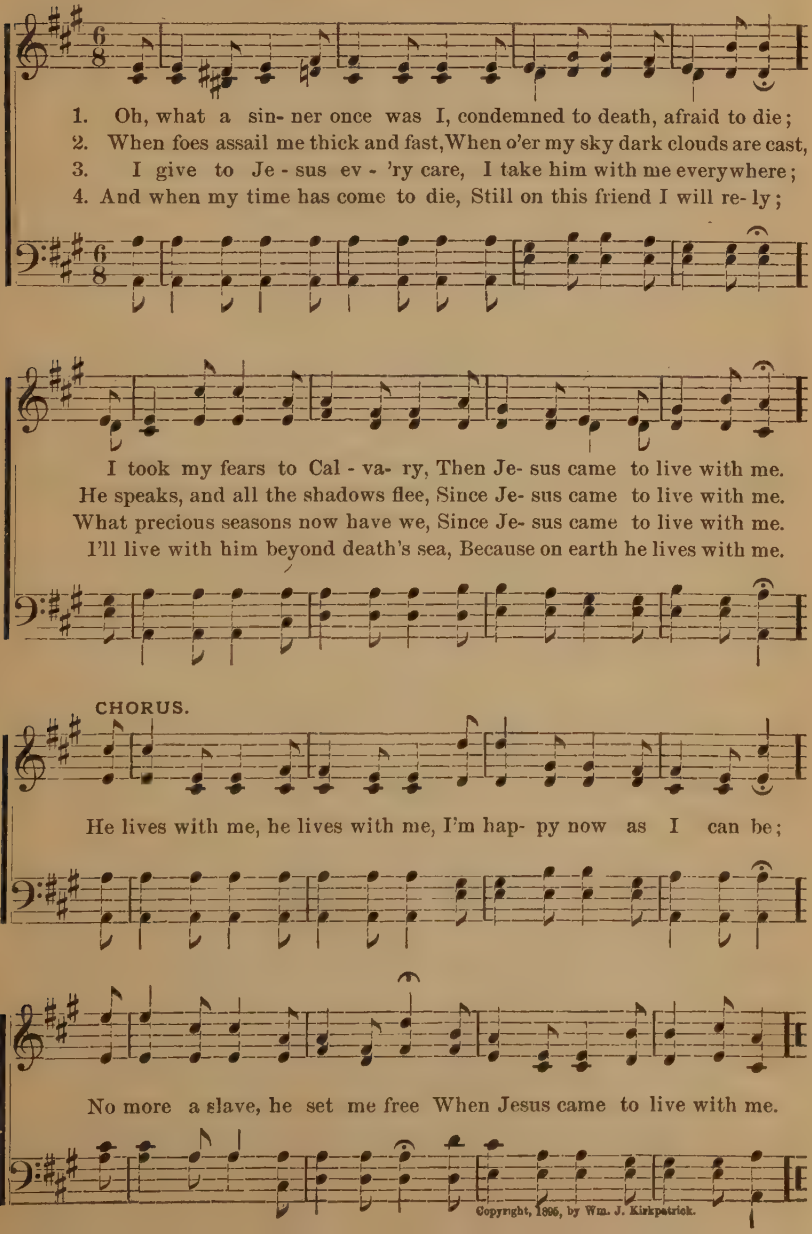
Jesus Came to Live with Me. 131

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Jas. N. Clemmer. Arr. by W. J. K.


1. Oh, what a sin- ner once was I, condemned to death, afraid to die;
2. When foes assail me thick and fast, When o'er my sky dark clouds are cast,
3. I give to Je - sus ev - 'ry care, I take him with me everywhere;
4. And when my time has come to die, Still on this friend I will re- ly;
I took my fears to Cal - va- ry, Then Je- sus came to live with me.
He speaks, and all the shadows flee, Since Je- sus came to live with me.
What precious seasons now have we, Since Je- sus came to live with me.
I'll live with him beyond death's sea, Because on earth he lives with me.
CHORUS.
He lives with me, he lives with me, I'm hap- py now as I can be;
No more a slave, he set me free When Jesus came to live with me.

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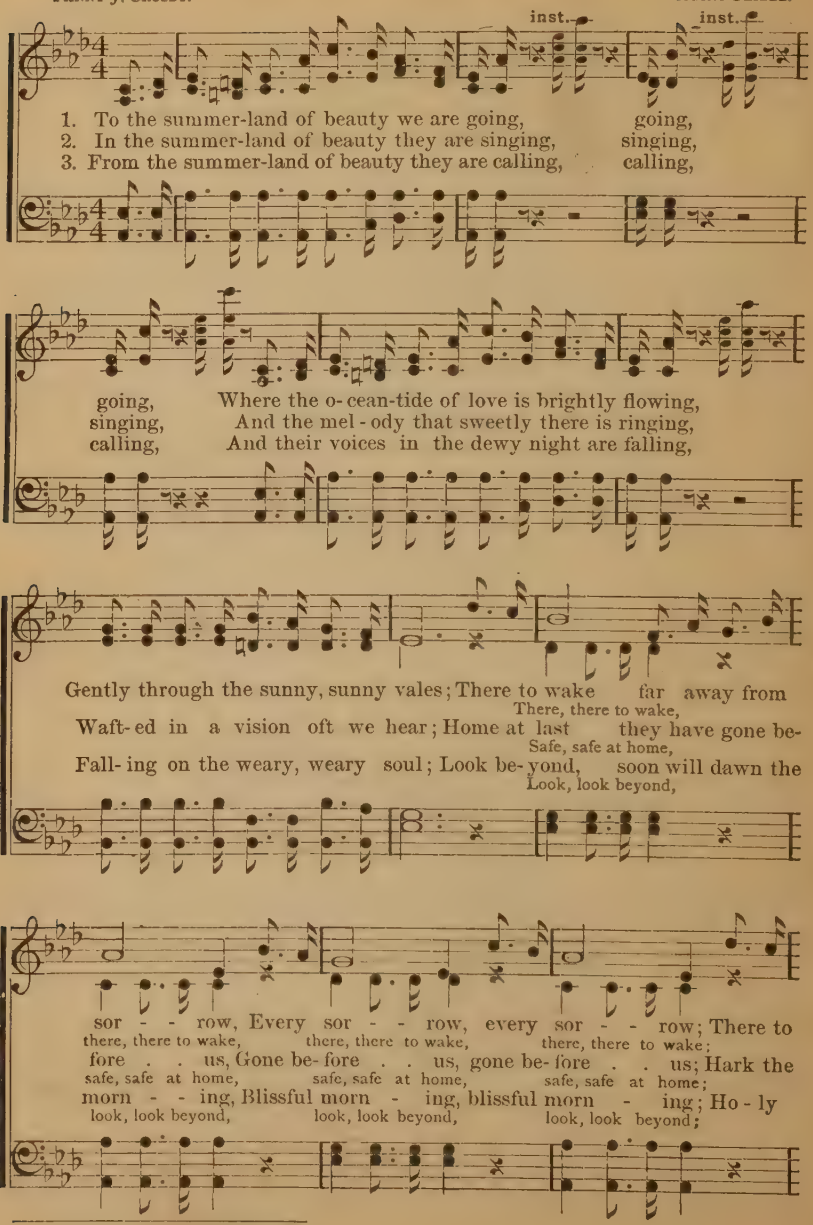
The Summer Land.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ADAM GEIBEL.


inst.
inst.
1. To the summer-land of beauty we are going, going,
2. In the summer-land of beauty they are singing, singing,
3. From the summer-land of beauty they are calling, calling,
going, Where the o-cean-tide of love is brightly flowing,
singing, And the mel-ody that sweetly there is ringing,
calling, And their voices in the dewy night are falling,
Gently through the sunny, sunny vales; There to wake far away from
There, there to wake,
Waft-ed in a vision oft we hear; Home at last they have gone be-
Safe, safe at home,
Fall-ing on the weary, weary soul; Look be-yond, soon will dawn the
Look, look beyond,
sor - - row, Every sor - - row, every sor - - row; There to
there, there to wake, there, there to wake, there, there to wake;
fore . . us, Gone be-fore . . us, gone be-fore . . us; Hark the
safe, safe at home, safe, safe at home, safe, safe at home;
morn - - ing, Blissful morn - ing, blissful morn - ing; Ho-ly
look, look beyond, look, look beyond, look, look beyond;

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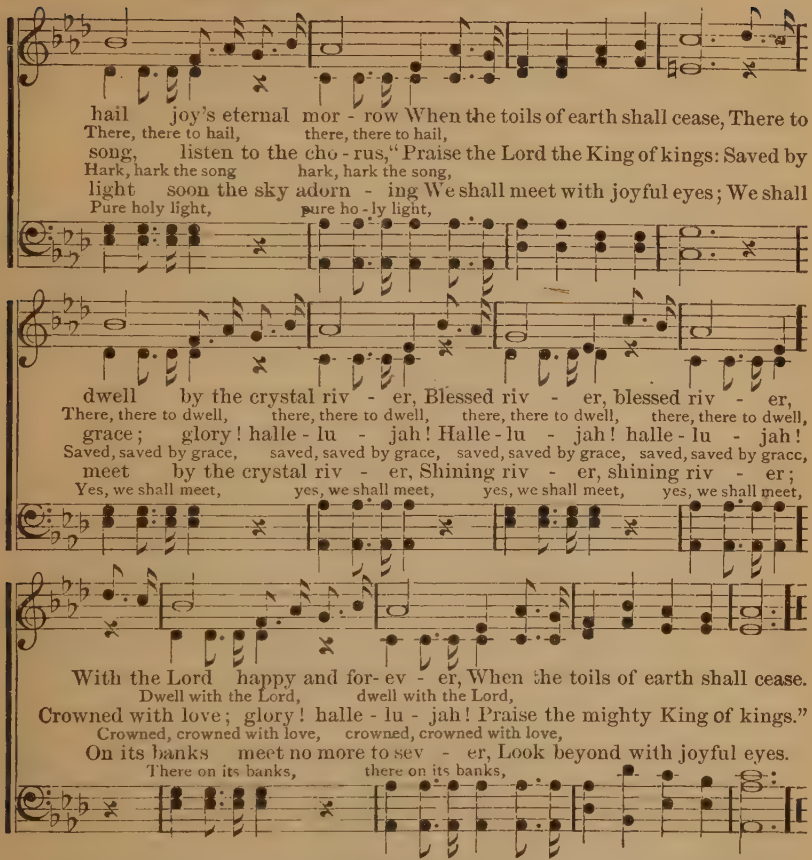

hail joy's eternal mor - row When the toils of earth shall cease, There to
There, there to hail, there, there to hail,
song, listen to the cho - rus," Praise the Lord the King of kings: Saved by
Hark, hark the song hark, hark the song,
light soon the sky adorn - ing We shall meet with joyful eyes; We shall
Pure holy light, pure ho - ly light,
dwell by the crystal riv - er, Blessed riv - er, blessed riv - er,
There, there to dwell, there, there to dwell, there, there to dwell, there, there to dwell,
grace; glory! halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! halle - lu - jah!
Saved, saved by grace, saved, saved by grace, saved, saved by grace, saved, saved by gracc,
meet by the crystal riv - er, Shining riv - er, shining riv - er;
Yes, we shall meet, yes, we shall meet, yes, we shall meet, yes, we shall meet,
With the Lord happy and for- ev - er, When the toils of earth shall cease.
Dwell with the Lord, dwell with the Lord,
Crowned with love; glory! halle - lu - jah! Praise the mighty King of kings."
Crowned, crowned with love, crowned, crowned with love,
On its banks meet no more to sev - er, Look beyond with joyful eyes.
There on its banks, there on its banks,

F. J. C. **The Prince of Peace.** Tune above.

1 'Twas a night of long ago when all were
sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, [keeping,
When the lonely silent stars a watch were
Softly o'er the dreaming, dreaming earth;
Floods of light bursting forth in glory,
(Pure floods of light, pure floods of light, etc,)
Brightest glory, brightest glory,
Harp and voice told the joyful story
(Sweet harp and voice, sweet harp and voice,)
Of his birth the Prince of Peace.

Cho.—He has come; hail the lovely stranger,
(Yes, he has come, yes, he has come, etc.,)
Lovely stranger, lovely stranger;
Lo, the babe cradled in a manger
(O blessed babe, O blessed babe,)
Is the King and Prince of Peace.

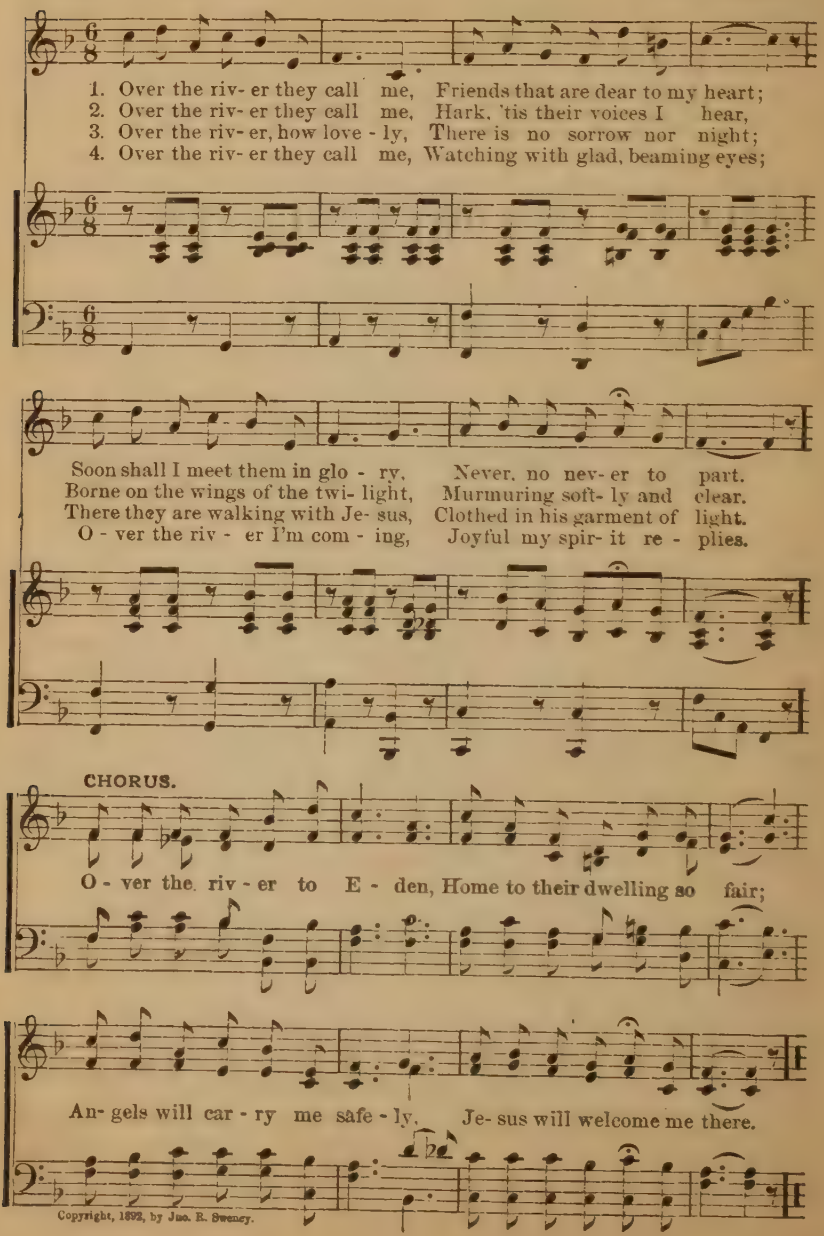
2 See the rosy blushing morn again is
breaking, breaking, breaking,
And the melody of song again is waking
Music in the hearts of all to-day;
Praise the Lord, come with happy voices,
(Praise, praise the Lord, praise, praise the Lord,)
Happy voices, happy voices,
Praise the Lord, how the world rejoices,
(Praise, praise the Lord, praise, praise the Lord,)
At his birth the Prince of Peace.

3 Hark the merry silver bells are sweetly
ringing, ringing, ringing,
And the multitude of angels now are singing
Glory in the highest evermore;
Sing aloud, glory! hallelujah!
(Sing, sing aloud, sing, sing aloud, etc.,)
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Sing aloud, glory! hallelujah!
(Sing, sing aloud, sing, sing aloud,)
At his birth the Prince of Peace.

From "Hood's Carols for—Christmas, No. 6," by per.

Jesus will Welcome Me There.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Over the riv- er they call me, Friends that are dear to my heart;
2. Over the riv- er they call me, Hark, 'tis their voices I hear,
3. Over the riv- er, how love - ly, There is no sorrow nor night;
4. Over the riv- er they call me, Watching with glad, beaming eyes;
Soon shall I meet them in glo - ry, Never, no nev- er to part.
Borne on the wings of the twi- light, Murmuring soft- ly and clear.
There they are walking with Je- sus, Clothed in his garment of light.
O - ver the riv - er I'm com - ing, Joyful my spir- it re - plies.
CHORUS.
O - ver the riv - er to E - den, Home to their dwelling so fair;
An- gels will car - ry me safe - ly, Je- sus will welcome me there.

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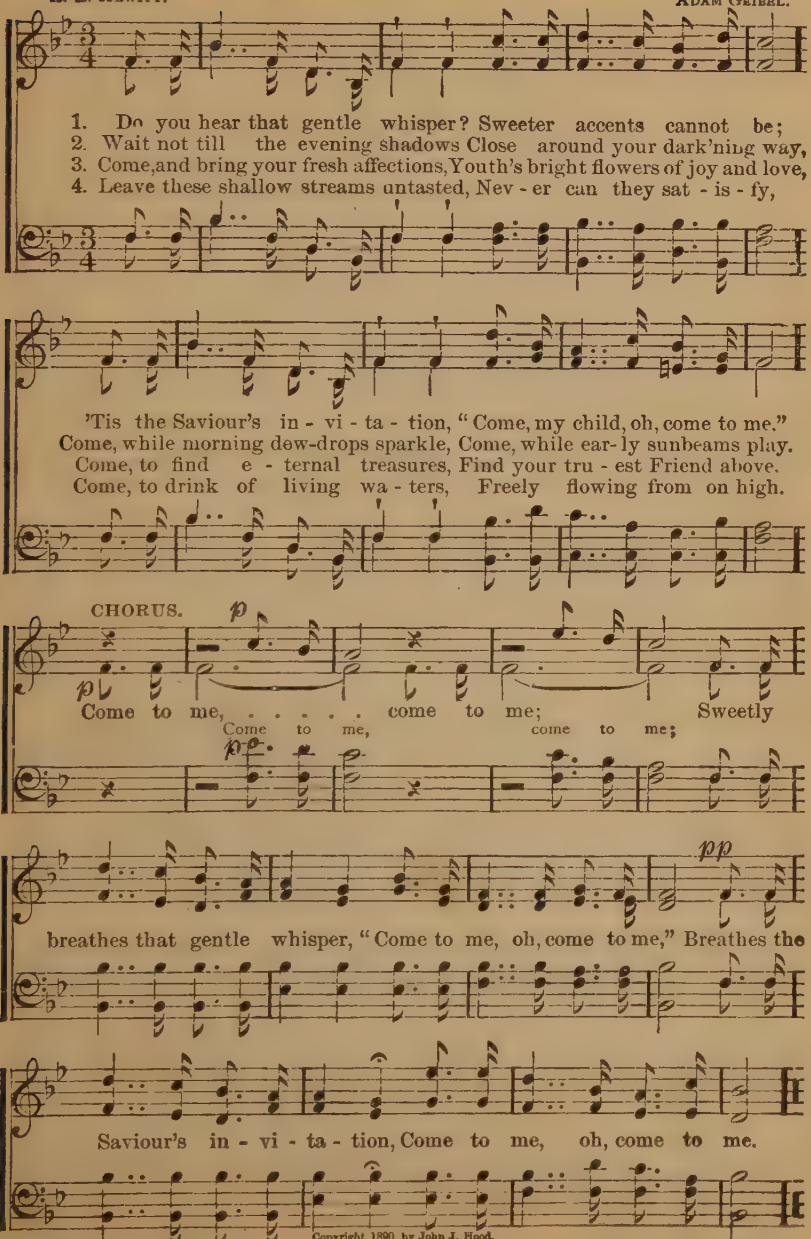
That Gentle Whisper.

E. E. Hewitt. Adam Geibel.


1. Do you hear that gentle whisper? Sweeter accents cannot be;
2. Wait not till the evening shadows Close around your dark'ning way,
3. Come, and bring your fresh affections, Youth's bright flowers of joy and love,
4. Leave these shallow streams untasted, Nev - er can they sat - is - fy,
'Tis the Saviour's in - vi - ta - tion, "Come, my child, oh, come to me."
Come, while morning dew-drops sparkle, Come, while ear- ly sunbeams play.
Come, to find e - ternal treasures, Find your tru - est Friend above.
Come, to drink of living wa - ters, Freely flowing from on high.
CHORUS.
p
pp
Come to me, ... come to me; Sweetly
Come to me, come to me;
breathes that gentle whisper, "Come to me, oh, come to me," Breathes the
Saviour's in - vi - ta - tion, Come to me, oh, come to me.

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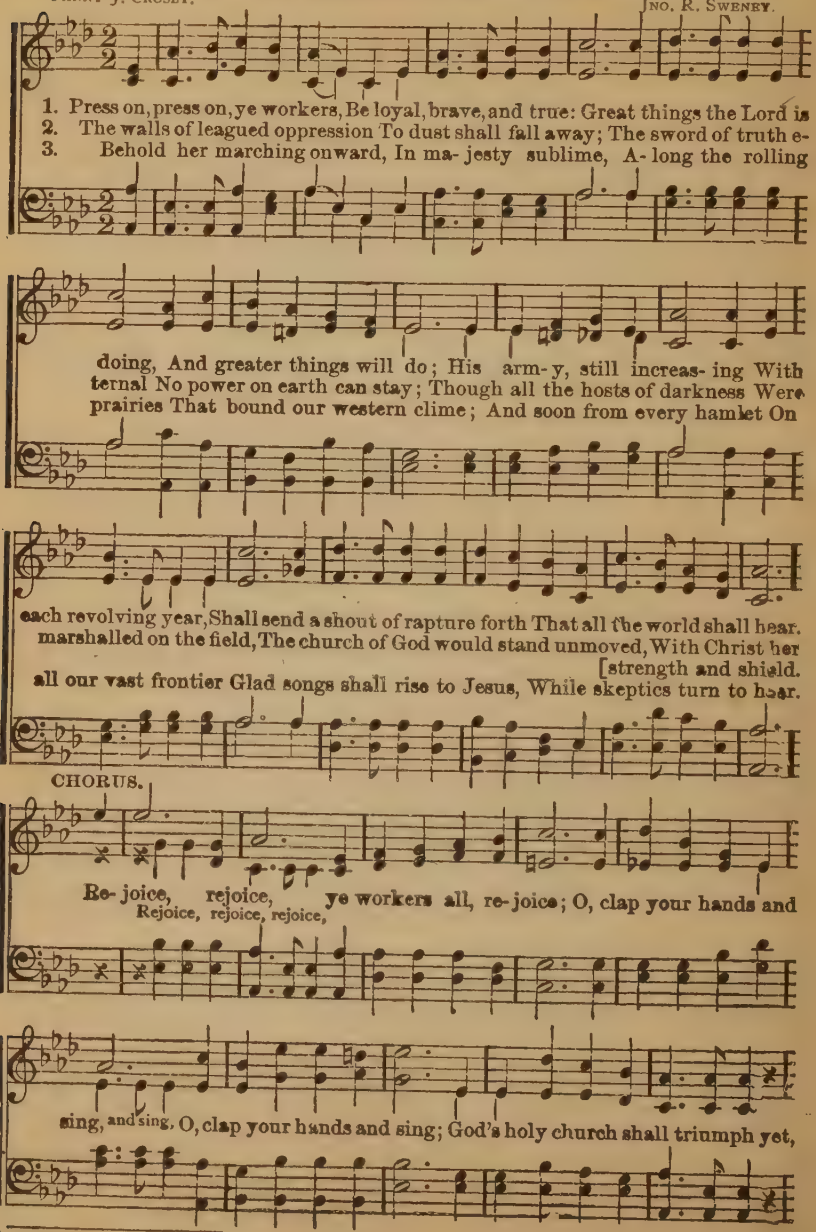
136 God's Holy Church Shall Triumph.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Press on, press on, ye workers, Be loyal, brave, and true: Great things the Lord is
2. The walls of leagued oppression To dust shall fall away; The sword of truth e-
3. Behold her marching onward, In ma- jesty sublime, A- long the rolling
doing, And greater things will do; His arm- y, still increas- ing With
ternal No power on earth can stay; Though all the hosts of darkness Were
prairies That bound our western clime; And soon from every hamlet On
each revolving year, Shall send a shout of rapture forth That all the world shall hear.
marshalled on the field, The church of God would stand unmoved, With Christ her
[strength and shield.
all our vast frontier Glad songs shall rise to Jesus, While skeptics turn to hear.
CHORUS.
Re- joice, rejoice, ye workers all, re- joice; O, clap your hands and
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
sing, and sing, O, clap your hands and sing; God's holy church shall triumph yet,

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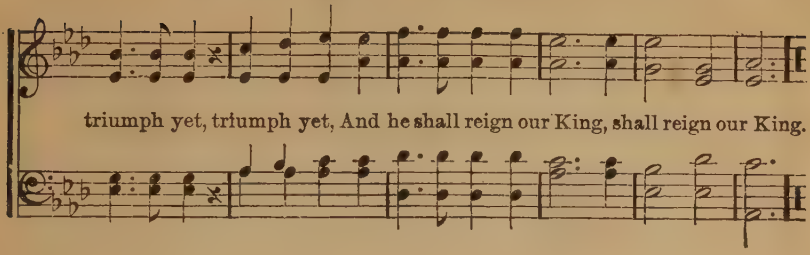
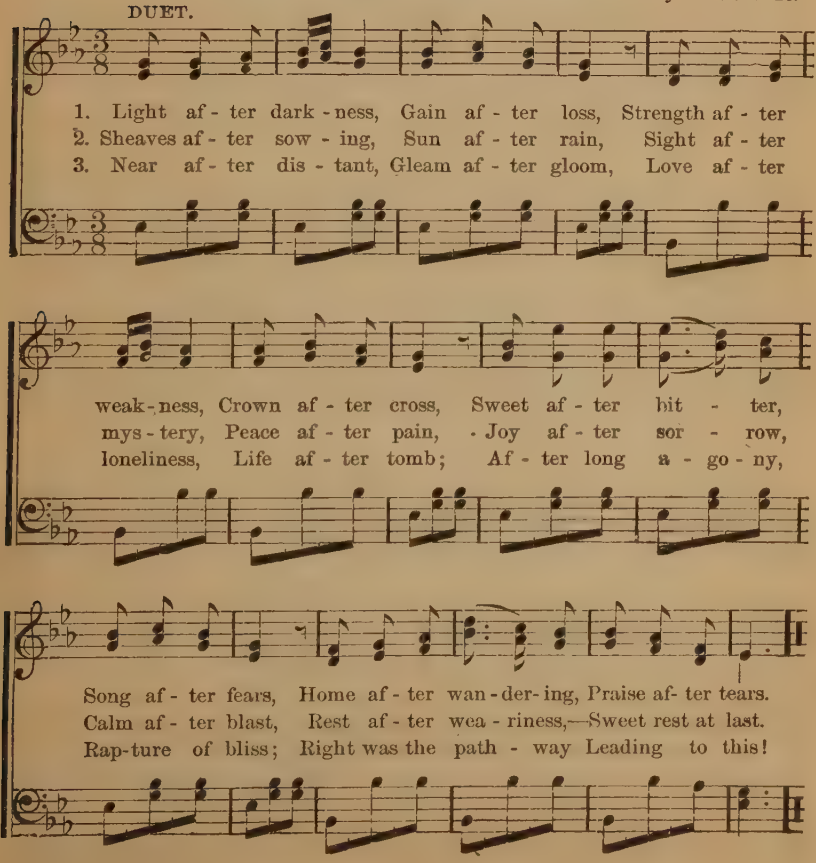


Light after Darkness.

JNO. R. SWENEY.


DUET.
1. Light af - ter dark - ness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter
2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter
3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter
weak - ness, Crown af - ter cross, Sweet af - ter bit - ter,
mys - tery, Peace af - ter pain, Joy af - ter sor - row,
loneliness, Life af - ter tomb; Af - ter long a - go - ny,
Song af - ter fears, Home af - ter wan - der - ing, Praise af - ter tears.
Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter wea - riness,—Sweet rest at last.
Rap-ture of bliss; Right was the path - way Leading to this!

From "Goodly Pearls," by per.

My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end- ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo- ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white, He will
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
lustre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
parting at the riv- er I re - call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a- ges I shall
reach the oth- er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
mercy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
mingle with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
CHORUS.
I shall know him, I shall know him, And alone by his side I shall stand,
I shall know him,
I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.

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Resting at the Cross.

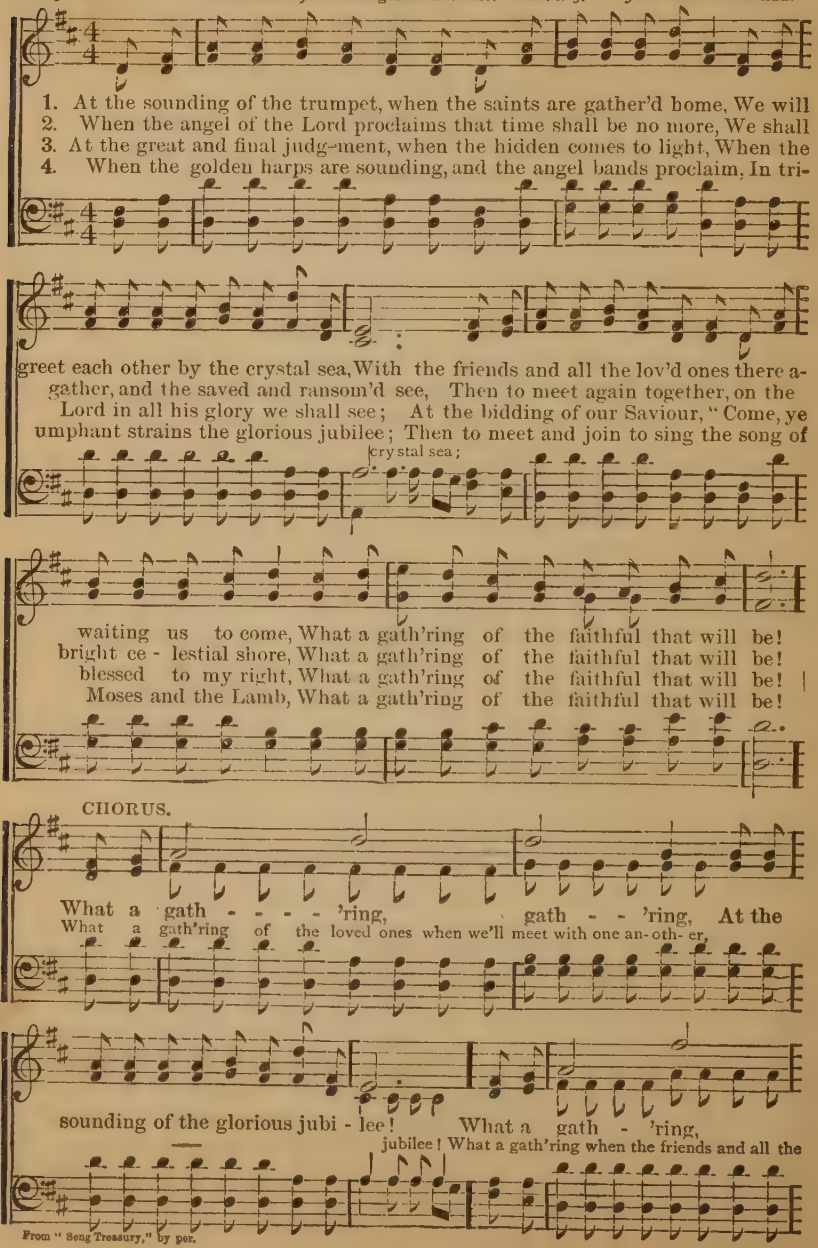
W. J. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. To the cross of Christ, my Saviour, I had brought my weary soul,
2. At the cross, while meekly bow- ing, Je - sus, smiling, bade me live;
3. At the cross, while prostrate ly- ing, Je - sus' blood flowed o'er my soul,
4. At the cross I'm calmly rest- ing, Ev - 'ry moment now is sweet;
burdened, faint, and broken- heart - ed, Praying," Je- sus, make me whole."
"I have died for your transgressions, And I free- ly all for- give."
All my guilt and sin were cov - ered, And he whispered,"Child, be whole."
I am tast- ing of his glo - ry, I am resting at his feet.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, I am counting all but dross,
I have found a full sal - va - tion, I am resting at the cross;
I'm resting at the cross, I'm resting at the cross, I'm resting at the cross.

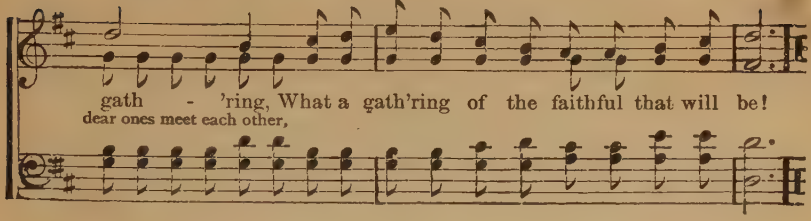
From "Leaflet Gems," by per. of John J. Hood.

What a Gath'ring that will be.

J. H. K. "Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. l. 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

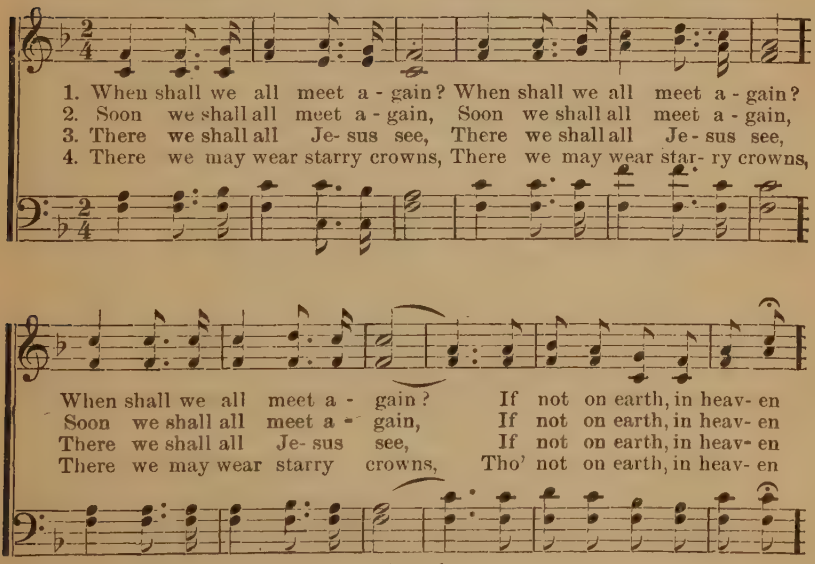

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and final judg-ment, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-
greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-
gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to meet again together, on the
Lord in all his glory we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of
crystal sea;
waiting us to come, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
bright ce - lestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
blessed to my right, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
Moses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
CHORUS.
What a gath - - - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring, At the
What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one an-oth-er,
sounding of the glorious jubi - lee! What a gath - 'ring,
jubilee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

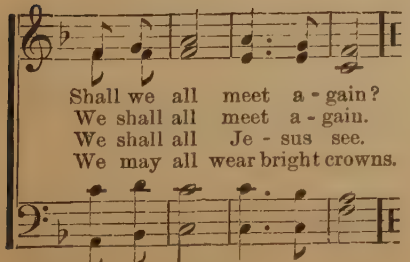
From "Song Treasury," by per.



When shall We all Meet again?

Arr. by L. H. Edmunds. Adapted and arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a - gain?
2. Soon we shall all meet a - gain, Soon we shall all meet a - gain,
3. There we shall all Je- sus see, There we shall all Je - sus see,
4. There we may wear starry crowns, There we may wear star- ry crowns,
When shall we all meet a - gain? If not on earth, in heav- en
Soon we shall all meet a - gain, If not on earth, in heav- en
There we shall all Je- sus see, If not on earth, in heav- en
There we may wear starry crowns, Tho' not on earth, in heav- en



5 ‖: There we shall meet friends we love, :‖
When we get home to heaven
We shall meet friends we love.

6 ‖: There we shall *never* part again, :‖
When we get home to heaven
We shall *never* part again.

7 ‖: There we shall *never* say good-by, :‖
When we get home to heaven
We shall *never* say good-by.

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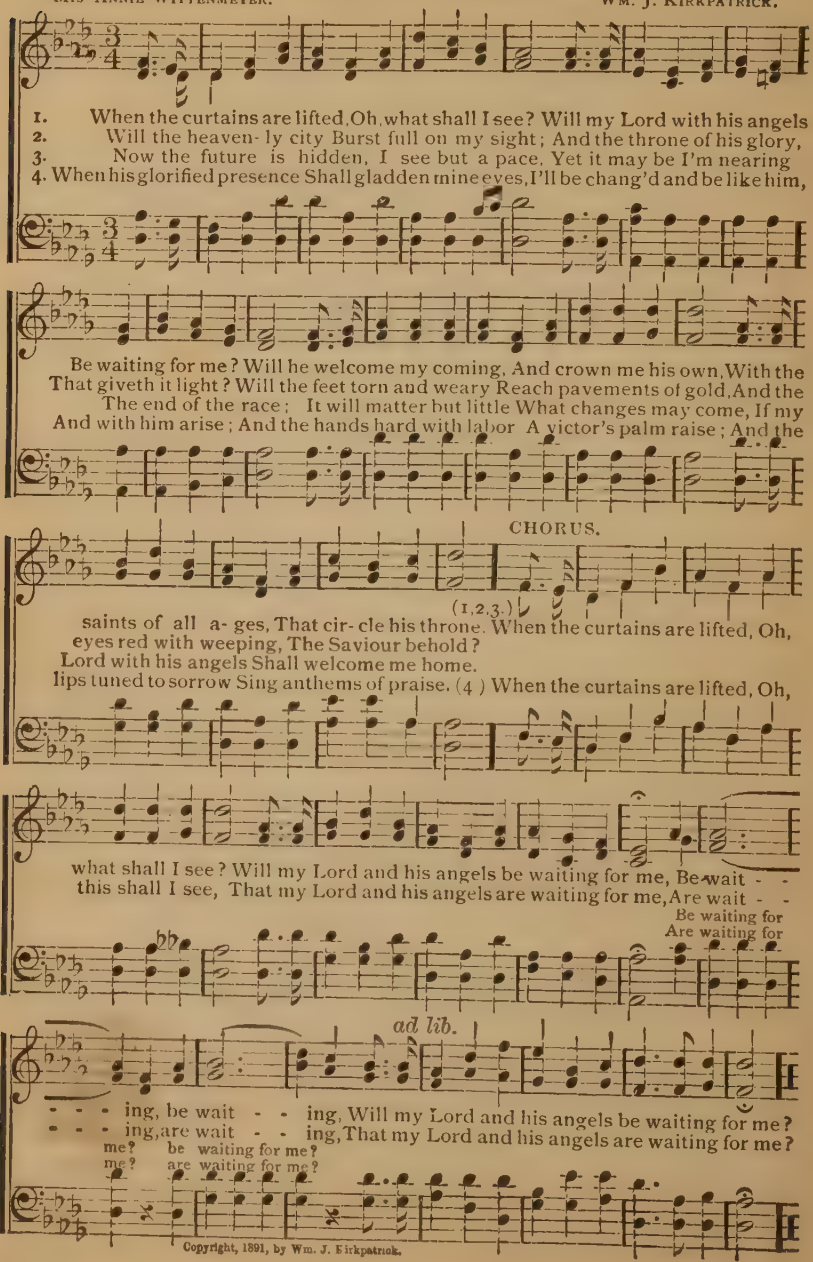
When the Curtains are Lifted.

Mrs Annie Wittenmeyer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. When the curtains are lifted, Oh, what shall I see? Will my Lord with his angels
2. Will the heaven- ly city Burst full on my sight; And the throne of his glory,
3. Now the future is hidden, I see but a pace, Yet it may be I'm nearing
4. When his glorified presence Shall gladden mine eyes, I'll be chang'd and be like him,
Be waiting for me? Will he welcome my coming, And crown me his own, With the
That giveth it light? Will the feet torn and weary Reach pavements of gold, And the
The end of the race; It will matter but little What changes may come, If my
And with him arise; And the hands hard with labor A victor's palm raise; And the
CHORUS.
(1,2,3.)
saints of all a- ges, That cir- cle his throne. When the curtains are lifted, Oh,
eyes red with weeping, The Saviour behold?
Lord with his angels Shall welcome me home.
lips tuned to sorrow Sing anthems of praise. (4) When the curtains are lifted, Oh,
what shall I see? Will my Lord and his angels be waiting for me, Be wait - -
this shall I see, That my Lord and his angels are waiting for me, Are wait - -
Be waiting for
Are waiting for
ad lib.
- - - ing, be wait - - ing, Will my Lord and his angels be waiting for me?
- - - ing, are wait - - ing, That my Lord and his angels are waiting for me?
me? be waiting for me?
me? are waiting for me?

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Only a Little While.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. On - ly a little while; courage, sad heart! Pray! and the Comforter
2. On - ly a little while tossed on the deep, Je - sus his cov- enant
3. On - ly a little while, serving the King, Then in his presence re-
4. On - ly a little while, winter's sad gloom; Hillside and vall- ey shall

peace will im - part; Soon will the night with its tears pass a - way,
promise will keep; O - ver the bil- lows of sor- row and grief,
joic- ing we'll sing; Lov- ing and serv- ing thro' life's fleeting hour,
break in - to bloom; Af - ter the tempest, the bright rainbow-arch;

D.S.—tears pass a - way,

Look for the dawn of the beau- ti - ful day, Look for the dawn of the
Je - sus is com- ing to bring us re - lief, Je - sus is com- ing to
Proving his faithfulness, owning his power, Proving his faithfulness,
Crowns, starry crowns, af- ter life's weary march, Crowns, starry crowns, after

Then we shall welcome the beau- ti - ful day, Welcome the dawn of the

Fine. CHORUS.

beau-ti - ful day. On - ly a little while, on - ly a little while,
bring us re - ief.
owning his power.
life's weary march.
beau- ti- ful day.

D.S.

Night will be o - ver, morning will smile; On - ly a moment, and

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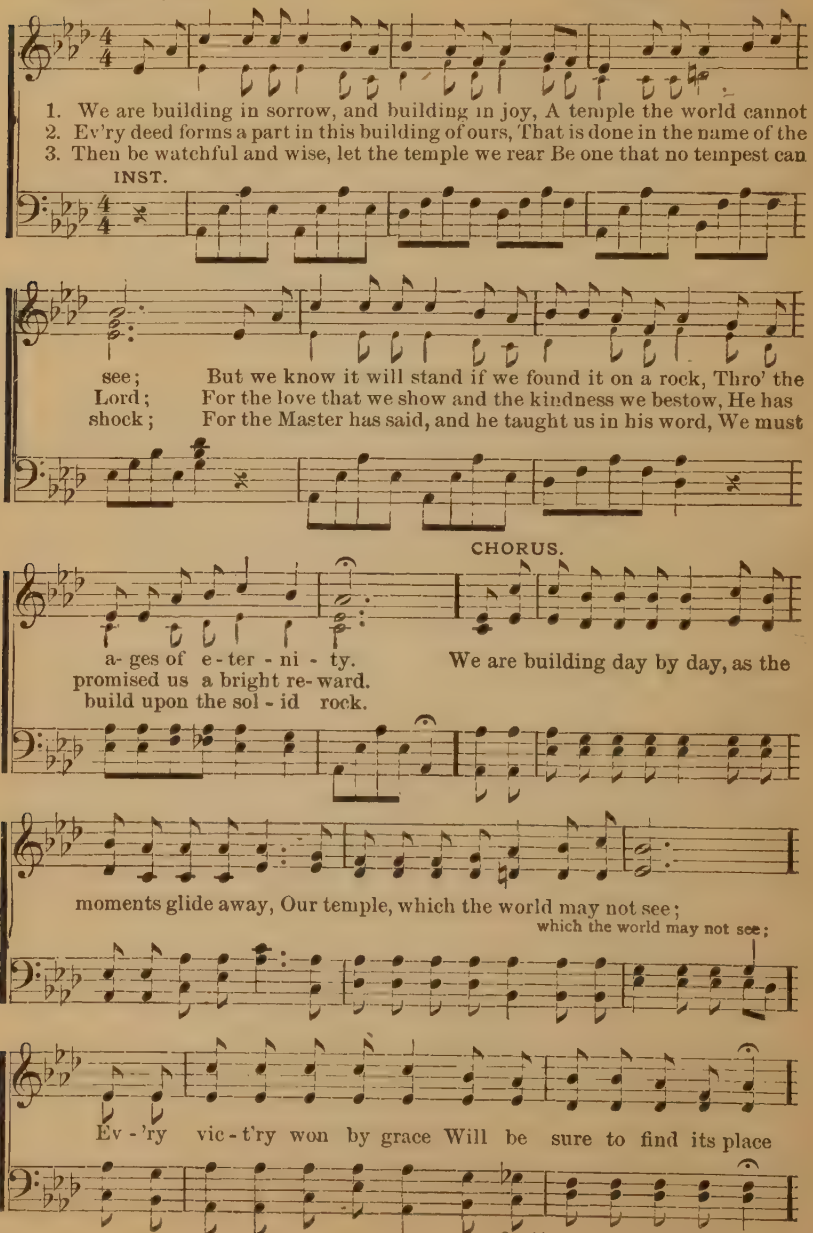
Building Day by Day.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. HERBERT D. LOTHROP.


1. We are building in sorrow, and building in joy, A temple the world cannot
2. Ev'ry deed forms a part in this building of ours, That is done in the name of the
3. Then be watchful and wise, let the temple we rear Be one that no tempest can
INST.
see; But we know it will stand if we found it on a rock, Thro' the
Lord; For the love that we show and the kindness we bestow, He has
shock; For the Master has said, and he taught us in his word, We must
CHORUS.
a- ges of e - ter - ni - ty. We are building day by day, as the
promised us a bright re- ward.
build upon the sol - id rock.
moments glide away, Our temple, which the world may not see;
which the world may not see;
Ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won by grace Will be sure to find its place

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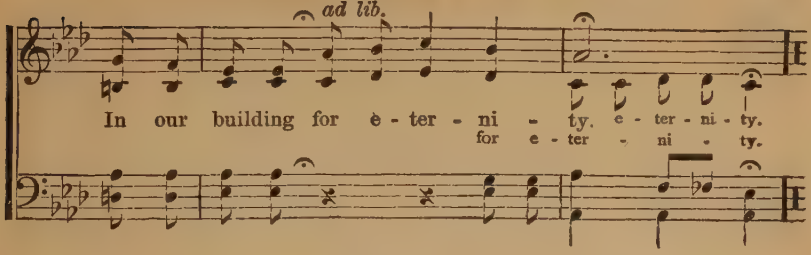
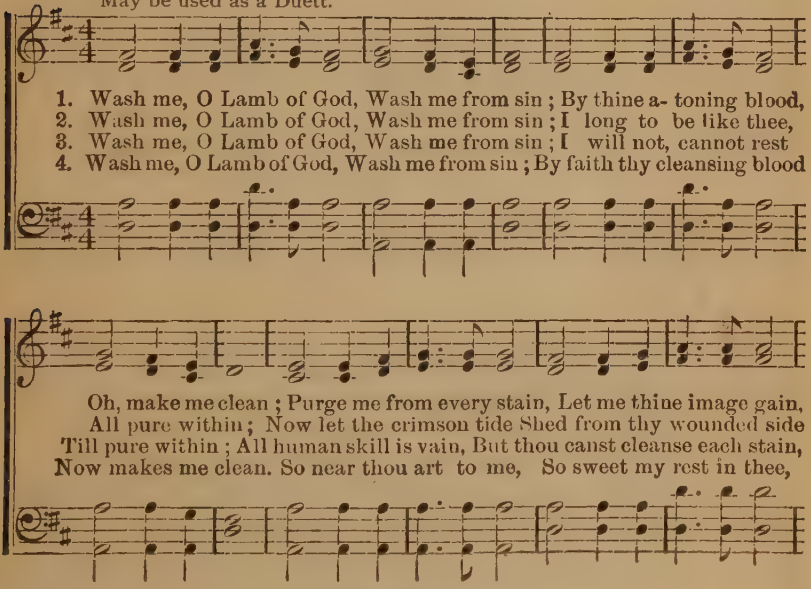
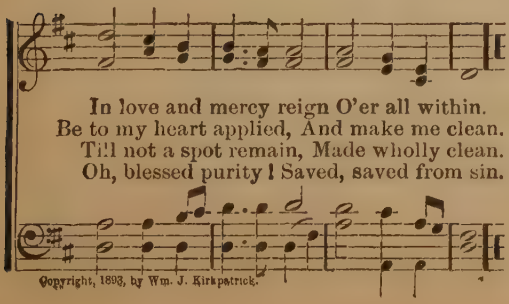


Wash Me, O Lamb of God.

H. B. Beegle. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

May be used as a Duett.


1. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; By thine a- toning blood,
2. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; I long to be like thee,
3. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; I will not, cannot rest
4. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; By faith thy cleansing blood
Oh, make me clean ; Purge me from every stain, Let me thine image gain,
All pure within ; Now let the crimson tide Shed from thy wounded side
Till pure within ; All human skill is vain, But thou canst cleanse each stain,
Now makes me clean. So near thou art to me, So sweet my rest in thee,


In love and mercy reign O'er all within.
Be to my heart applied, And make me clean.
Till not a spot remain, Made wholly clean.
Oh, blessed purity ! Saved, saved from sin.

5 Wash me, O Lamb of God,
Wash me from sin ;
Thou, while I trust in thee,
Wilt keep me clean ;
Each day to thee I bring
Heart, life, yea, everything ;
Saved while to thee I cling,
Saved from all sin.

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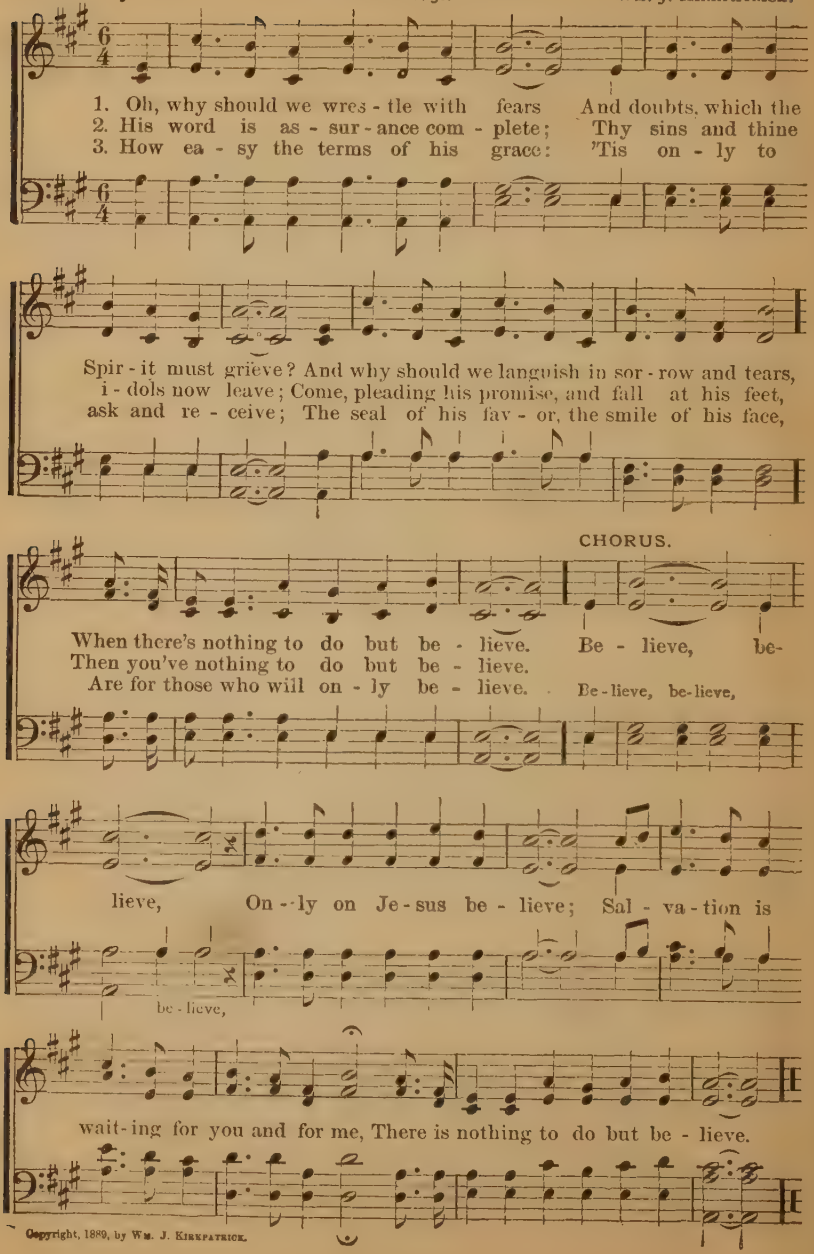
Only Believe.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. Mark v. 36. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Oh, why should we wres - tle with fears And doubts, which the
2. His word is as - sur - ance com - plete; Thy sins and thine
3. How ea - sy the terms of his grace: 'Tis on - ly to
Spir - it must grieve? And why should we languish in sor - row and tears,
i - dols now leave; Come, pleading his promise, and fall at his feet,
ask and re - ceive; The seal of his fav - or, the smile of his face,
CHORUS.
When there's nothing to do but be - lieve. Be - lieve, be-
Then you've nothing to do but be - lieve.
Are for those who will on - ly be - lieve. Be-lieve, be-lieve,
lieve, On - ly on Je - sus be - lieve; Sal - va - tion is
be - lieve,
wait-ing for you and for me, There is nothing to do but be - lieve.

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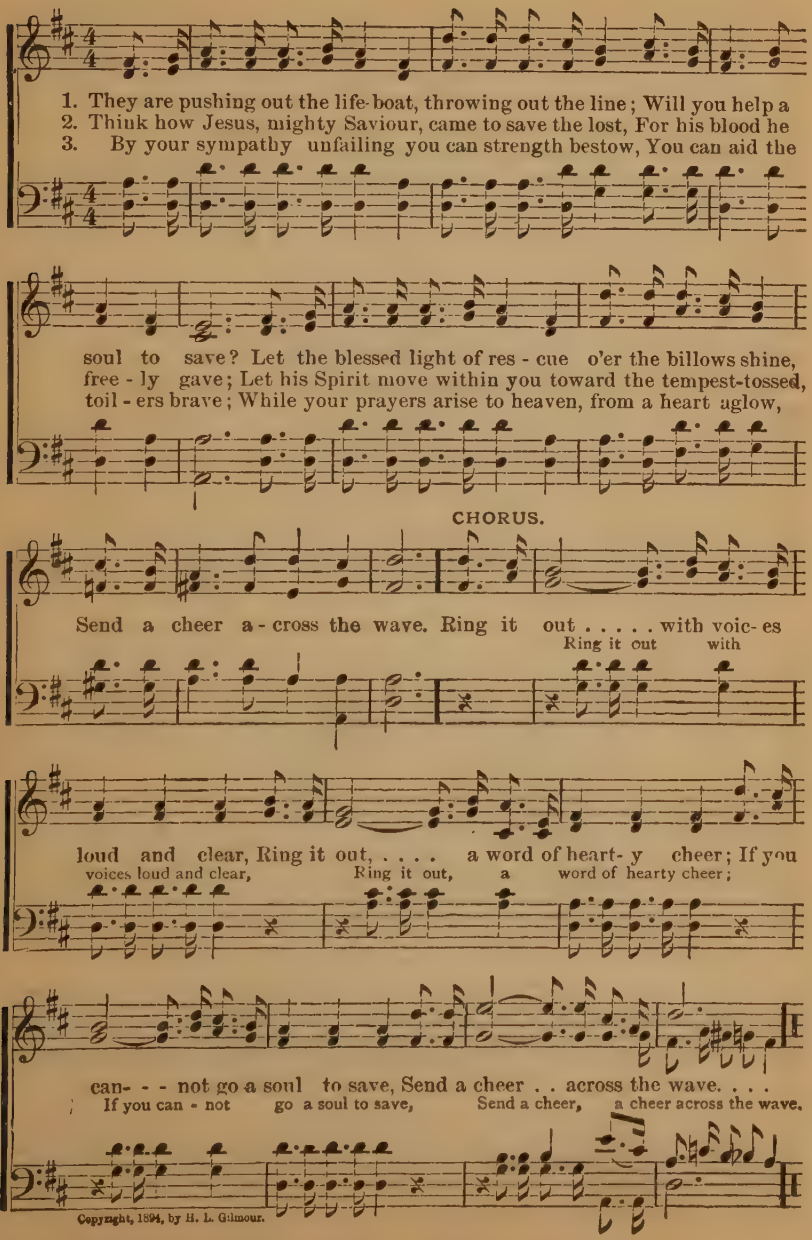
Send a Cheer Across the Wave.

E. E. Hewitt. H. L. Gilmour.


1. They are pushing out the life-boat, throwing out the line; Will you help a
2. Think how Jesus, mighty Saviour, came to save the lost, For his blood he
3. By your sympathy unfailing you can strength bestow, You can aid the
soul to save? Let the blessed light of res - cue o'er the billows shine,
free - ly gave; Let his Spirit move within you toward the tempest-tossed,
toil - ers brave; While your prayers arise to heaven, from a heart aglow,
CHORUS.
Send a cheer a - cross the wave. Ring it out . . . . . with voic- es
Ring it out with
loud and clear, Ring it out, ... a word of heart- y cheer; If you
voices loud and clear, Ring it out, a word of hearty cheer;
can- - - not go a soul to save, Send a cheer . . across the wave. . . .
If you can - not go a soul to save, Send a cheer, a cheer across the wave.

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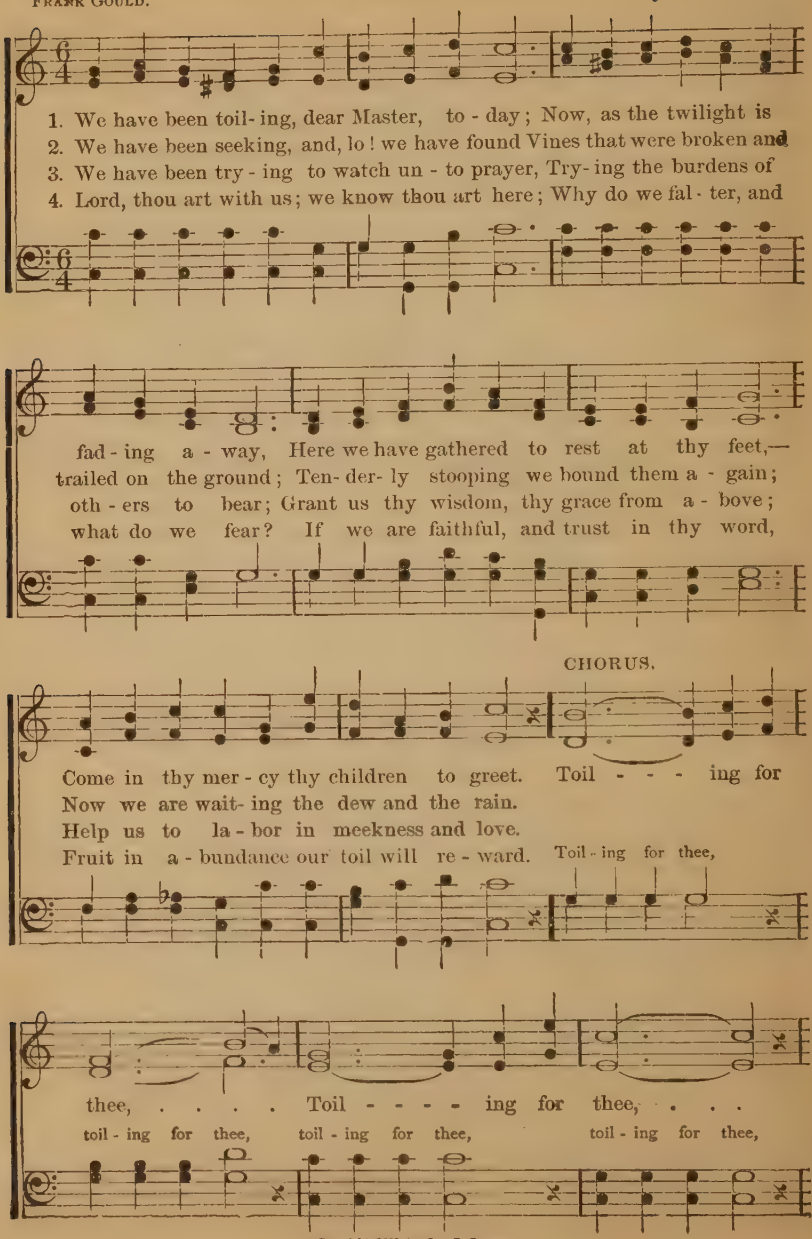
Toiling for Thee.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. We have been toil- ing, dear Master, to - day; Now, as the twilight is
2. We have been seeking, and, lo! we have found Vines that were broken and
3. We have been try - ing to watch un - to prayer, Try- ing the burdens of
4. Lord, thou art with us; we know thou art here; Why do we fal - ter, and
fad - ing a - way, Here we have gathered to rest at thy feet,—
trailed on the ground; Ten- der- ly stooping we bound them a - gain;
oth - ers to bear; Grant us thy wisdom, thy grace from a - bove;
what do we fear? If we are faithful, and trust in thy word,
CHORUS.
Come in thy mer - cy thy children to greet. Toil - - - ing for
Now we are wait- ing the dew and the rain.
Help us to la - bor in meekness and love.
Fruit in a - bundance our toil will re - ward.
Toil - ing for thee,
thee, ... Toil - - - - ing for thee, . . .
toil - ing for thee, toil - ing for thee, toil - ing for thee,

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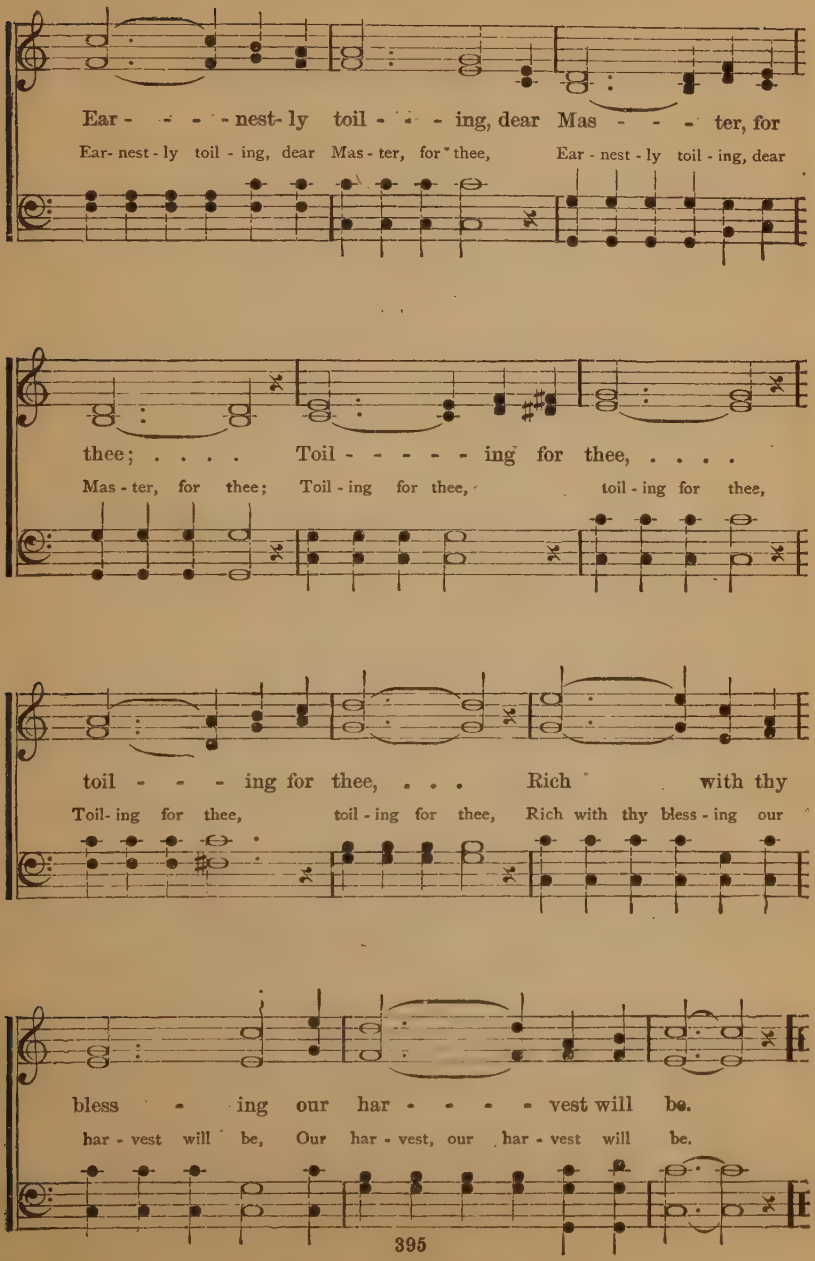
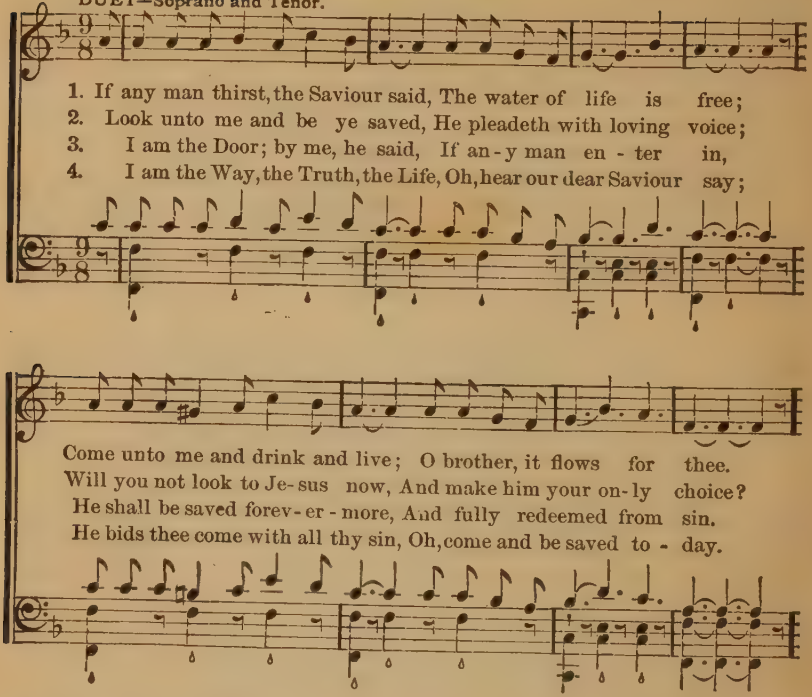

Ear - - - - nest - ly toil - - - ing, dear Mas - - - ter, for
Ear - nest - ly toil - ing, dear Mas - ter, for thee, Ear - nest - ly toil - ing, dear
thee; . . . . Toil - - - - - ing for thee, ...
Mas - ter, for thee; Toil - ing for thee, toil - ing for thee,
toil - - - ing for thee, . . . Rich with thy
Toil - ing for thee, toil - ing for thee, Rich with thy bless - ing our
bless - ing our har - - - - vest will be.
har - vest will be, Our har - vest, our har - vest will be.

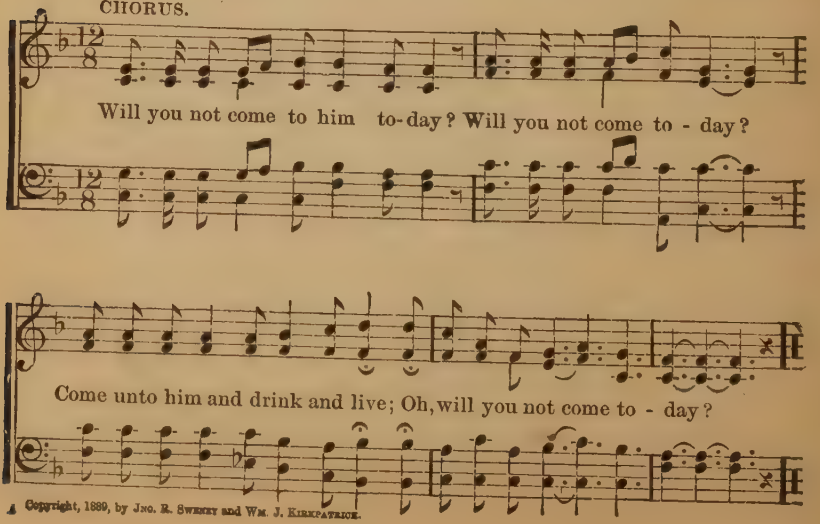
If Any Man Thirst.

J. J. L. J. J. Lowe.

DUET—Soprano and Tenor.


1. If any man thirst, the Saviour said, The water of life is free;
2. Look unto me and be ye saved, He pleadeth with loving voice;
3. I am the Door; by me, he said, If an-y man en-ter in,
4. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, Oh, hear our dear Saviour say;
Come unto me and drink and live; O brother, it flows for thee.
Will you not look to Je-sus now, And make him your on-ly choice?
He shall be saved forev-er-more, And fully redeemed from sin.
He bids thee come with all thy sin, Oh, come and be saved to-day.

CHORUS.



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I Know that My Redeemer Lives. 151

Rev. H. A. Merrill. Arranged by W. J. K.

1. I know that my Redeem - er lives, And has pre-
2. I'm trust - ing Je - sus Christ for all, I know his
3. I'm now en - raptured at the thought, I stand and
4. I know that Je - sus soon will come, I know the
D. C.—For I am on - ly wait - ing, now, To hear the
pared a place for me; That crowns of vic - to - ry he gives
blood now speaks for me; I'm list - 'ning for a welcome voice,
won - der at his love, That he from heav'n to earth was brought
time will not be long, Till I shall reach my heav'nly home,
summons, "child, come home," For I am on - ly waiting, now,
Fine.
CHORUS.
To those who would his children be. Then ask me not to
To say, "The Master waiteth thee!"
To die, that I may live a - bove.
To sing with joy the heav'nly song.
To hear the summons, "child, come home."
D. C.
lin - ger long A - mid the gay and thoughtless throng,

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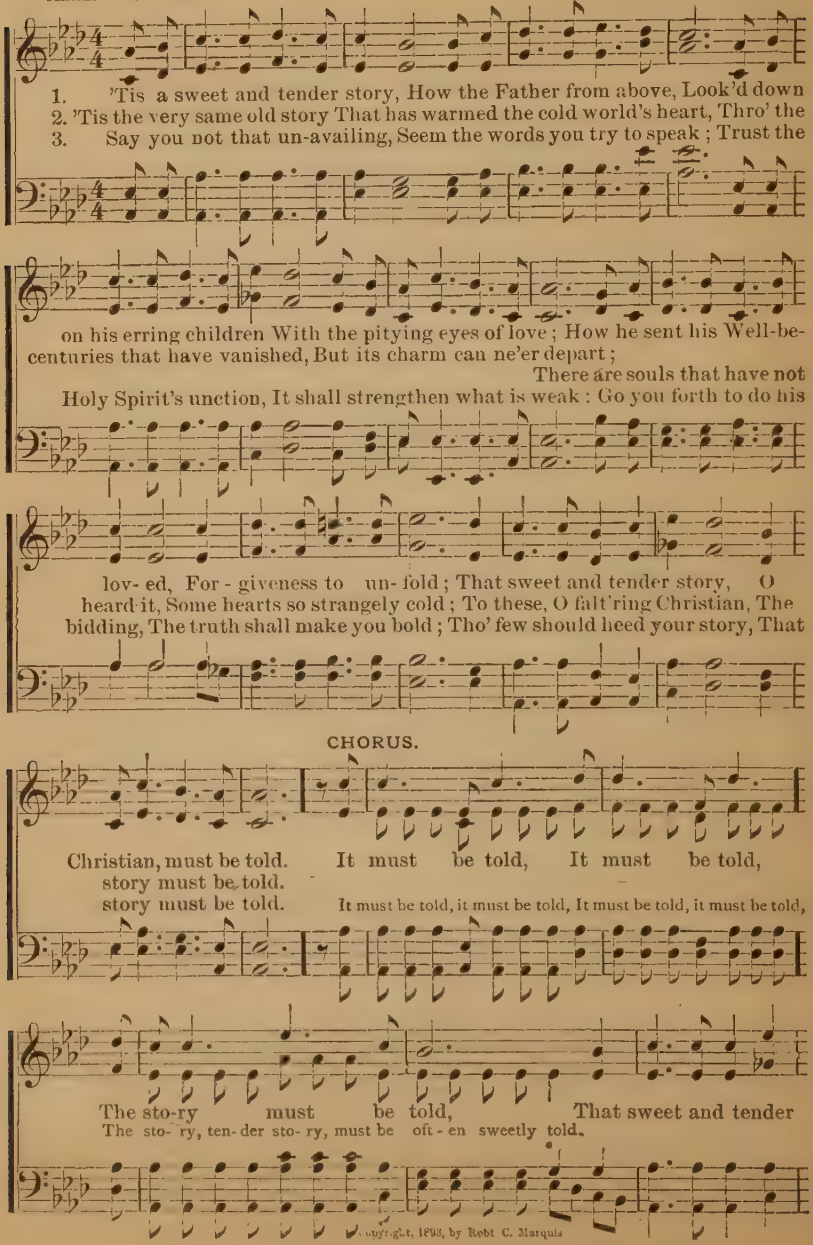
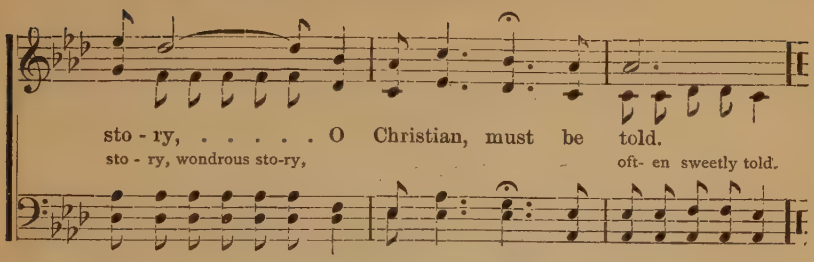
It Must be Told.

ALMEDA E. WIGHT. ROBT. C. MARQUIS.

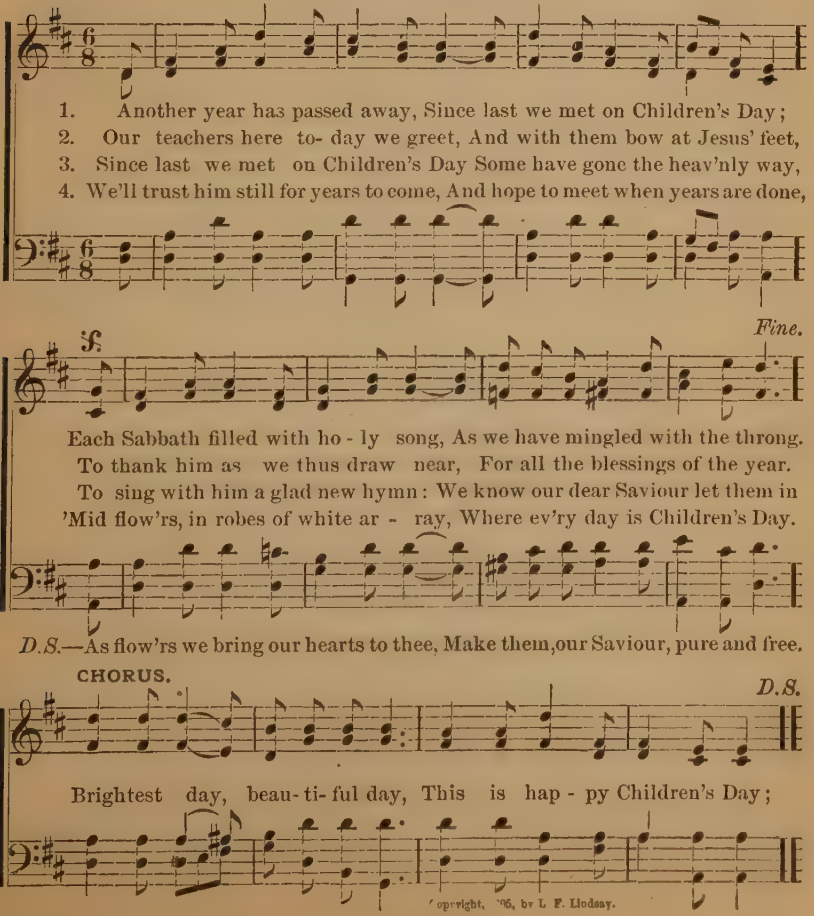

1. 'Tis a sweet and tender story, How the Father from above, Look'd down
2. 'Tis the very same old story That has warmed the cold world's heart, Thro' the
3. Say you not that un-availing, Seem the words you try to speak ; Trust the
on his erring children With the pitying eyes of love ; How he sent his Well-be-
centuries that have vanished, But its charm can ne'er depart ;
There are souls that have not
Holy Spirit's unction, It shall strengthen what is weak : Go you forth to do his
lov- ed, For - giveness to un- fold ; That sweet and tender story, O
heard it, Some hearts so strangely cold ; To these, O falt'ring Christian, The
bidding, The truth shall make you bold ; Tho' few should heed your story, That
CHORUS.
Christian, must be told. It must be told, It must be told,
story must be told.
story must be told.
It must be told, it must be told, It must be told, it must be told,
The sto-ry must be told, That sweet and tender
The sto- ry, ten- der sto- ry, must be oft - en sweetly told.

Copyright, 1893, by Robt C. Marquis



Brightest Day.

L. F. L. For "Children's Day." Service. L. F. Lindsay.


1. Another year has passed away, Since last we met on Children's Day;
2. Our teachers here to- day we greet, And with them bow at Jesus' feet,
3. Since last we met on Children's Day Some have gone the heav'nly way,
4. We'll trust him still for years to come, And hope to meet when years are done,
Fine.
Each Sabbath filled with ho - ly song, As we have mingled with the throng.
To thank him as we thus draw near, For all the blessings of the year.
To sing with him a glad new hymn: We know our dear Saviour let them in
'Mid flow'rs, in robes of white ar - ray, Where ev'ry day is Children's Day.
D.S.—As flow'rs we bring our hearts to thee, Make them, our Saviour, pure and free.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Brightest day, beau- ti- ful day, This is hap - py Children's Day;

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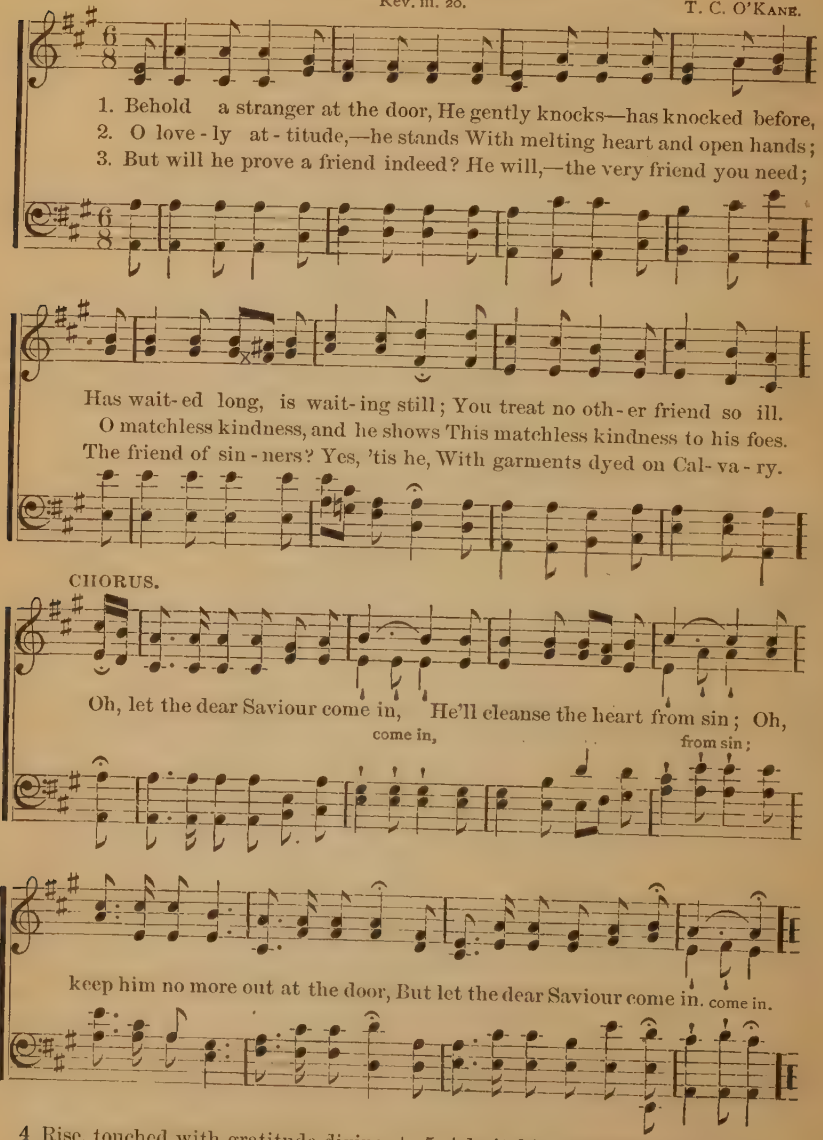
The Stranger at the Door.

Rev. iii. 20. T. C. O'KANE.


1. Behold a stranger at the door, He gently knocks—has knocked before,
2. O love-ly at-titude,—he stands With melting heart and open hands;
3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will,—the very friend you need;
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness, and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
The friend of sin-ners? Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
CHORUS.
Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh,
come in, from sin;
keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in. come in.

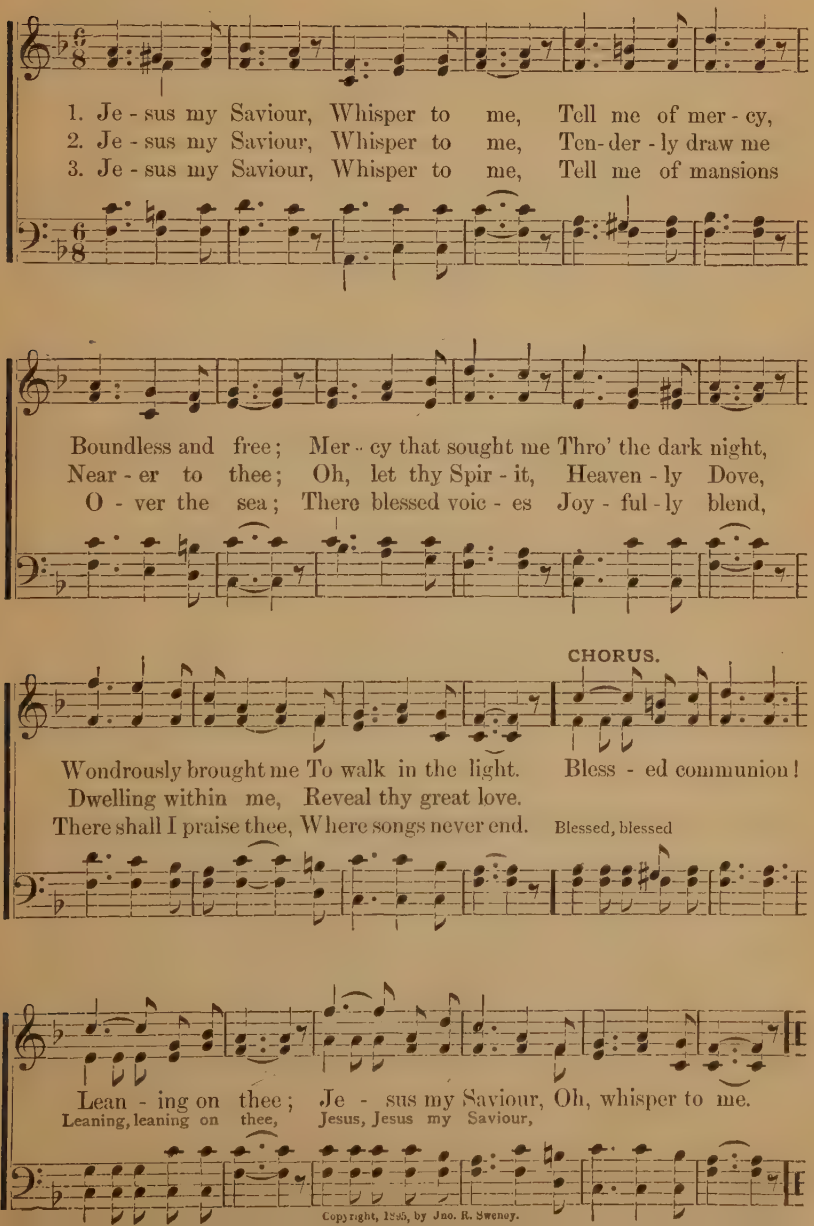
4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at HIS door rejected stand.

By permission.

Whisper to Me.

L. H. EDMUNDS. JAMES N. CLEMMER.


1. Je - sus my Saviour, Whisper to me, Tell me of mer - cy,
2. Je - sus my Saviour, Whisper to me, Ten - der - ly draw me
3. Je - sus my Saviour, Whisper to me, Tell me of mansions
Boundless and free; Mer - cy that sought me Thro' the dark night,
Near - er to thee; Oh, let thy Spir - it, Heaven - ly Dove,
O - ver the sea; There blessed voic - es Joy - ful - ly blend,
CHORUS.
Wondrously brought me To walk in the light. Bless - ed communion!
Dwelling within me, Reveal thy great love.
There shall I praise thee, Where songs never end. Blessed, blessed
Lean - ing on thee; Je - sus my Saviour, Oh, whisper to me.
Leaning, leaning on thee, Jesus, Jesus my Saviour,

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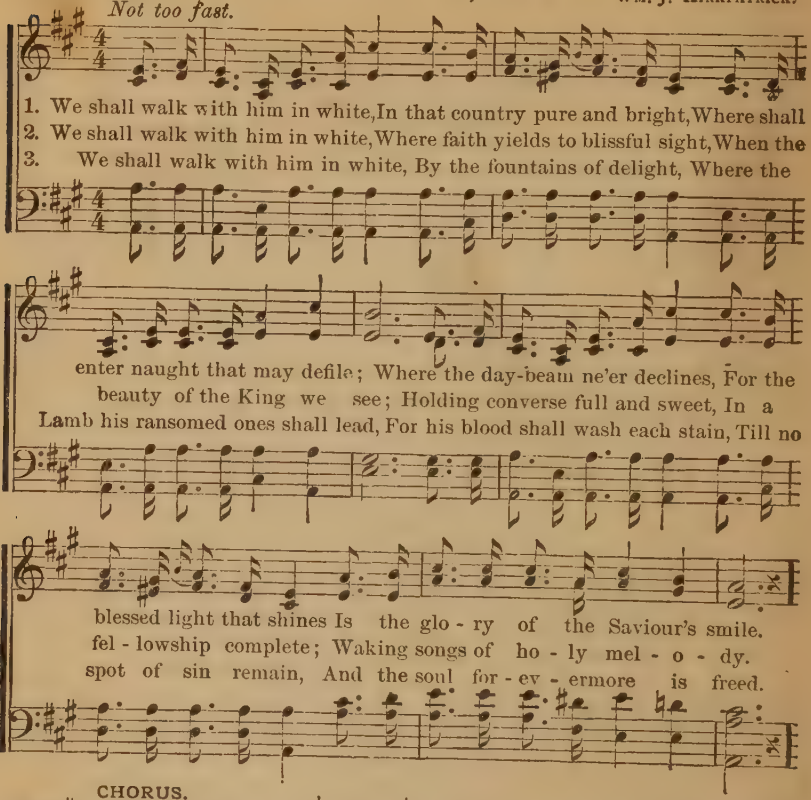
Beautiful Robes.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Not too fast.


1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of delight, Where the
enter naught that may defile; Where the day-beam ne'er declines, For the
beauty of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet, In a
Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead, For his blood shall wash each stain, Till no
blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
fel - lowship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
spot of sin remain, And the soul for - ev - ermore is freed.
CHORUS.
Beau - - tiful robes, . . Beau - - tiful robes, . .
Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,
Beau - - - ti- ful robes we then shall wear, . .
Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear,

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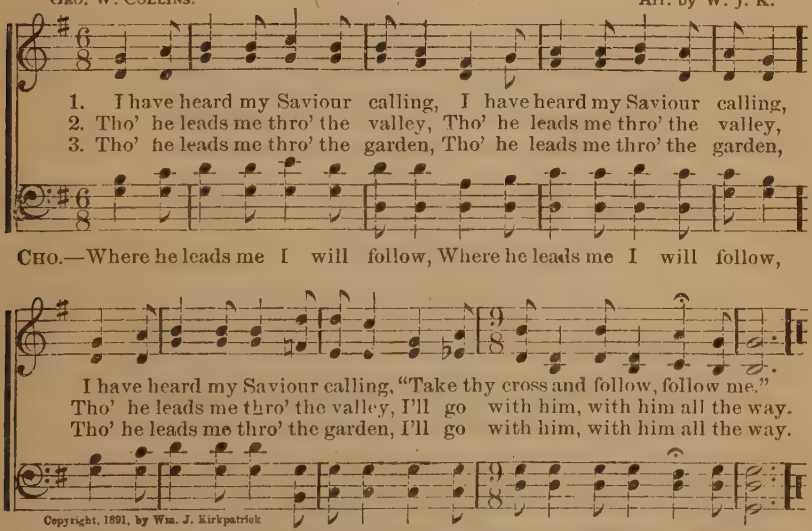
Gar - - ments of light, . . . Love - - ly and bright, . . .
Garments of light, . . Garments of light, Lovely and bright, . . Lovely and bright,
Walking with Je - sus in white, Beau- ti - ful robes we shall wear.

Follow All the Way.

GEO. W. COLLINS. Arr. by W. J. K.


1. I have heard my Saviour calling, I have heard my Saviour calling,
2. Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, Tho' he leads me thro' the valley,
3. Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, Tho' he leads me thro' the garden,
CHO.—Where he leads me I will follow, Where he leads me I will follow,
I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
Tho' he leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
Where he leads me I will follow, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

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4 ‖: Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :‖
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

5 ‖: Tho' he leads me to the conflict, :‖
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

6 ‖: Tho' he leads through fiery trials, :‖
I'll go with him, with him all the way.

7 ‖: I will follow on to know him, :‖
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.

8 ‖: He will give me grace and glory, :‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

9 ‖: O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :‖
And be with him, with him all the way.

Stepping in the Light.

L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J Kirkpatrick.

1. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to follow our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is leading, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll
Saviour and King; Shaping our lives by his blessed ex- am - ple,
turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,
mer - cy, and love, Looking to him for the grace free- ly promised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beauty."
CHORUS.
Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
Happy, how happy, our praises each day.
Happy, how happy, our journey above.
Happy, how happy, our place at his side.
steps of the Saviour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How
beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.

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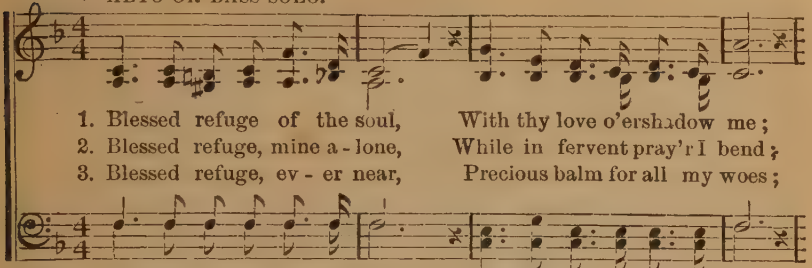
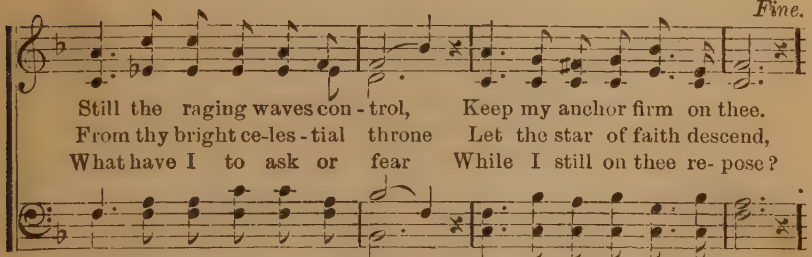
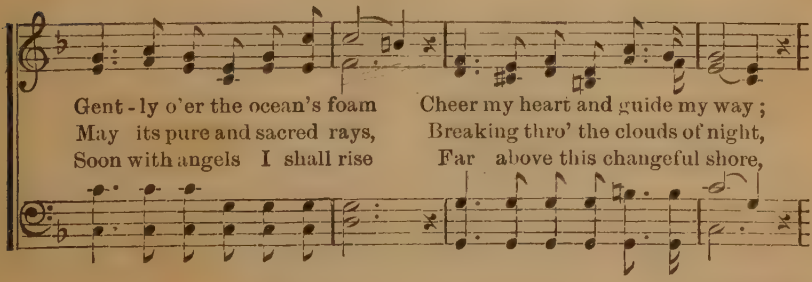
FANNY J. CROSBY. Mrs. Rev. J. G. WILSON.

ALTO OR BASS SOLO.

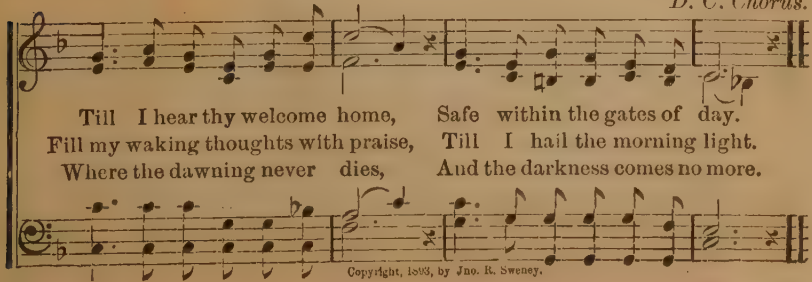

1. Blessed refuge of the soul, With thy love o'ershadow me;
2. Blessed refuge, mine a - lone, While in fervent pray'r I bend;
3. Blessed refuge, ev - er near, Precious balm for all my woes;
CHO.—Blessed refuge of the soul, With thy love o'ershadow me;

Fine.


Still the raging waves con - trol, Keep my anchor firm on thee.
From thy bright ce-les - tial throne Let the star of faith descend,
What have I to ask or fear While I still on thee re- pose?
Still the raging waves con - trol, Keep my anchor firm on thee.


Gent - ly o'er the ocean's foam Cheer my heart and guide my way;
May its pure and sacred rays, Breaking thro' the clouds of night,
Soon with angels I shall rise Far above this changeful shore,

D. C. Chorus.


Till I hear thy welcome home, Safe within the gates of day.
Fill my waking thoughts with praise, Till I hail the morning light.
Where the dawning never dies, And the darkness comes no more.

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Let the Saviour In.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

Tenderly.

1. 'Tis the Saviour who would claim Entrance to your heart; Will you
2. No one like the Saviour knocks At the sin- ner's door; 'Tis no
3. Oh, how can you bid him wait 'Till an - oth - er day? When al-

send your Lord away? Will you say, "Depart?" He will all your trials share;
stranger that implores, He has knocked before, He has often sought your heart,
read- y Jesus weeps At the long de-lay; 'Twas for you that Jesus died,

CHORUS.

pp

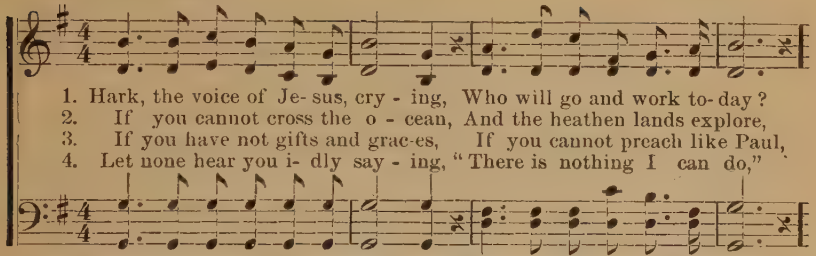
He will cleanse you from all sin. 'Tis your Saviour,
Shall he cleanse it now from sin? 'tis your Saviour standing there,
And 'tis you he longs to win. let him in,

rit.

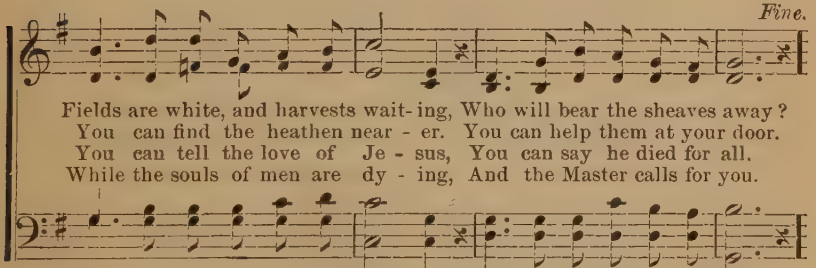
pp *pp*

Haste and let him in, let him in, . Lest he turn a- way, let him in. . .
let him in, let him in.

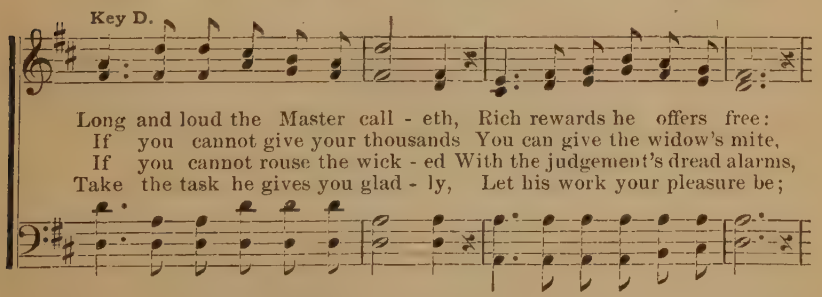
Rev. Daniel March, D. D. Jno. R. Swbney.

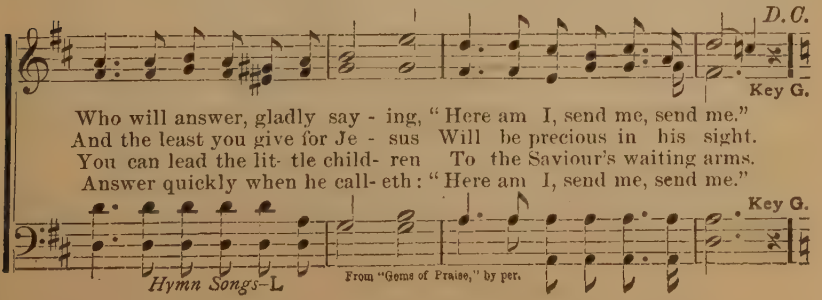

1. Hark, the voice of Je- sus, cry - ing, Who will go and work to- day?
2. If you cannot cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands explore,
3. If you have not gifts and grac-es, If you cannot preach like Paul,
4. Let none hear you i- dly say - ing, "There is nothing I can do,"

Cho.—Hark, the voice of Je- sus, cry - ing, Who will go and work to- day?


Fine.
Fields are white, and harvests wait- ing, Who will bear the sheaves away?
You can find the heathen near - er. You can help them at your door.
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say he died for all.
While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Master calls for you.

Fields are white, and harvests waiting,—Who will bear the sheaves away?


Key D.
Long and loud the Master call - eth, Rich rewards he offers free:
If you cannot give your thousands You can give the widow's mite,
If you cannot rouse the wick - ed With the judgement's dread alarms,
Take the task he gives you glad - ly, Let his work your pleasure be;

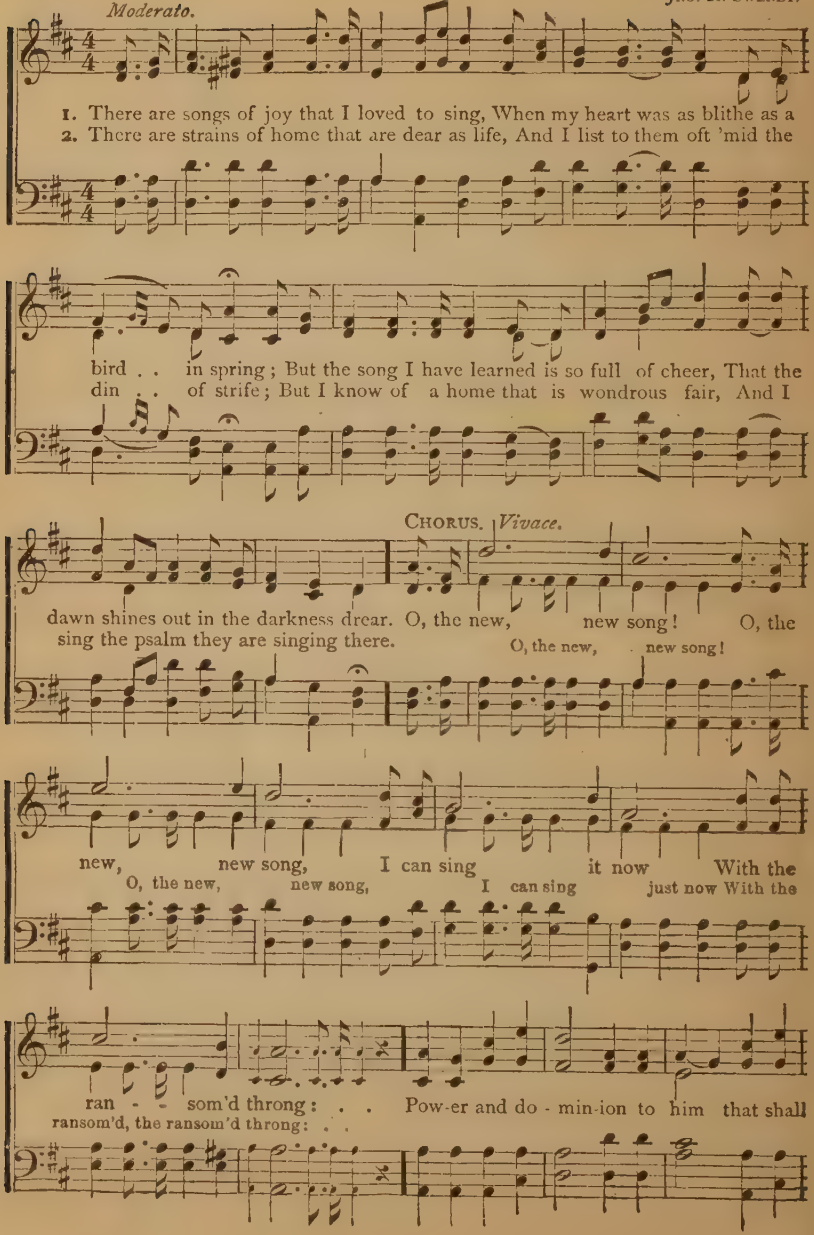

D.C.
Key G.
Who will answer, gladly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me."
And the least you give for Je - sus Will be precious in his sight.
You can lead the lit- tle child- ren To the Saviour's waiting arms.
Answer quickly when he call- eth: "Here am I, send me, send me."
Key G.

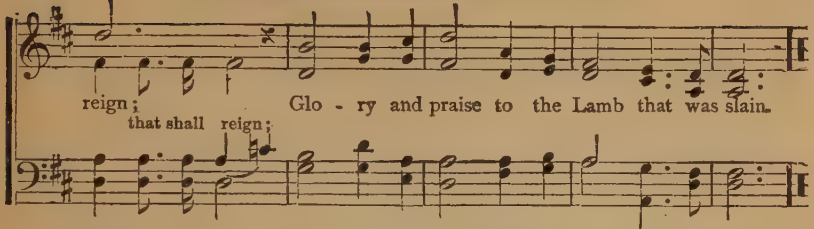
From "Gems of Praise," by per.

The New Song.

FLORA L. BEST. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.


1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the
bird . . in spring; But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the
din . . of strife; But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I
CHORUS. Vivace.
dawn shines out in the darkness drear. O, the new, new song! O, the
sing the psalm they are singing there.
O, the new, new song!
new, new song, I can sing it now With the
O, the new, new song, I can sing just now With the
ran - - som'd throng: . . Pow-er and do - min-ion to him that shall
ransom'd, the ransom'd throng: . .



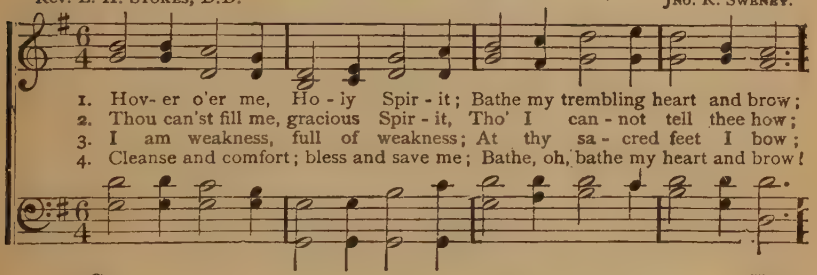
3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
When the gracious Master hath made me glad?
When he points where the many mansions be,
And sweetly says, 'There is one for thee'?

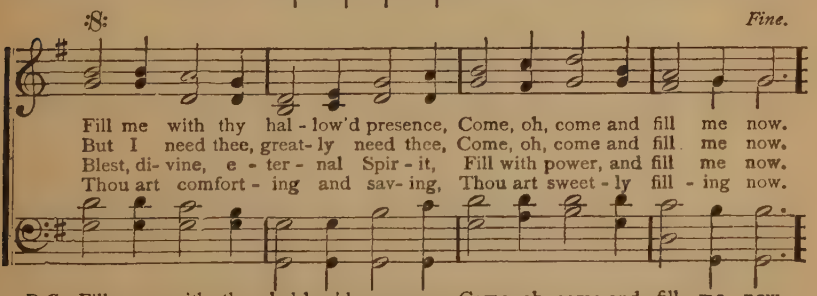
4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall
When I come to the gloom of the evenfall,
For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to him.

From "Gems of Praise," by per.

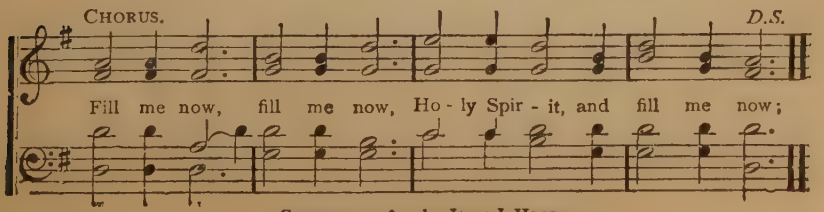
Fill Me Now.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D.D. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Hov- er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!


:S:
Fine.
Fill me with thy hal - low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need thee, great- ly need thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di- vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with power, and fill me now.
Thou art comfort - ing and sav- ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D.S. Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.



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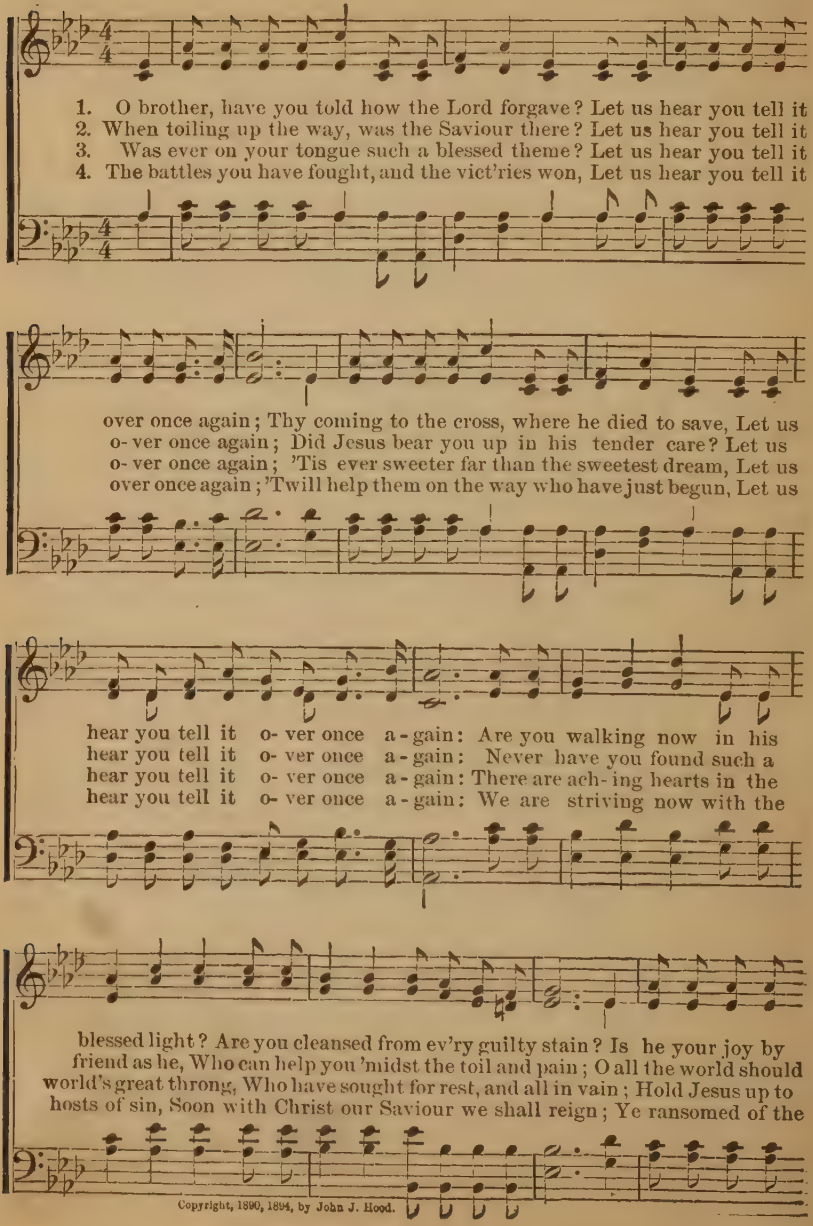
Let us Hear you Tell it.

J. M. W. J. M. Whyte. By per.


1. O brother, have you told how the Lord forgave? Let us hear you tell it
2. When toiling up the way, was the Saviour there? Let us hear you tell it
3. Was ever on your tongue such a blessed theme? Let us hear you tell it
4. The battles you have fought, and the vict'ries won, Let us hear you tell it
over once again; Thy coming to the cross, where he died to save, Let us
o- ver once again; Did Jesus bear you up in his tender care? Let us
o- ver once again; 'Tis ever sweeter far than the sweetest dream, Let us
over once again; 'Twill help them on the way who have just begun, Let us
hear you tell it o- ver once a- gain: Are you walking now in his
hear you tell it o- ver once a- gain: Never have you found such a
hear you tell it o- ver once a- gain: There are ach- ing hearts in the
hear you tell it o- ver once a- gain: We are striving now with the
blessed light? Are you cleansed from ev'ry guilty stain? Is he your joy by
friend as he, Who can help you 'midst the toil and pain; O all the world should
world's great throng, Who have sought for rest, and all in vain; Hold Jesus up to
hosts of sin, Soon with Christ our Saviour we shall reign; Ye ransomed of the

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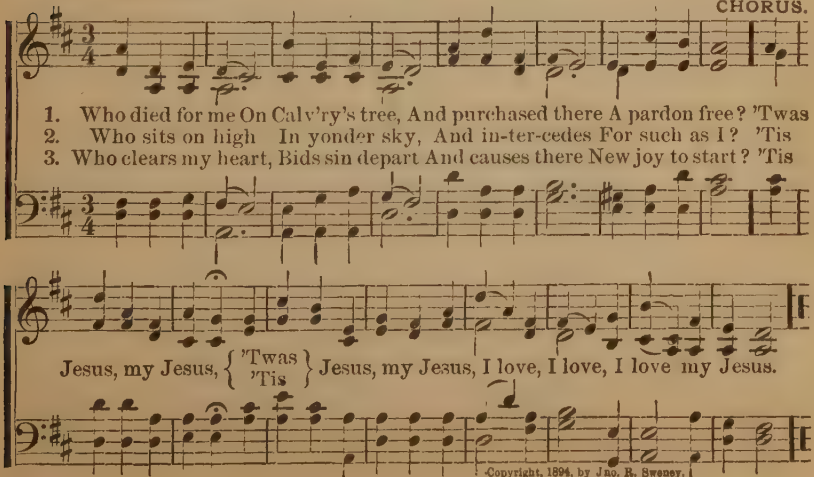
f.
Fine.
day, and your song by night? Let us hear you tell it o - ver once again.
hear what he's done for thee; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once again.
them by your word and song; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once again.
Lord, try a soul to win; Let us hear you tell it o - ver once again.
CHORUS.
D. S.—Let us hear you tell it o - ver once again.
Let us hear you tell it o - ver, tell it o - ver once a-
Let us hear you tell it o-ver once again, tell it over, tell it
D.S.
gain, Tell the sweet and blessed story, It will help you on to glory,
over once again,

Jesus, My Jesus.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. JNO. R. SWENEY.


CHORUS.
1. Who died for me On Calv'ry's tree, And purchased there A pardon free? 'Twas
2. Who sits on high In yonder sky, And in-ter-cedes For such as I? 'Tis
3. Who clears my heart, Bids sin depart And causes there New joy to start? 'Tis
Jesus, my Jesus, { 'Twas / 'Tis } Jesus, my Jesus, I love, I love, I love my Jesus.

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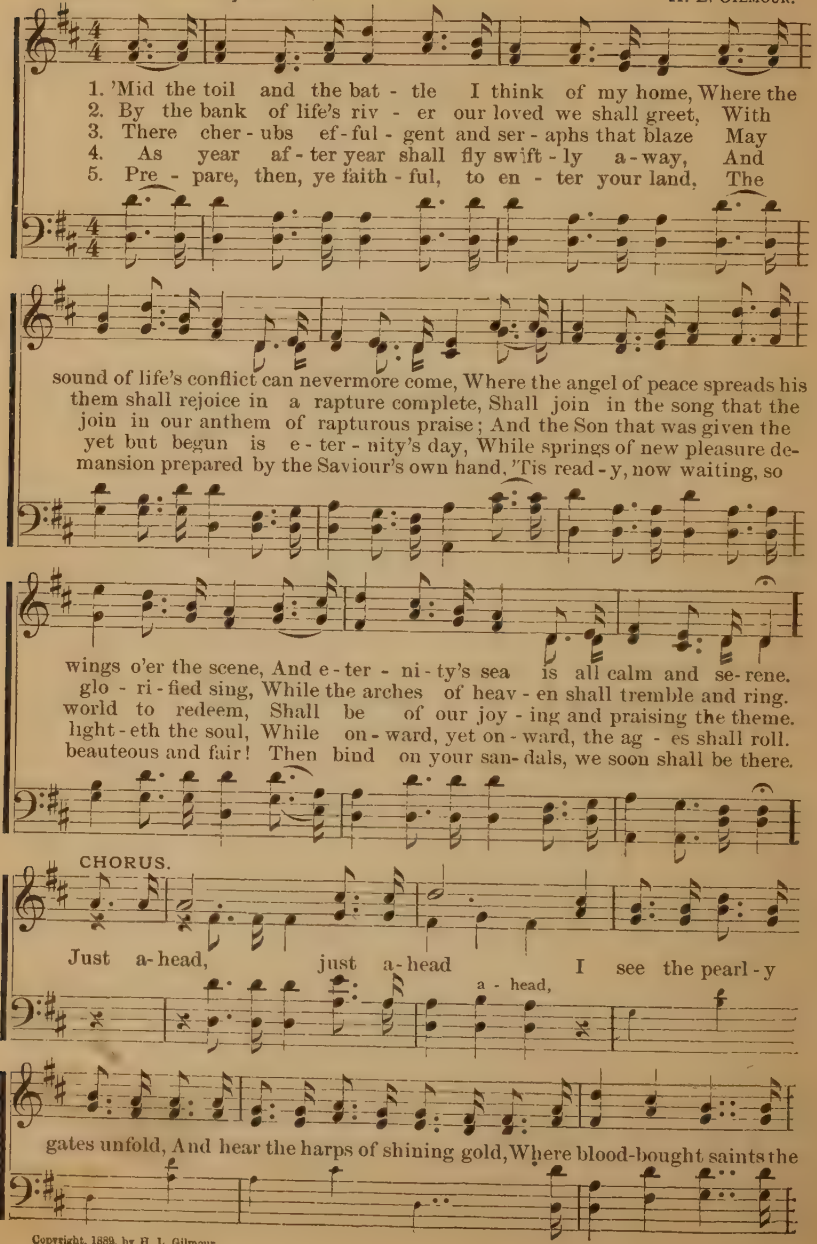
Just Ahead.

EDGAR PAGE. Cho. by H. L. G. H. L. GILMOUR.


1. 'Mid the toil and the bat - tle I think of my home, Where the
2. By the bank of life's riv - er our loved we shall greet, With
3. There cher - ubs ef - ful - gent and ser - aphs that blaze May
4. As year af - ter year shall fly swift - ly a - way, And
5. Pre - pare, then, ye faith - ful, to en - ter your land, The
sound of life's conflict can nevermore come, Where the angel of peace spreads his
them shall rejoice in a rapture complete, Shall join in the song that the
join in our anthem of rapturous praise; And the Son that was given the
yet but begun is e - ter - nity's day, While springs of new pleasure de-
mansion prepared by the Saviour's own hand, 'Tis read - y, now waiting, so
wings o'er the scene, And e - ter - ni - ty's sea is all calm and se - rene.
glo - ri - fied sing, While the arches of heav - en shall tremble and ring.
world to redeem, Shall be of our joy - ing and praising the theme.
light - eth the soul, While on - ward, yet on - ward, the ag - es shall roll.
beauteous and fair! Then bind on your san - dals, we soon shall be there.
CHORUS.
Just a - head, just a - head I see the pearl - y
a - head,
gates unfold, And hear the harps of shining gold, Where blood-bought saints the

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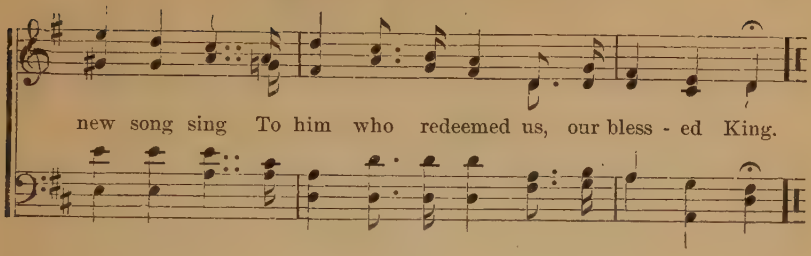
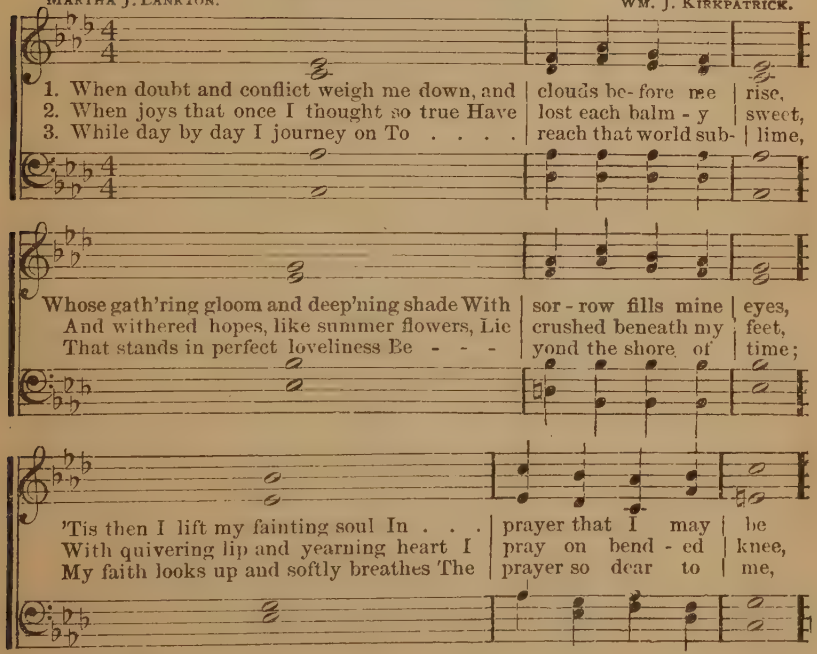


Nearer to Thee.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. When doubt and conflict weigh me down, and | clouds be-fore me | rise,
2. When joys that once I thought so true Have | lost each balm - y | sweet,
3. While day by day I journey on To . . . . | reach that world sub- | lime,
Whose gath'ring gloom and deep'ning shade With | sor - row fills mine | eyes,
And withered hopes, like summer flowers, Lie | crushed beneath my | feet,
That stands in perfect loveliness Be - - - | yond the shore of | time;
'Tis then I lift my fainting soul In . . . | prayer that I may | be
With quivering lip and yearning heart I | pray on bend - ed | knee,
My faith looks up and softly breathes The | prayer so dear to | me,
Lento.
Near - - er, my God, to thee, Near - - er to thee.

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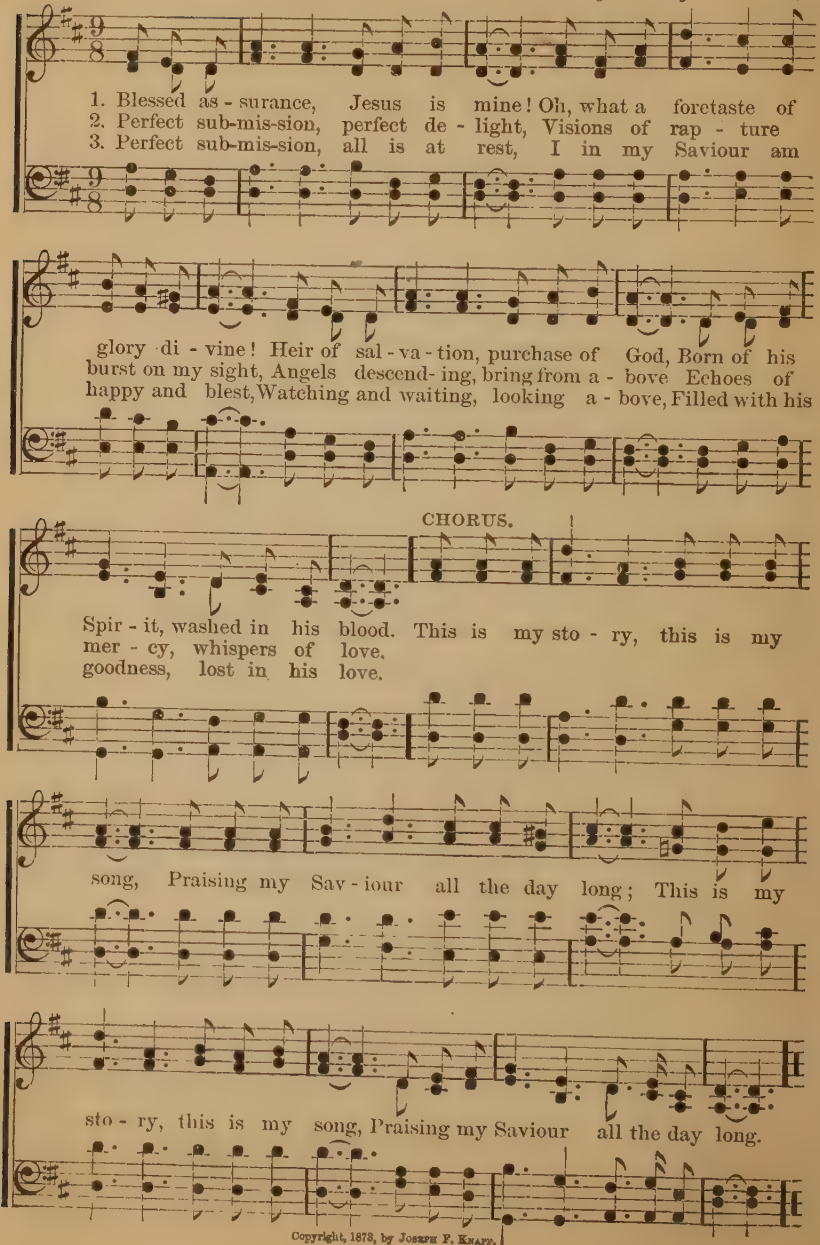
Blessed Assurance.

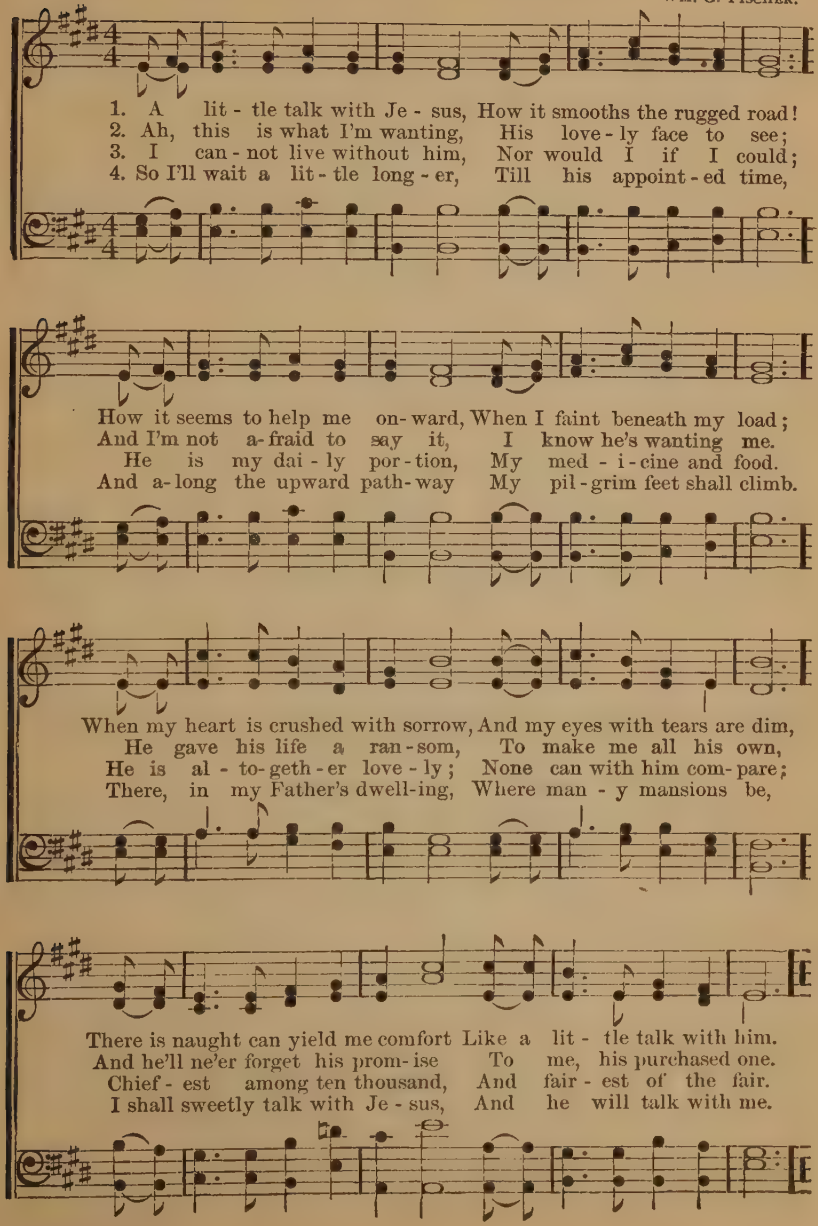
F. J. Crosby. "He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. x. 23. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.


1. Blessed as - surance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rap - ture
3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am
glory di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his
burst on my sight, Angels descend- ing, bring from a - bove Echoes of
happy and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with his
CHORUS.
Spir - it, washed in his blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my
mer - cy, whispers of love.
goodness, lost in his love.
song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp.

A little Talk with Jesus.

Wm. G. Fischer.


1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rugged road!
2. Ah, this is what I'm wanting, His love - ly face to see;
3. I can - not live without him, Nor would I if I could;
4. So I'll wait a lit - tle long - er, Till his appoint - ed time,
How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint beneath my load;
And I'm not a - fraid to say it, I know he's wanting me.
He is my dai - ly por - tion, My med - i - cine and food.
And a - long the upward path - way My pil - grim feet shall climb.
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim,
He gave his life a ran - som, To make me all his own,
He is al - to - geth - er love - ly; None can with him com - pare;
There, in my Father's dwell - ing, Where man - y mansions be,
There is naught can yield me comfort Like a lit - tle talk with him.
And he'll ne'er forget his prom - ise To me, his purchased one.
Chief - est among ten thousand, And fair - est of the fair.
I shall sweetly talk with Je - sus, And he will talk with me.

By permission.

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour. Geo. D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der embrace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, he pa - tient- ly waits To
burdened with sin, and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying,
faith taking hold of the word, My fetters fell off, and I
been the OLD STORY so blest Of Jesus, who'll save who-so-
John the be- lov - ed and blest, On Jesus' strong arm, where no
save by his power di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the
D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the
Fine.
make me your choice; And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
anchored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."
wild, stormy deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
D.S.
I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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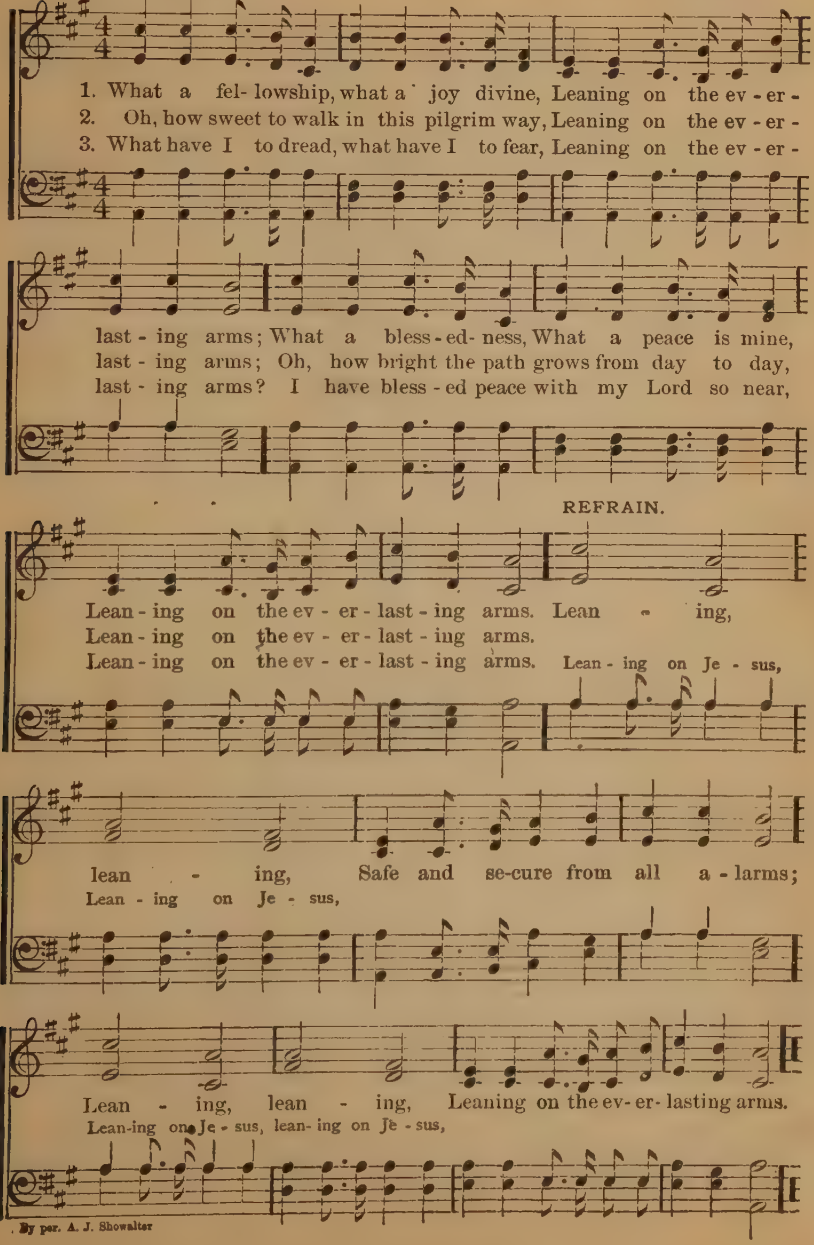
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms. 171

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

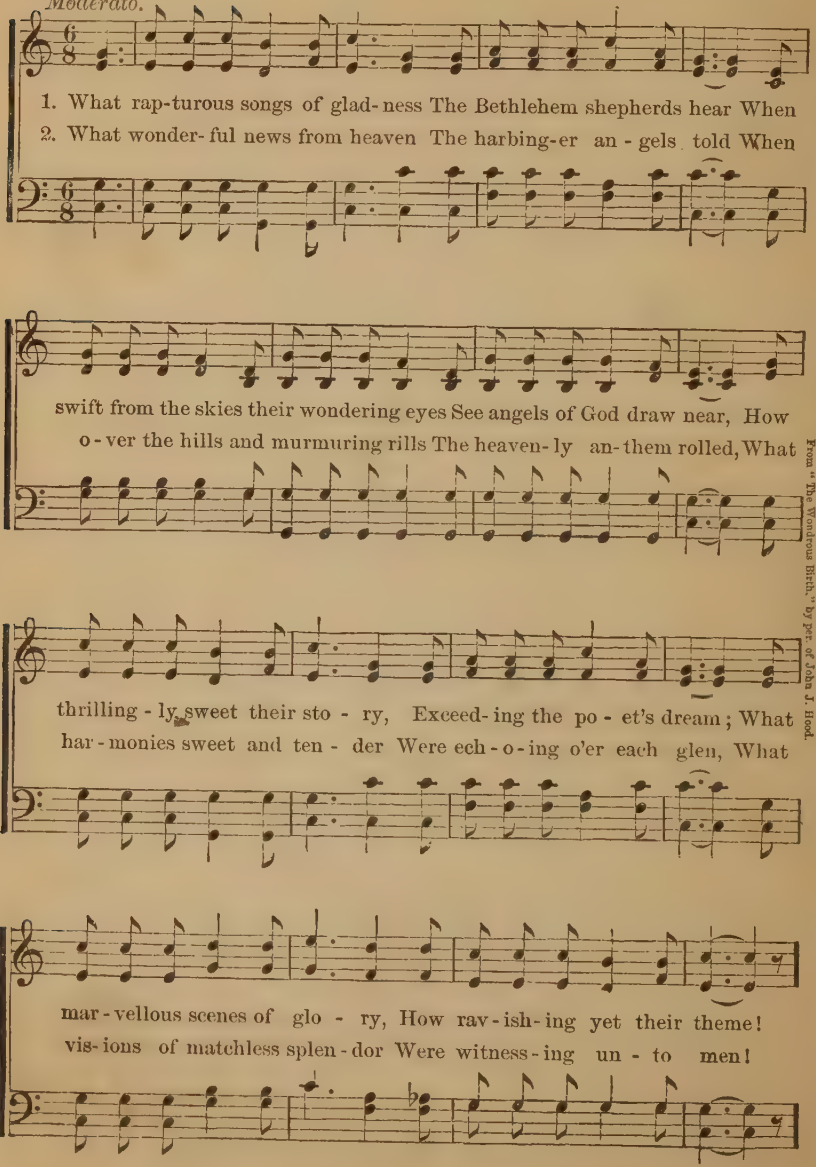

1. What a fel- lowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -
last - ing arms; What a bless - ed- ness, What a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,
REFRAIN.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,
lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev- er- lasting arms.
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean- ing on Je - sus,

By per. A. J. Showalter

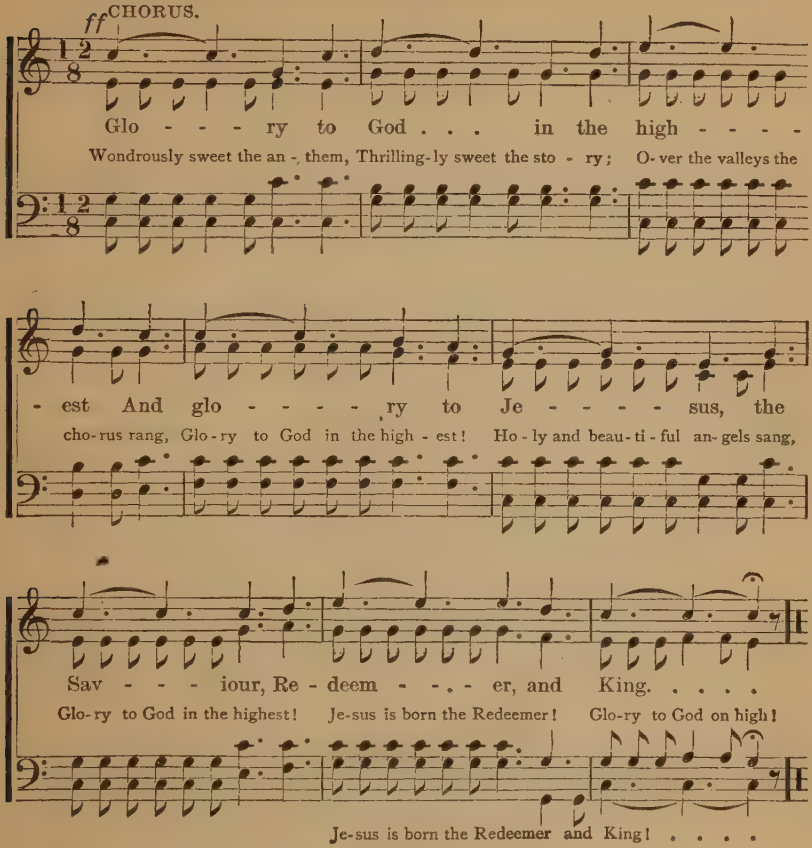
The Bethlehem Shepherds.

C. W. Ray. Geo. Beaverson.

Moderato.


1. What rap-turous songs of glad-ness The Bethlehem shepherds hear When
2. What wonder-ful news from heaven The harbing-er an-gels told When
swift from the skies their wondering eyes See angels of God draw near, How
o-ver the hills and murmuring rills The heaven-ly an-them rolled, What
thrilling-ly sweet their sto-ry, Exceed-ing the po-et's dream; What
har-monies sweet and ten-der Were ech-o-ing o'er each glen, What
mar-vellous scenes of glo-ry, How rav-ish-ing yet their theme!
vis-ions of matchless splen-dor Were witness-ing un-to men!

From "The Wondrous Birth," by per. of John J. Hood.


ff CHORUS.
Glo - - - ry to God . . . in the high - - - -
Wondrously sweet the an - them, Thrilling-ly sweet the sto - ry; O-ver the valleys the
- est And glo - - - - - ry to Je - - - - - sus, the
cho-rus rang, Glo-ry to God in the high - est! Ho-ly and beau-ti-ful an-gels sang,
Sav - - - iour, Re - deem - - - er, and King. . . . .
Glo-ry to God in the highest! Je-sus is born the Redeemer! Glo-ry to God on high!
Je-sus is born the Redeemer and King! . . . .

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.

Tune, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."—Key F.

1 Go, ye workers in God's vineyard,
Go, ye heralds of the cross;
Go, invite the lost to Jesus,
Go, you will not suffer loss,
Go, for God will give you courage,
Go, you will not be alone;
Go, his arm will be around you,
Go, for him, to every home.

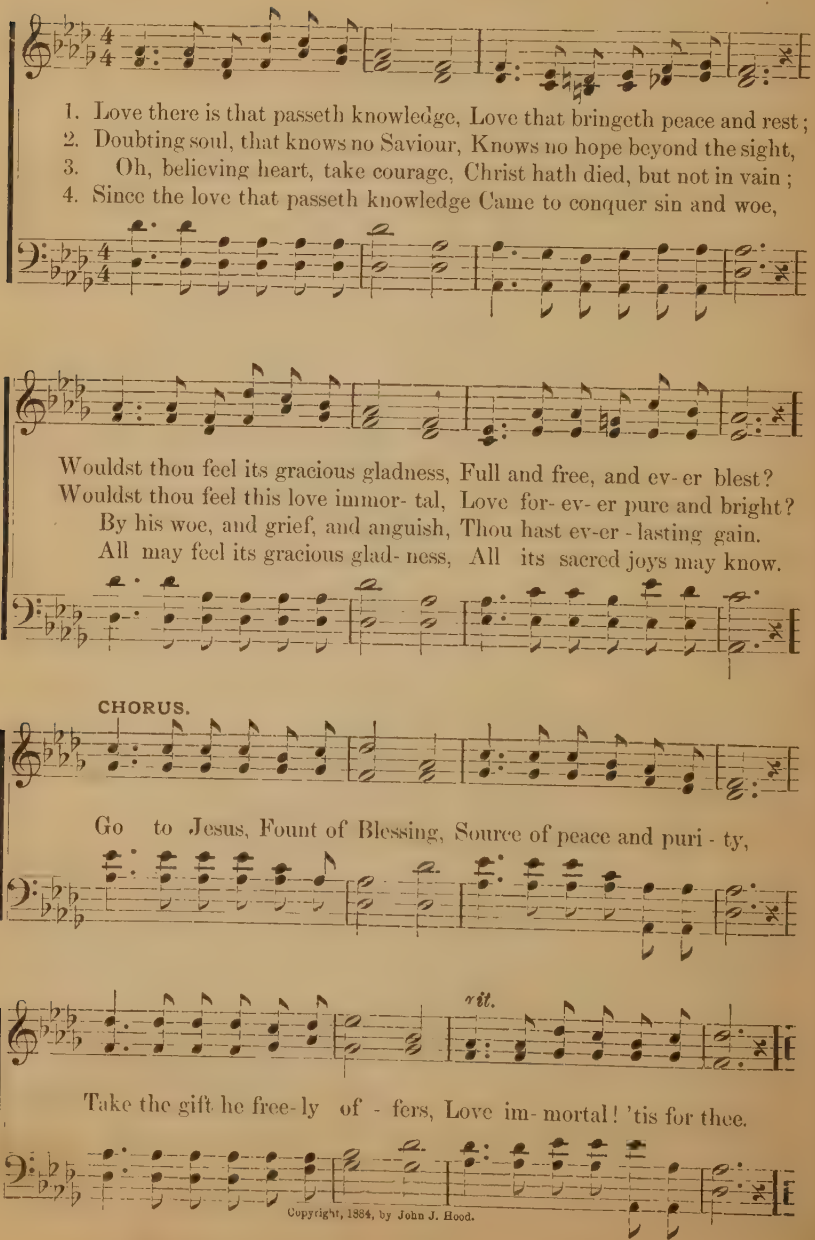
2 You may meet with many trials,
You may sometimes meet rebuff;
You may find the way unpleasant,
You must pray for grace enough.
You must work and do the bidding—
You have his command to "go;"
You must never be discouraged,
You will overcome the foe.

3 Grant us, Lord, thy heavenly blessing,
Give us now grace from above,
House to house, for visitation,
In thy name we'll go in love,
Epworth Leaguers and Endeav'rers,
Pastors, Teachers, Scholars, all,
Are united in this service
On us richest blessings fall.

—L. F. Lindsay.

Love Immortal.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Love there is that passeth knowledge, Love that bringeth peace and rest;
2. Doubting soul, that knows no Saviour, Knows no hope beyond the sight,
3. Oh, believing heart, take courage, Christ hath died, but not in vain;
4. Since the love that passeth knowledge Came to conquer sin and woe,
Wouldst thou feel its gracious gladness, Full and free, and ev-er blest?
Wouldst thou feel this love immor-tal, Love for-ev-er pure and bright?
By his woe, and grief, and anguish, Thou hast ev-er-lasting gain.
All may feel its gracious glad-ness, All its sacred joys may know.
CHORUS.
Go to Jesus, Fount of Blessing, Source of peace and puri-ty,
rit.
Take the gift he free-ly of-fers, Love im-mortal! 'tis for thee.

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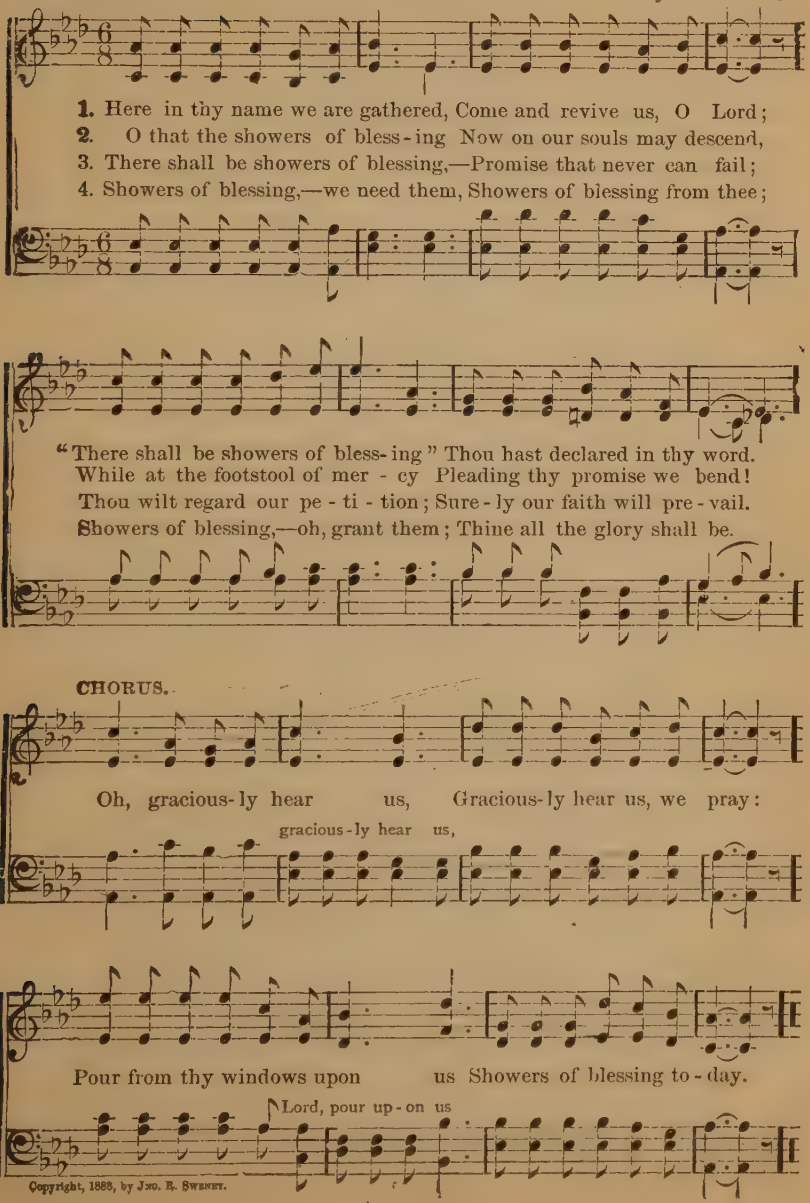
Showers of Blessing.

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."
Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Here in thy name we are gathered, Come and revive us, O Lord;
2. O that the showers of bless-ing Now on our souls may descend,
3. There shall be showers of blessing,—Promise that never can fail;
4. Showers of blessing,—we need them, Showers of blessing from thee;
"There shall be showers of bless-ing" Thou hast declared in thy word.
While at the footstool of mer-cy Pleading thy promise we bend!
Thou wilt regard our pe-ti-tion; Sure-ly our faith will pre-vail.
Showers of blessing,—oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.
CHORUS.
Oh, gracious-ly hear us, Gracious-ly hear us, we pray:
gracious-ly hear us,
Pour from thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to-day.
Lord, pour up-on us

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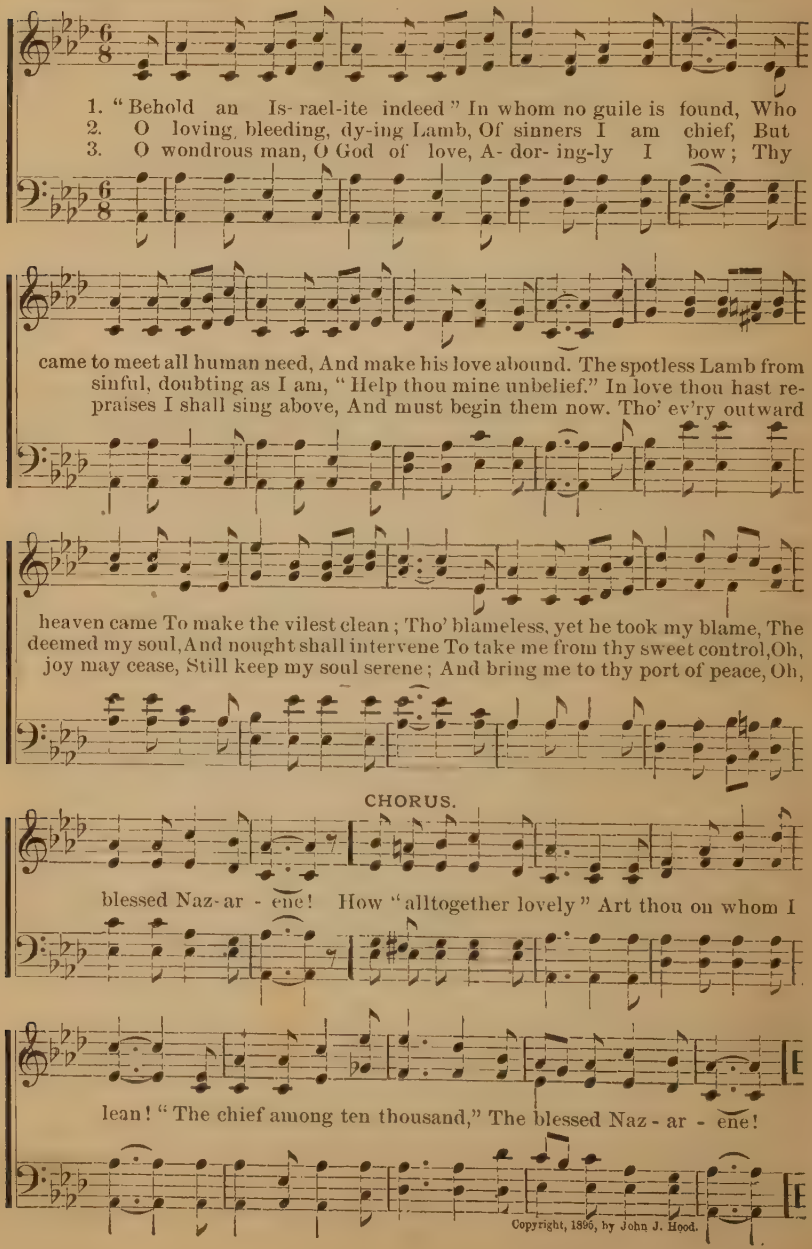
The Blessed Nazarene.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK. W. A. OGDEN.


1. "Behold an Is- rael-ite indeed" In whom no guile is found, Who
2. O loving, bleeding, dy-ing Lamb, Of sinners I am chief, But
3. O wondrous man, O God of love, A- dor- ing-ly I bow; Thy
came to meet all human need, And make his love abound. The spotless Lamb from
sinful, doubting as I am, "Help thou mine unbelief." In love thou hast re-
praises I shall sing above, And must begin them now. Tho' ev'ry outward
heaven came To make the vilest clean; Tho' blameless, yet he took my blame, The
deemed my soul, And nought shall intervene To take me from thy sweet control, Oh,
joy may cease, Still keep my soul serene; And bring me to thy port of peace, Oh,
CHORUS.
blessed Naz- ar - ene! How "alltogether lovely" Art thou on whom I
lean! "The chief among ten thousand," The blessed Naz - ar - ene!

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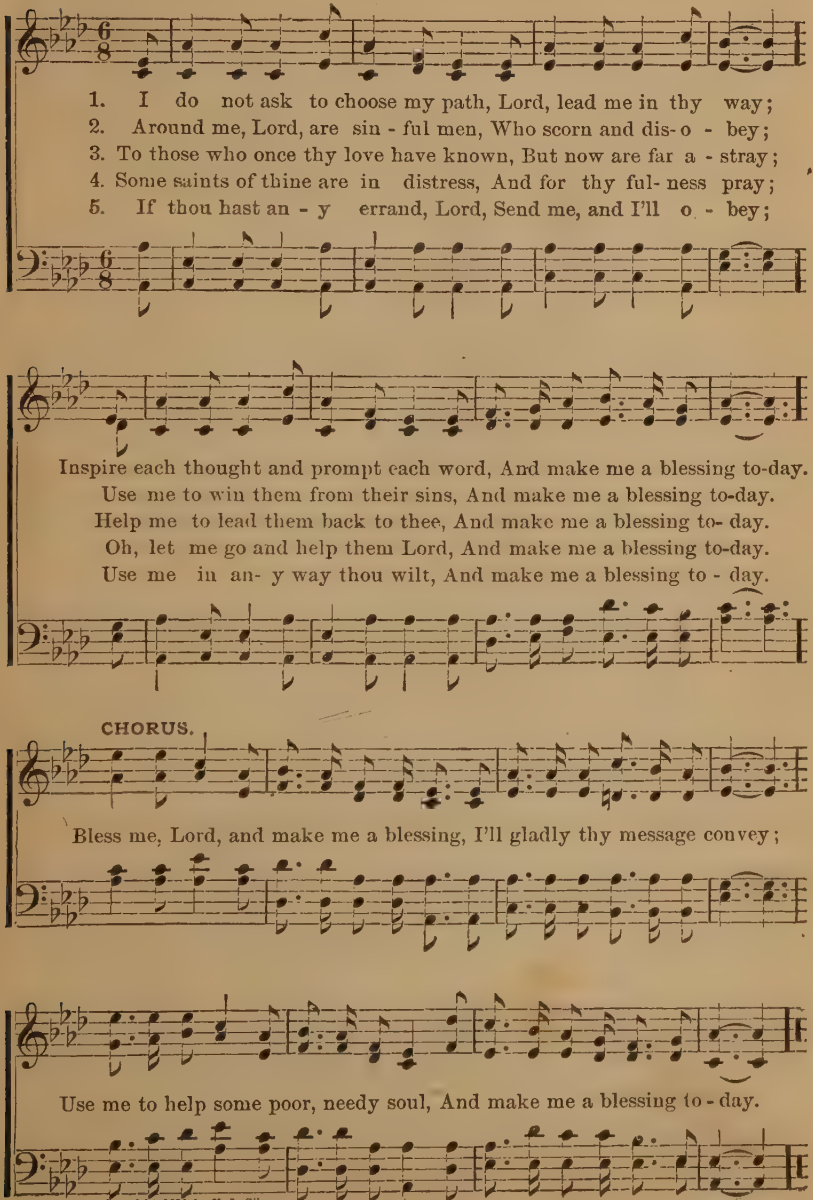
Make Me a Blessing To-day. 177

"Lord bless me, and make me a blessing."—Rev. D. B. Updegraff.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.


1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
2. Around me, Lord, are sin - ful men, Who scorn and dis- o - bey;
3. To those who once thy love have known, But now are far a - stray;
4. Some saints of thine are in distress, And for thy ful- ness pray;
5. If thou hast an - y errand, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;
Inspire each thought and prompt each word, And make me a blessing to-day.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a blessing to-day.
Help me to lead them back to thee, And make me a blessing to- day.
Oh, let me go and help them Lord, And make me a blessing to-day.
Use me in an- y way thou wilt, And make me a blessing to - day.
CHORUS.
Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll gladly thy message convey;
Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to - day.

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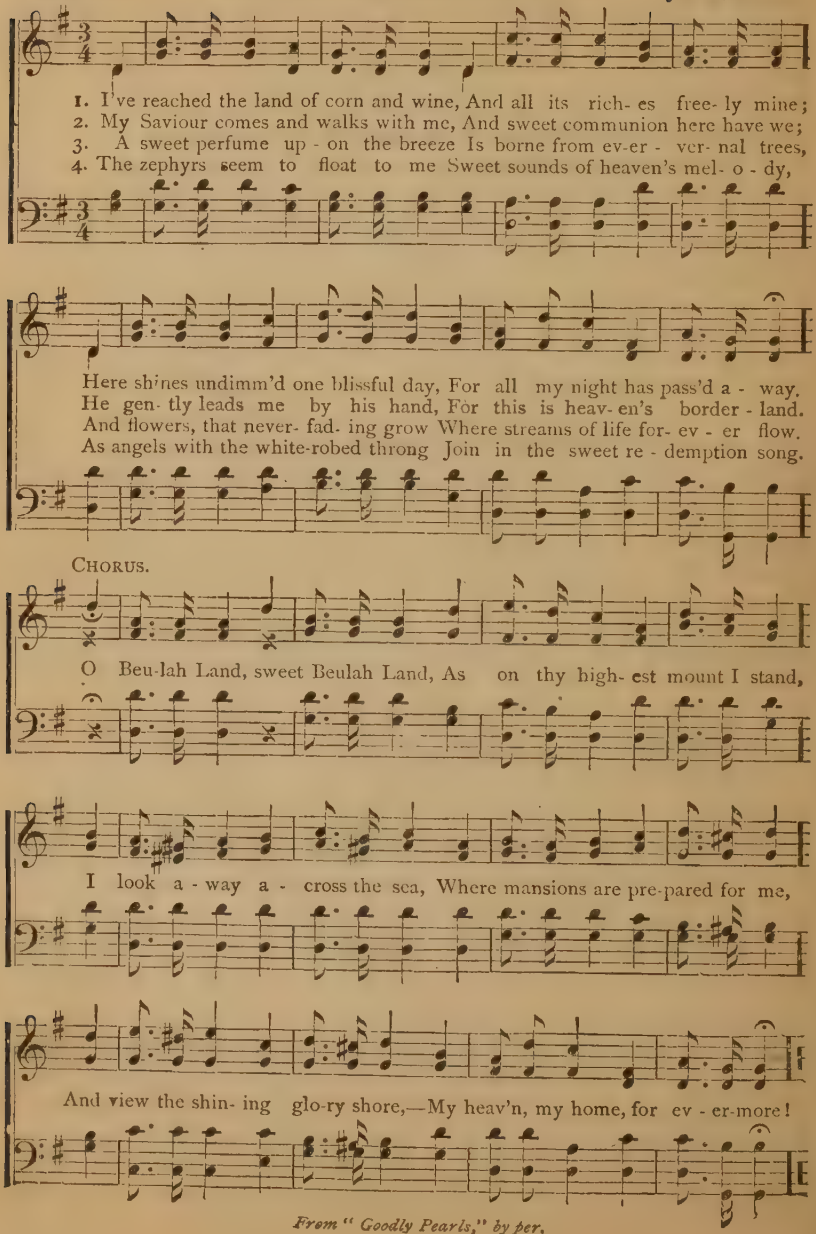
Beulah Land.

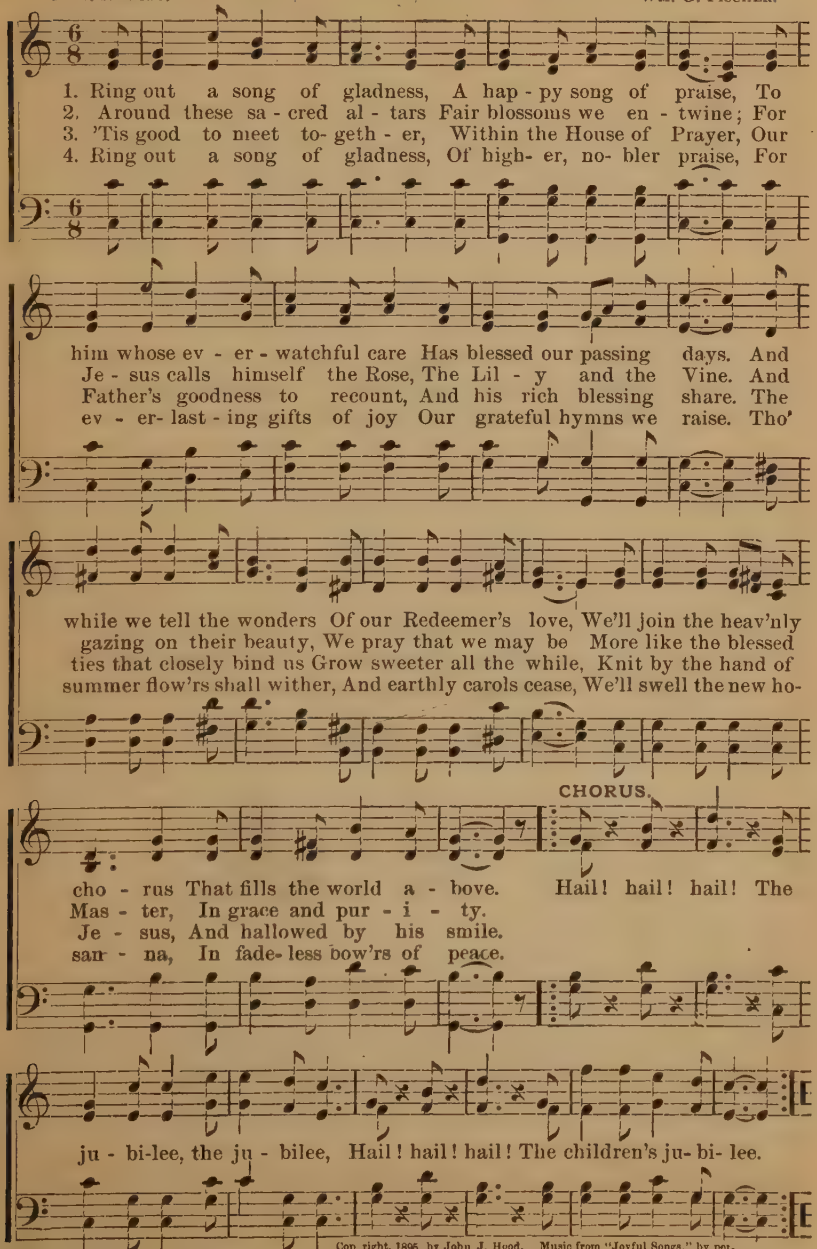
EDGAR PAGE. "*He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.*" JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich- es free- ly mine;
2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev-er - ver- nal trees,
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel- o - dy,
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.
He gen- tly leads me by his hand, For this is heav- en's border - land.
And flowers, that never- fad- ing grow Where streams of life for- ev - er flow.
As angels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re - demption song.
CHORUS.
O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy high- est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,
And view the shin- ing glo-ry shore,—My heav'n, my home, for ev - er-more!

From "Goodly Pearls," by per.

Ring Out a Song of Gladness. 179

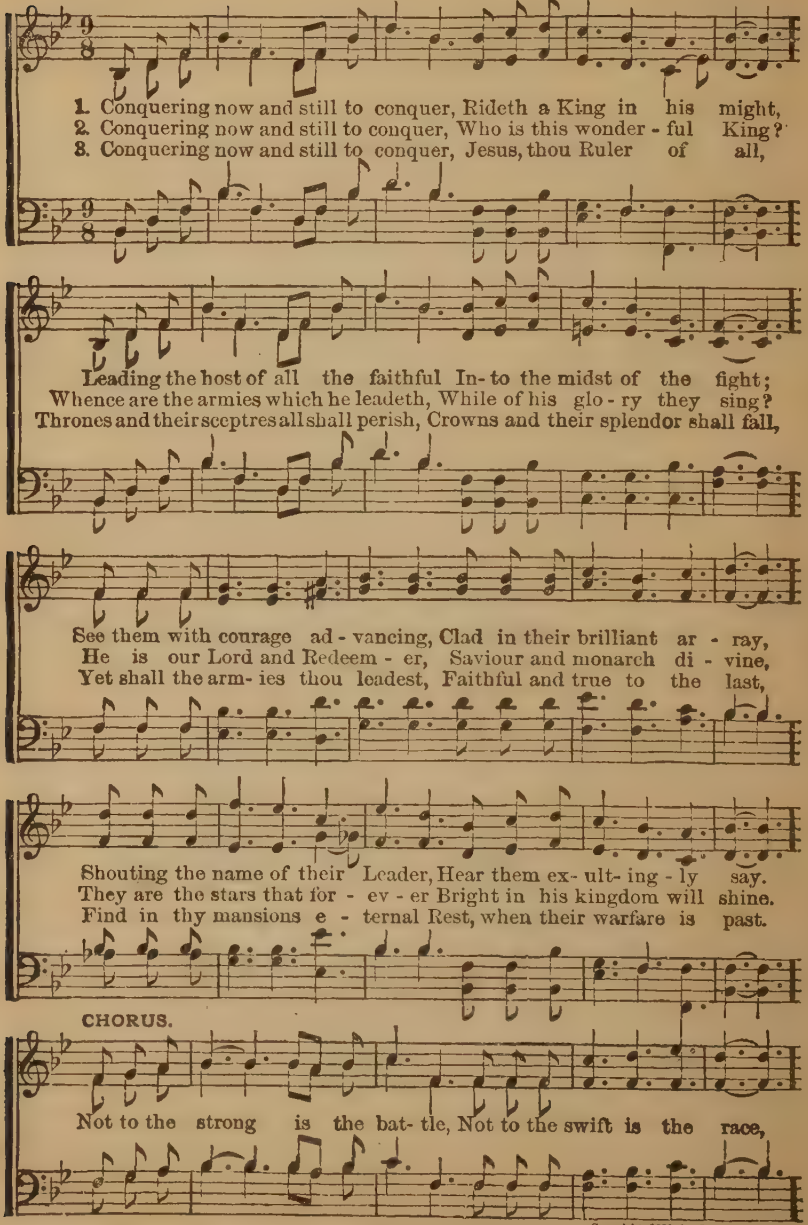
E. E. Hewitt. Wm. G. Fischer.


1. Ring out a song of gladness, A hap - py song of praise, To
him whose ev - er - watchful care Has blessed our passing days. And
2. Around these sa - cred al - tars Fair blossoms we en - twine; For
Je - sus calls himself the Rose, The Lil - y and the Vine. And
3. 'Tis good to meet to- geth - er, Within the House of Prayer, Our
Father's goodness to recount, And his rich blessing share. The
4. Ring out a song of gladness, Of high- er, no- bler praise, For
ev - er- last - ing gifts of joy Our grateful hymns we raise. Tho'
while we tell the wonders Of our Redeemer's love, We'll join the heav'nly
gazing on their beauty, We pray that we may be More like the blessed
ties that closely bind us Grow sweeter all the while, Knit by the hand of
summer flow'rs shall wither, And earthly carols cease, We'll swell the new ho-
CHORUS.
cho - rus That fills the world a - bove. Hail! hail! hail! The
Mas - ter, In grace and pur - i - ty.
Je - sus, And hallowed by his smile.
san - na, In fade- less bow'rs of peace.
ju - bi-lee, the ju - bilee, Hail! hail! hail! The children's ju- bi- lee.

Cop. right, 1895, by John J. Hood. Music from "Joyful Songs," by per.

Victory Through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in his might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this wonder - ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Jesus, thou Ruler of all,
Leading the host of all the faithful In- to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the armies which he leadeth, While of his glo - ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
See them with courage ad - vancing, Clad in their brilliant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Redeem - er, Saviour and monarch di - vine,
Yet shall the arm- ies thou leadest, Faithful and true to the last,
Shouting the name of their Leader, Hear them ex- ult- ing - ly say.
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in his kingdom will shine.
Find in thy mansions e - ternal Rest, when their warfare is past.
CHORUS.
Not to the strong is the bat- tle, Not to the swift is the race,

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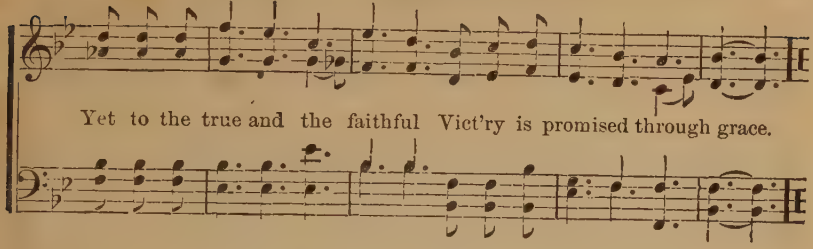
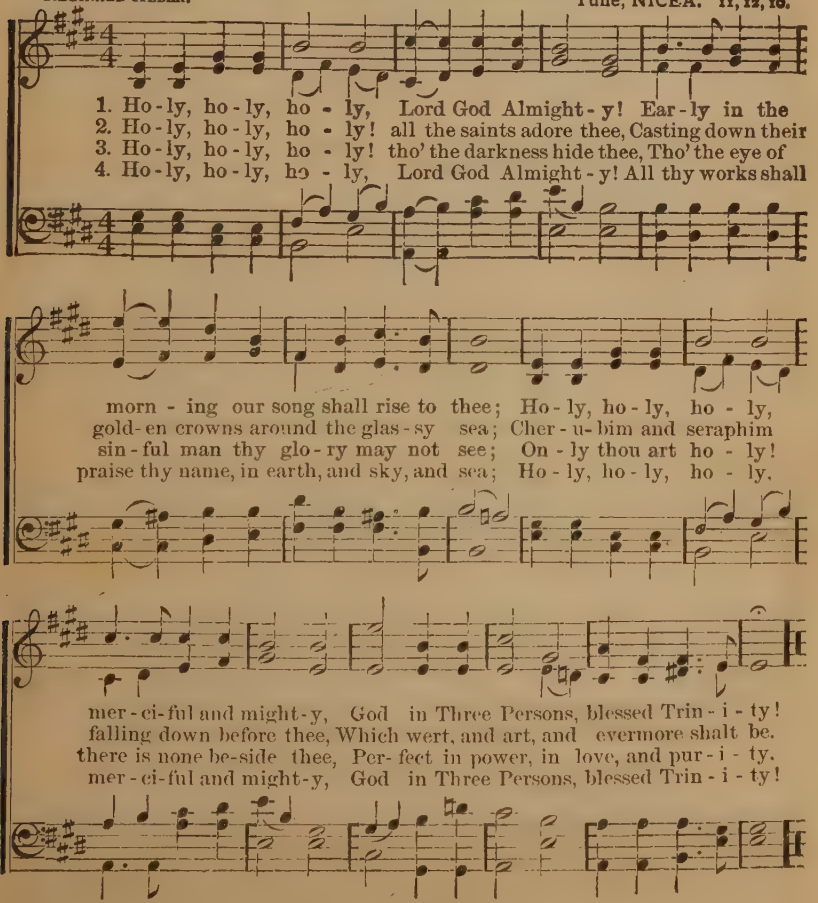


Holy, holy, holy.

REGINALD HEBER. Tune, NICEA. 11, 12, 10.


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almight-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almight-y! All thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,
gold-en crowns around the glas-sy sea; Cher-u-bim and seraphim
sin-ful man thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly thou art ho - ly!
praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly.
mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
falling down before thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
there is none be-side thee, Per-fect in power, in love, and pur-i-ty.
mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!

Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah i. 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

DUET. *Gently.* 1st. 2nd.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye unto God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great . . . compassion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un- to me, . . . ye people," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your transgressions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, return ye un - to God! Oh, return ye un - to God!
And remem - ber them no more, And remem - ber them no more.

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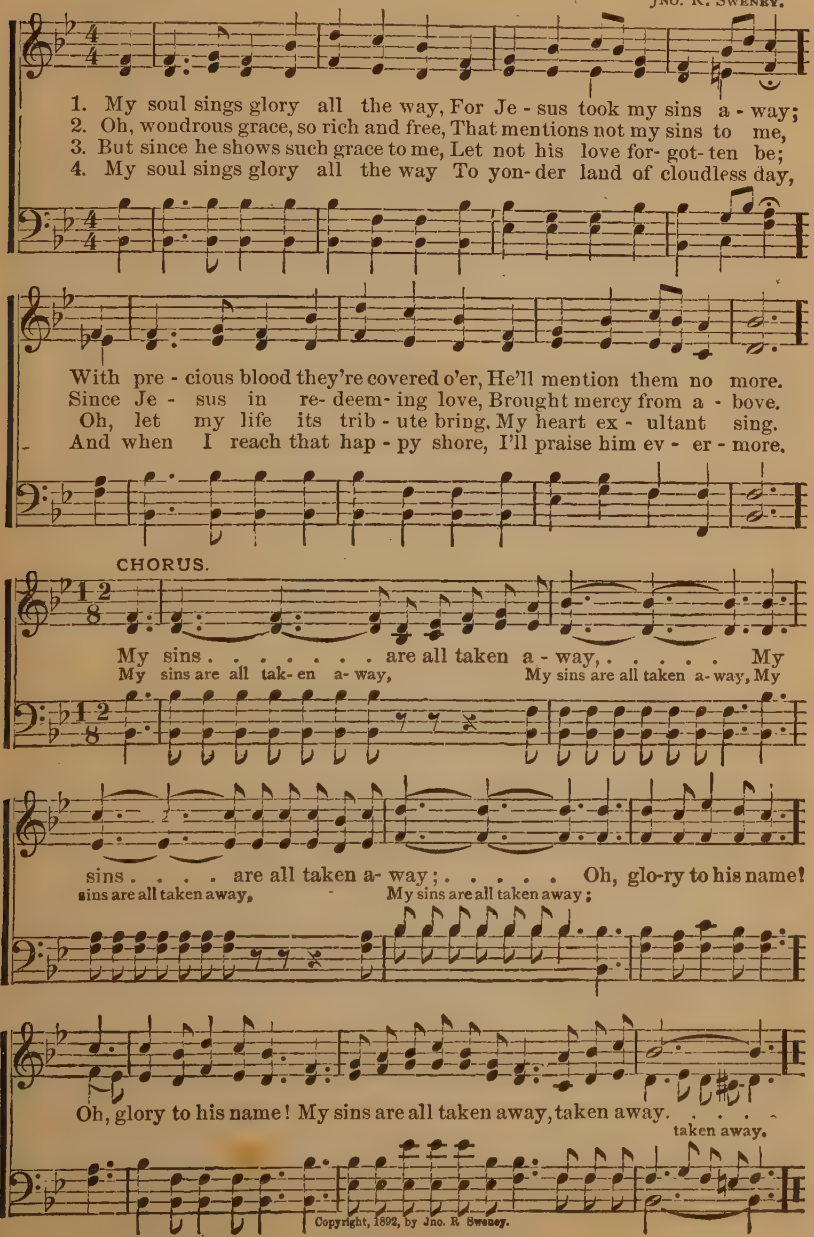
He'll Mention Them no More.

"They shall not be mentioned unto him."—Ezek. xvii: 22.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. My soul sings glory all the way, For Je - sus took my sins a - way;
2. Oh, wondrous grace, so rich and free, That mentions not my sins to me,
3. But since he shows such grace to me, Let not his love for- got- ten be;
4. My soul sings glory all the way To yon- der land of cloudless day,
With pre - cious blood they're covered o'er, He'll mention them no more.
Since Je - sus in re- deem- ing love, Brought mercy from a - bove.
Oh, let my life its trib - ute bring, My heart ex - ultant sing.
And when I reach that hap - py shore, I'll praise him ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
My sins . . . . . are all taken a - way, ... My
My sins are all tak- en a- way,
My sins are all taken a- way, My
sins . . . . are all taken a- way; . . . . . Oh, glo-ry to his name!
sins are all taken away,
My sins are all taken away;
Oh, glory to his name! My sins are all taken away, taken away. . . . .
taken away.

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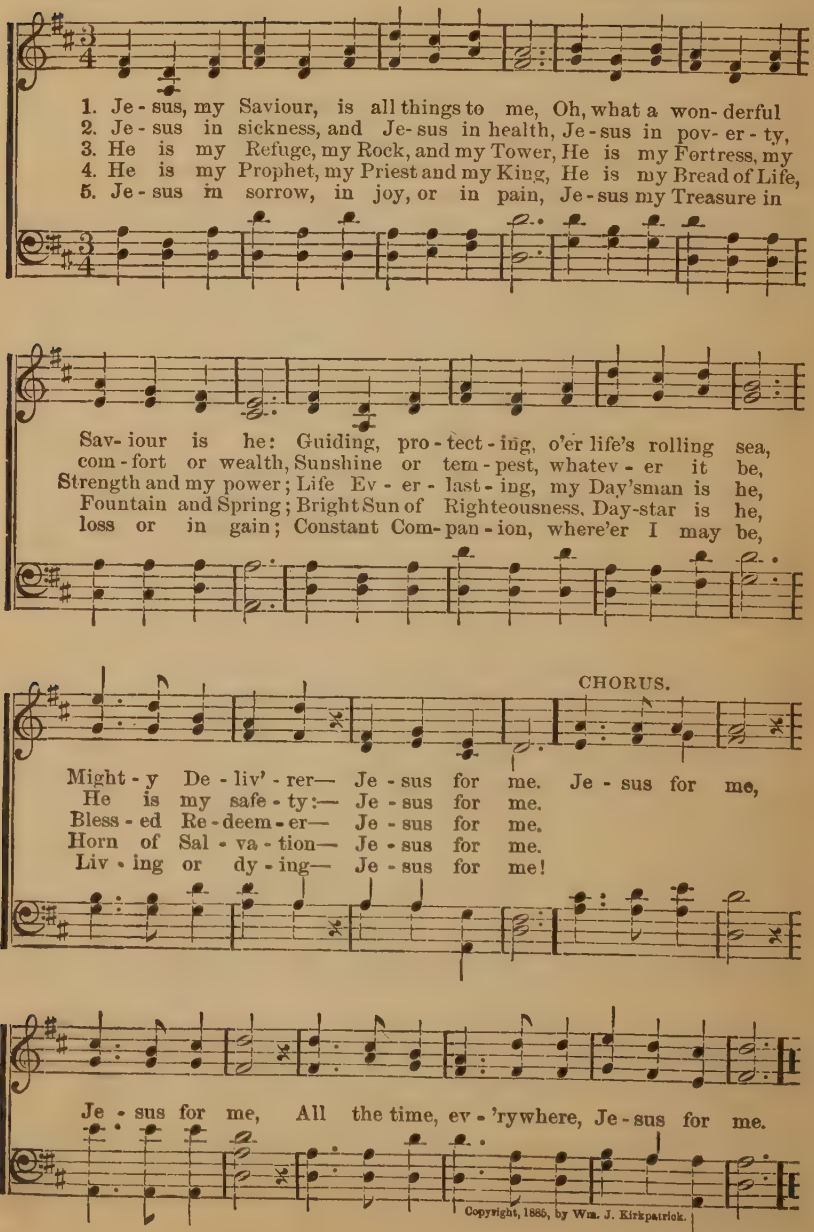
Jesus for Me.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Je - sus, my Saviour, is all things to me, Oh, what a won- derful
2. Je - sus in sickness, and Je- sus in health, Je - sus in pov- er - ty,
3. He is my Refuge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my Fortress, my
4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life,
5. Je - sus in sorrow, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treasure in
Sav- iour is he: Guiding, pro - tect - ing, o'er life's rolling sea,
com - fort or wealth, Sunshine or tem - pest, whatev - er it be,
Strength and my power; Life Ev - er - last - ing, my Day'sman is he,
Fountain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is he,
loss or in gain; Constant Com- pan - ion, where'er I may be,
CHORUS.
Might - y De - liv' - rer— Je - sus for me. Je - sus for me,
He is my safe - ty:— Je - sus for me.
Bless - ed Re - deem - er— Je - sus for me.
Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me!
Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'rywhere, Je - sus for me.

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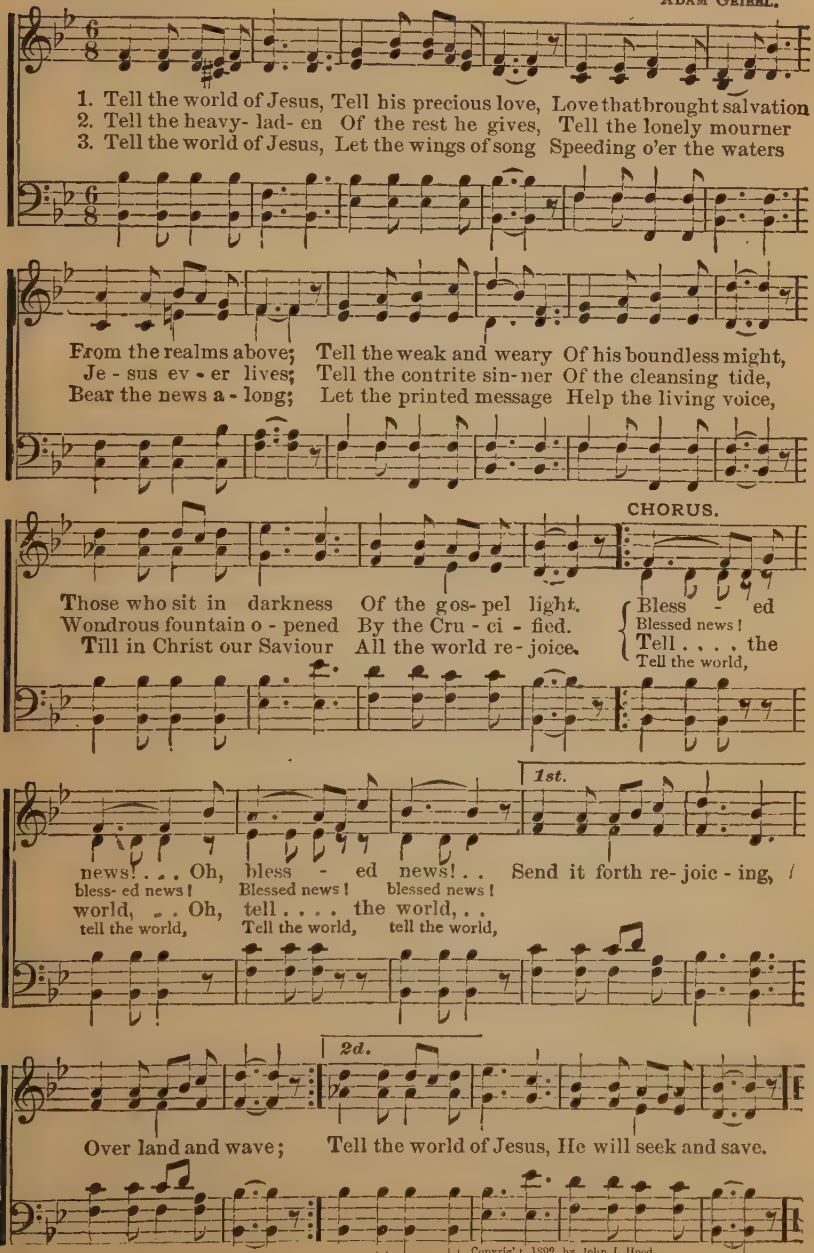
Tell the World of Jesus. 185

ELIZABETH STILLWELL. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Tell the world of Jesus, Tell his precious love, Love that brought salvation
2. Tell the heavy- lad- en Of the rest he gives, Tell the lonely mourner
3. Tell the world of Jesus, Let the wings of song Speeding o'er the waters
From the realms above; Tell the weak and weary Of his boundless might,
Je - sus ev - er lives; Tell the contrite sin- ner Of the cleansing tide,
Bear the news a - long; Let the printed message Help the living voice,
CHORUS.
Those who sit in darkness Of the gos- pel light. Bless - ed
Wondrous fountain o - pened By the Cru - ci - fied. Blessed news!
Till in Christ our Saviour All the world re - joice. Tell . . . . the
Tell the world,
1st.
news! . . . Oh, bless - ed news! . . Send it forth re- joic - ing,
bless- ed news! Blessed news! blessed news!
world, . . Oh, tell . . . . the world, . .
tell the world, Tell the world, tell the world,
2d.
Over land and wave; Tell the world of Jesus, He will seek and save.

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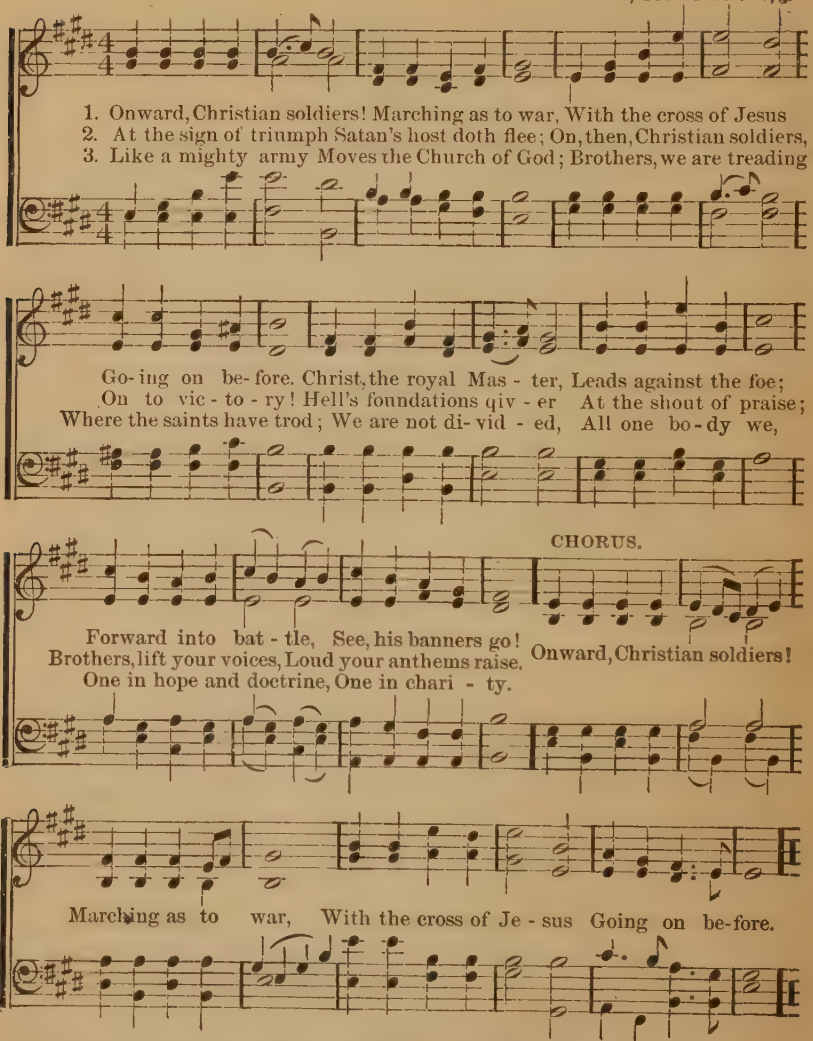
Onward, Christian Soldiers!

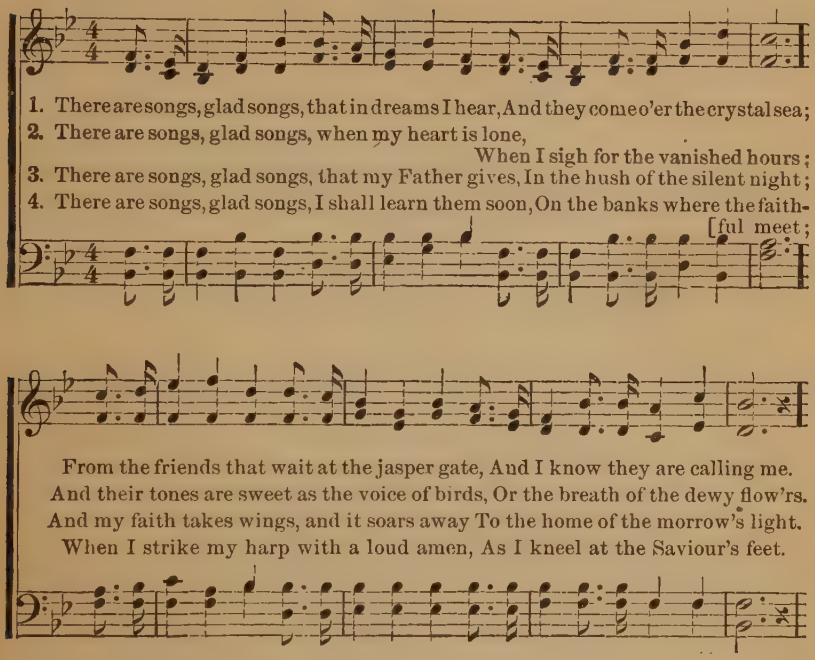
SABINE BARING-GOULD. Tune, ONWARD. 6, 5.


1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foundations qiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid - ed, All one bo-dy we,
CHORUS.
Forward into bat - tle, See, his banners go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and doctrine, One in chari - ty.
Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be-fore.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. There are songs, glad songs, that in dreams I hear, And they come o'er the crystal sea;
2. There are songs, glad songs, when my heart is lone,
When I sigh for the vanished hours;
3. There are songs, glad songs, that my Father gives, In the hush of the silent night;
4. There are songs, glad songs, I shall learn them soon, On the banks where the faith-
[ful meet;
From the friends that wait at the jasper gate, And I know they are calling me.
And their tones are sweet as the voice of birds, Or the breath of the dewy flow'rs.
And my faith takes wings, and it soars away To the home of the morrow's light.
When I strike my harp with a loud amen, As I kneel at the Saviour's feet.
CHORUS.
Come, oh, come they are gently say-ing, Come where the blest repose;
Come, oh, come to the vales of E-den, Come where the life-tree grows.

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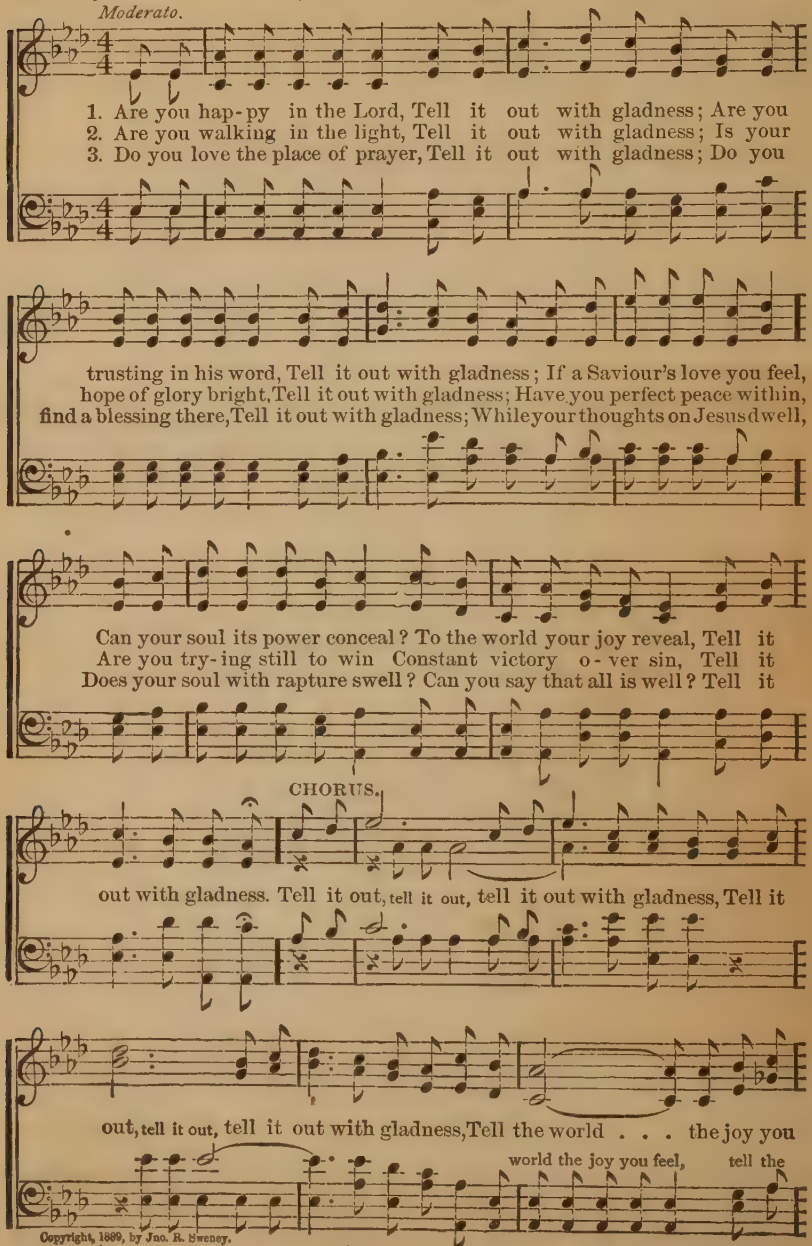
Tell it Out with Gladness.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.


1. Are you hap-py in the Lord, Tell it out with gladness; Are you
2. Are you walking in the light, Tell it out with gladness; Is your
3. Do you love the place of prayer, Tell it out with gladness; Do you
trusting in his word, Tell it out with gladness; If a Saviour's love you feel,
hope of glory bright, Tell it out with gladness; Have you perfect peace within,
find a blessing there, Tell it out with gladness; While your thoughts on Jesus dwell,
Can your soul its power conceal? To the world your joy reveal, Tell it
Are you try-ing still to win Constant victory o-ver sin, Tell it
Does your soul with rapture swell? Can you say that all is well? Tell it
CHORUS.
out with gladness. Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell it
out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell the world . . . the joy you
world the joy you feel, tell the

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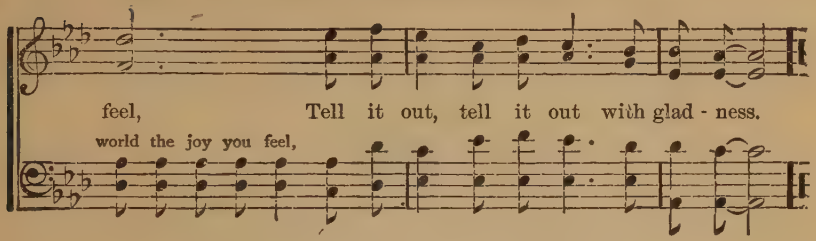

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

With great feeling.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
My strength renew, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm coming home.
D.S.—O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.
CHORUS.
Coming home, coming home, Nev - er more to roam;

Fine. *D.S.*

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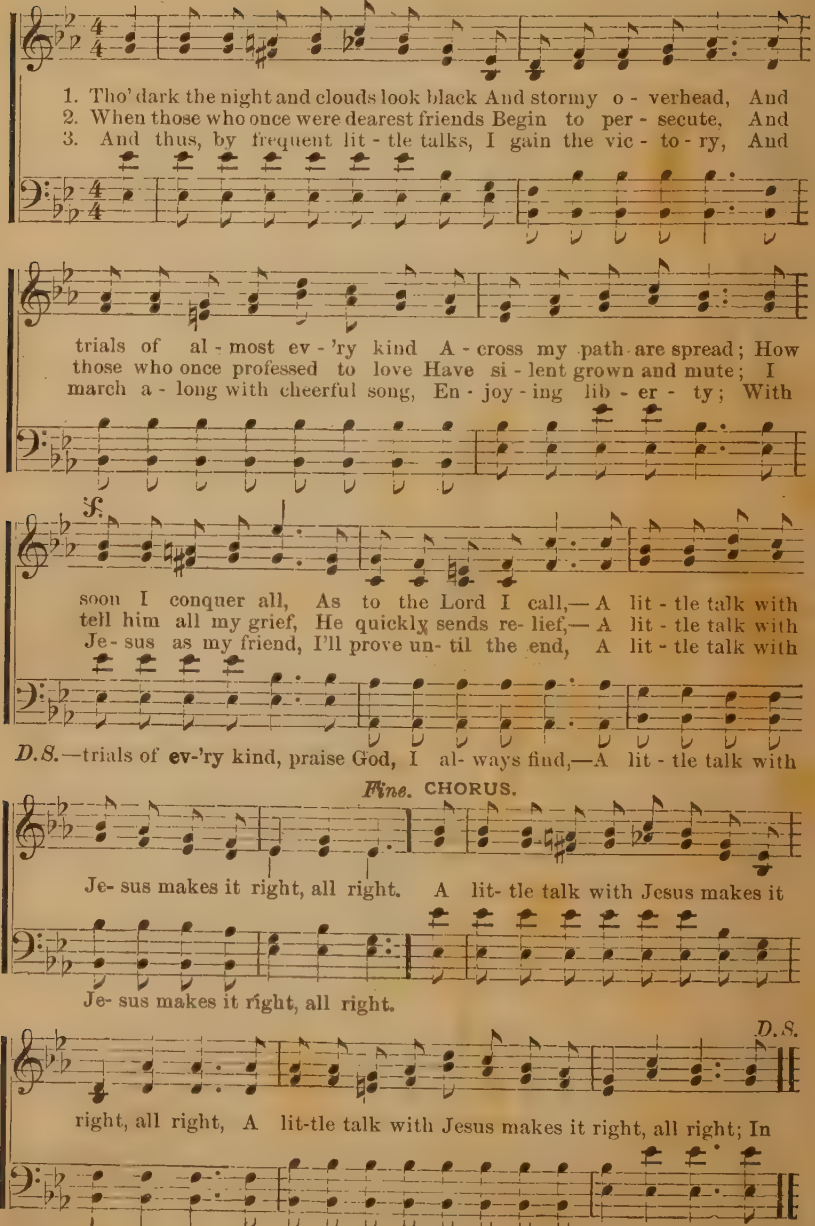
5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

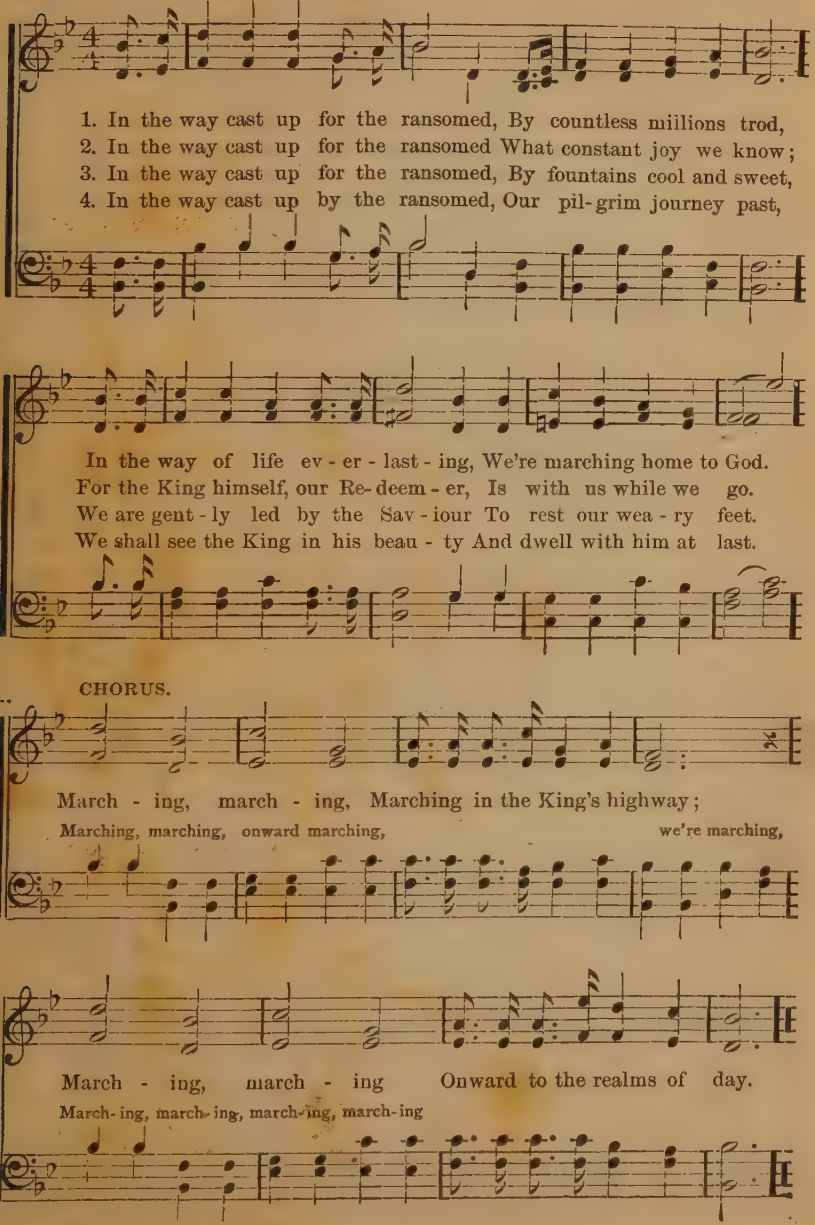
A Little Talk

Anon. Arranged


1. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And stormy o - verhead, And
2. When those who once were dearest friends Begin to per - secute, And
3. And thus, by frequent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And
trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
those who once professed to love Have si - lent grown and mute; I
march a - long with cheerful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With
f.
soon I conquer all, As to the Lord I call,— A lit - tle talk with
tell him all my grief, He quickly sends re- lief,— A lit - tle talk with
Je- sus as my friend, I'll prove un- til the end, A lit - tle talk with
D.S.—trials of ev-'ry kind, praise God, I al- ways find,—A lit - tle talk with
Fine. CHORUS.
Je- sus makes it right, all right. A lit- tle talk with Jesus makes it
Je- sus makes it right, all right.
D.S.
right, all right, A lit-tle talk with Jesus makes it right, all right; In

Marching in the King's Highway. 191

SALLIE A. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. In the way cast up for the ransomed, By countless millions trod,
2. In the way cast up for the ransomed What constant joy we know;
3. In the way cast up for the ransomed, By fountains cool and sweet,
4. In the way cast up by the ransomed, Our pil-grim journey past,
In the way of life ev-er-last-ing, We're marching home to God.
For the King himself, our Re-deem-er, Is with us while we go.
We are gent-ly led by the Sav-iour To rest our wea-ry feet.
We shall see the King in his beau-ty And dwell with him at last.
CHORUS.
March-ing, march-ing, Marching in the King's highway;
Marching, marching, onward marching, we're marching,
March-ing, march-ing Onward to the realms of day.
March-ing, march-ing, march-ing, march-ing

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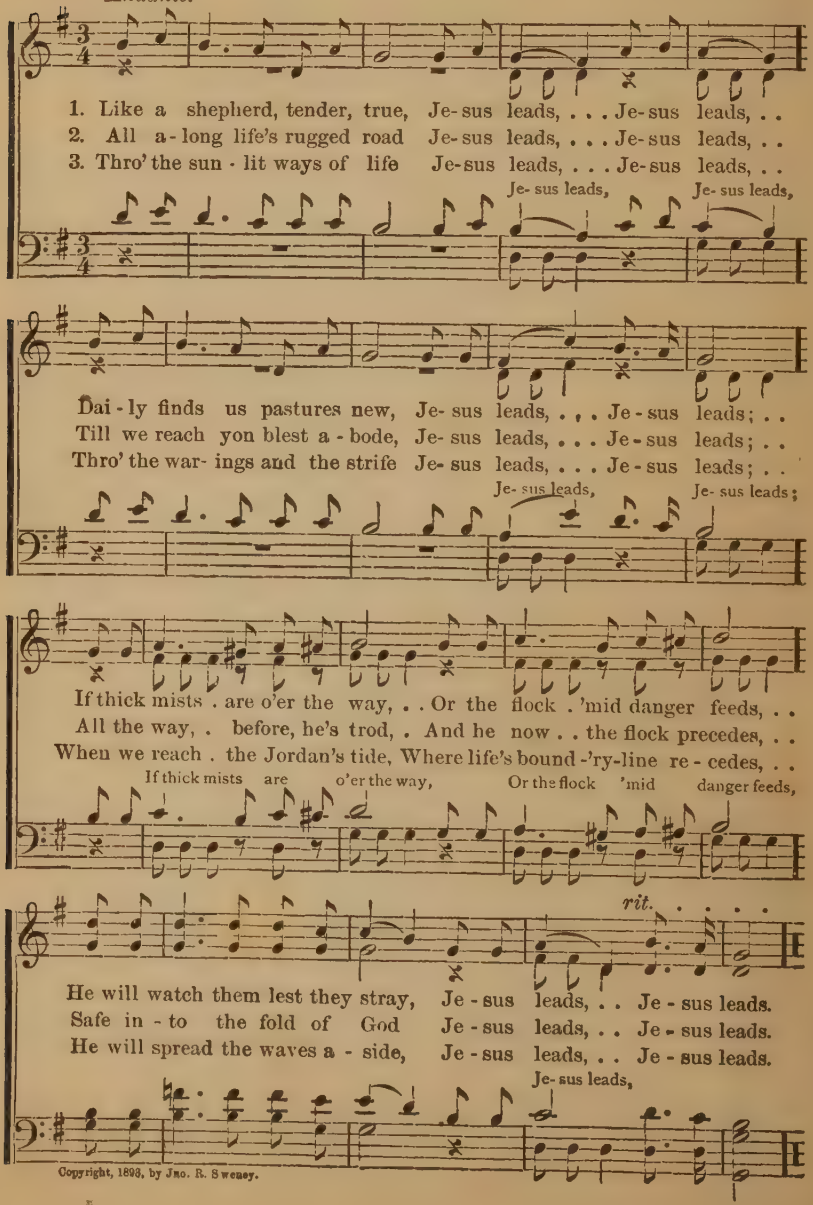
Jesus Leads.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice."—John x: 4.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.


1. Like a shepherd, tender, true, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . .
2. All a-long life's rugged road Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . .
3. Thro' the sun-lit ways of life Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads, . .
Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
Dai-ly finds us pastures new, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . .
Till we reach yon blest a-bode, Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . .
Thro' the war-ings and the strife Je-sus leads, . . . Je-sus leads; . .
Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
If thick mists . are o'er the way, . . Or the flock . 'mid danger feeds, . .
All the way, . before, he's trod, . And he now . . the flock precedes, . .
When we reach . the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound-'ry-line re-cedes, . .
If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
rit.
He will watch them lest they stray, Je-sus leads, . . Je-sus leads.
Safe in-to the fold of God Je-sus leads, . . Je-sus leads.
He will spread the waves a-side, Je-sus leads, . . Je-sus leads.
Je-sus leads,

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We Walk by Faith. 193

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We walk by faith, . . . and oh, how sweet . . The flow'rs that grow . . . beneath our feet, . . And fragrance breathe a-long the way . . . That leads the soul . . . to end-less day. . . .
2. We walk by faith, . . . he wills it so, ... And marks the path . . . that we should go; . . And when at times . . . our sky is dim, . . . He gen-tly draws . . . us close to him. . . .
3. We walk by faith, . . . di-vine-ly blest, . . . On him we lean, . . . in him we rest; . . . The more we trust . . our Shepherd's care, . . . The more his love . . . . 'tis ours to share. . . .
4. And thus by faith, . . . till life shall end, . . . We'll walk with him, . . . our dearest Friend, . . Till safe we tread . . . . the fields of light, . . . Where faith is lost . . . . in per-fect sight. . . .

CHORUS.

express.

We walk by faith, but not alone, Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,

And feel his hand within our own, And know that he is al-ways near.

Copyright, 1885, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

The Still, Small Voice.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

DUET.

1. List - en to the "still, small voice," Soft as moonbeams fall - ing,
2. Call - ing thee from self and sin, And false, worldly plea - sures,
3. Call - ing thee to nob - ler aims, And a true en-deav - or,
4. Turn not from this voice a - way, Yield to its en-treat - ing;

'Tis the Ho - ly Spir - it speaks, Gent - ly, gent - ly call - ing.
To the life that's "hid with Christ," To e - ter - nal trea - sures.
To a bless - ed fel - lowship With thy Lord for - ev - - er.
Come to Je - sus, come to - day,—Haste, the hours are fleet - ing.

CHORUS.

Hark! from heav - en fall - ing, To thy soul now call - ing,

'Tis a voice of mer - cy Calls in love to thee. to thee.

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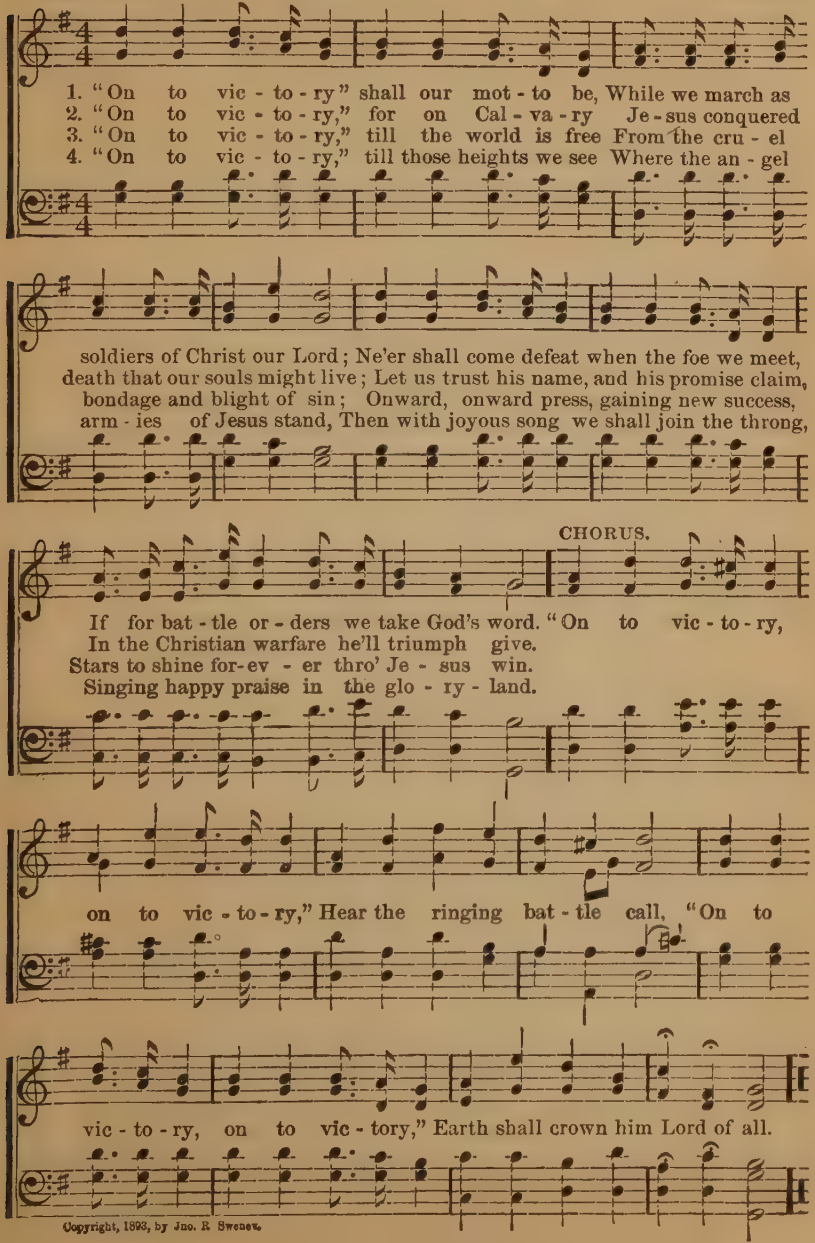
On to Victory.

JENNIE WILSON. "This is the victory that overcometh the world." 1 John v: 4. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. "On to vic - to - ry" shall our mot - to be, While we march as
2. "On to vic - to - ry," for on Cal - va - ry Je - sus conquered
3. "On to vic - to - ry," till the world is free From the cru - el
4. "On to vic - to - ry," till those heights we see Where the an - gel
soldiers of Christ our Lord; Ne'er shall come defeat when the foe we meet,
death that our souls might live; Let us trust his name, and his promise claim,
bondage and blight of sin; Onward, onward press, gaining new success,
arm - ies of Jesus stand, Then with joyous song we shall join the throng,
CHORUS.
If for bat - tle or - ders we take God's word. "On to vic - to - ry,
In the Christian warfare he'll triumph give.
Stars to shine for-ev - er thro' Je - sus win.
Singing happy praise in the glo - ry - land.
on to vic - to - ry," Hear the ringing bat - tle call, "On to
vic - to - ry, on to vic - tory," Earth shall crown him Lord of all.

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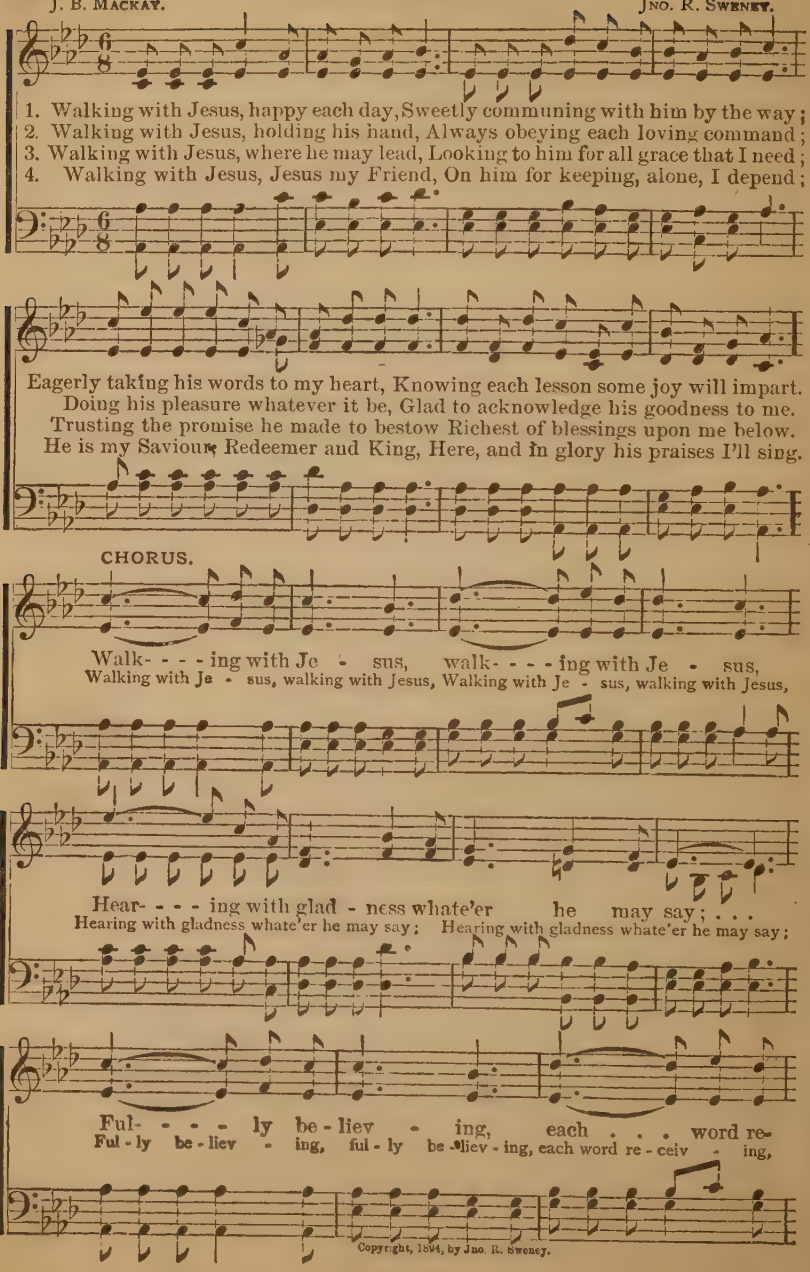
With Jesus.

J. B. MACKAY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Walking with Jesus, happy each day, Sweetly communing with him by the way;
2. Walking with Jesus, holding his hand, Always obeying each loving command;
3. Walking with Jesus, where he may lead, Looking to him for all grace that I need;
4. Walking with Jesus, Jesus my Friend, On him for keeping, alone, I depend;
Eagerly taking his words to my heart, Knowing each lesson some joy will impart.
Doing his pleasure whatever it be, Glad to acknowledge his goodness to me.
Trusting the promise he made to bestow Richest of blessings upon me below.
He is my Saviour, Redeemer and King, Here, and in glory his praises I'll sing.
CHORUS.
Walk- - - - ing with Je - sus, walk- - - - ing with Je - sus,
Walking with Je - sus, walking with Jesus, Walking with Je - sus, walking with Jesus,
Hear- - - - ing with glad - ness whate'er he may say; . . .
Hearing with gladness whate'er he may say; Hearing with gladness whate'er he may say;
Ful- - - - ly be - liev - ing, each . . . word re-
Ful - ly be - liev - ing, ful - ly be - liev - ing, each word re - ceiv - ing,

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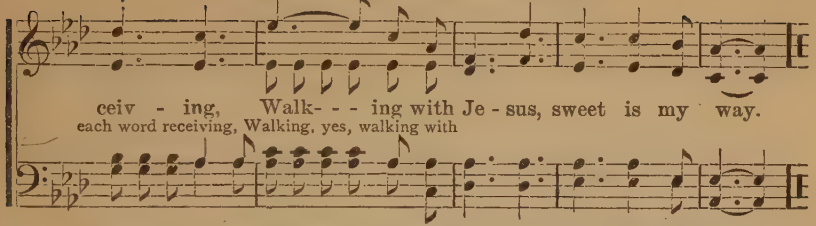
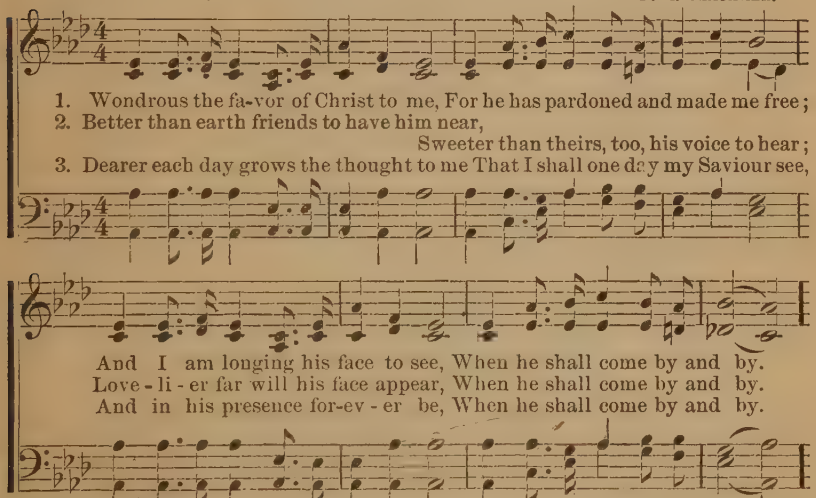
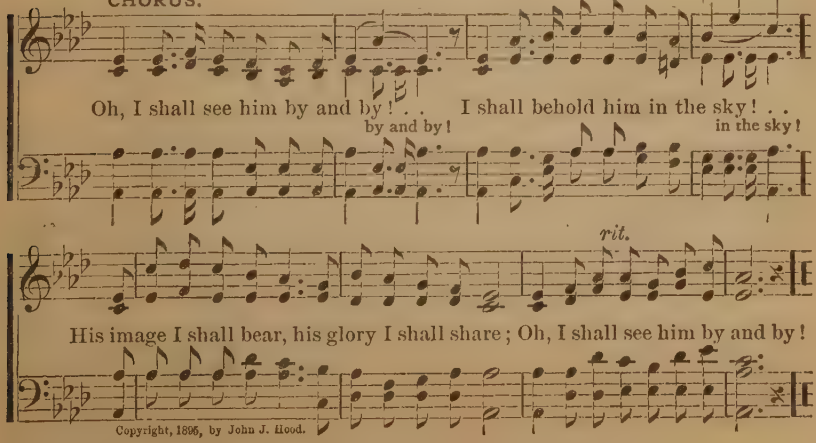


When He shall Come By and By.

"We shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."—1 John iii: 2.

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.


1. Wondrous the fa-vor of Christ to me, For he has pardoned and made me free;
2. Better than earth friends to have him near,
Sweeter than theirs, too, his voice to hear;
3. Dearer each day grows the thought to me That I shall one day my Saviour see,
And I am longing his face to see, When he shall come by and by.
Love - li - er far will his face appear, When he shall come by and by.
And in his presence for-ev - er be, When he shall come by and by.


CHORUS.
Oh, I shall see him by and by! . . I shall behold him in the sky! . .
by and by!
in the sky!
rit.
His image I shall bear, his glory I shall share; Oh, I shall see him by and by!

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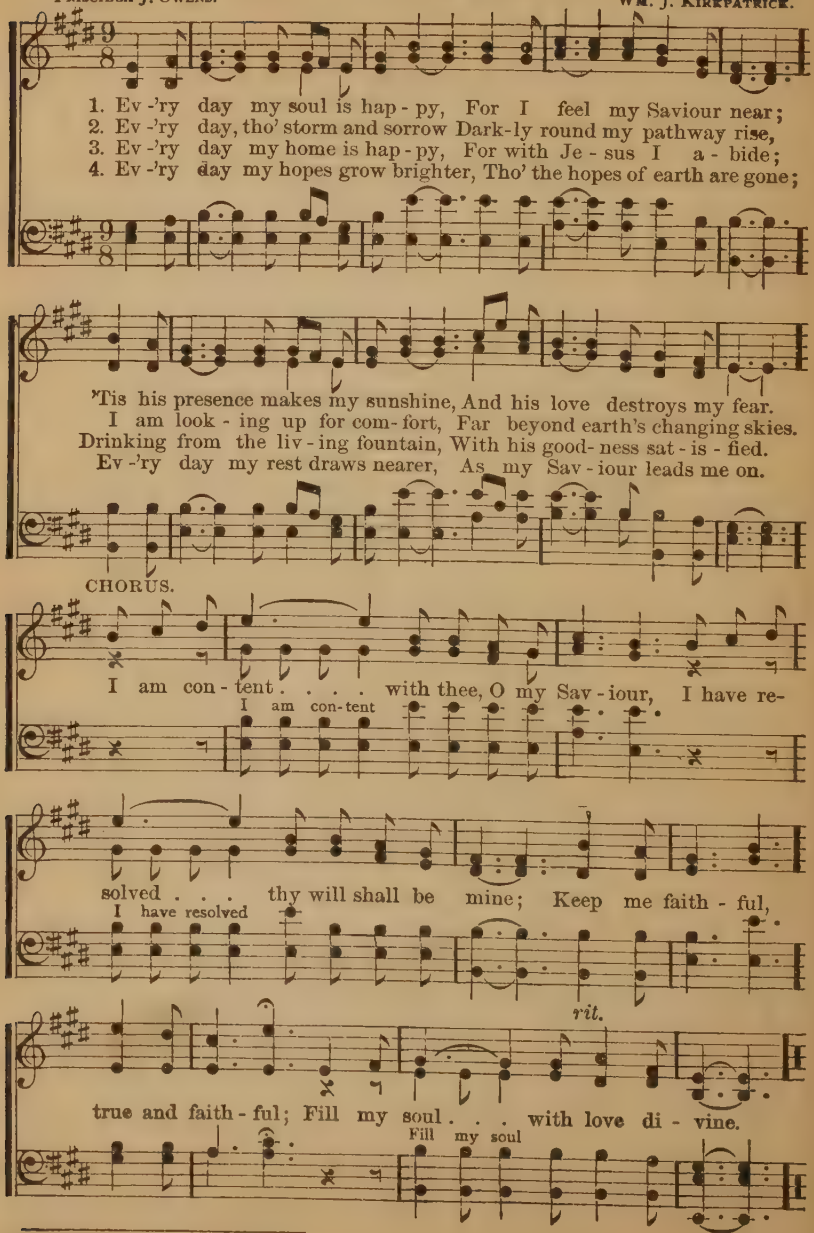
True and Faithful.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Ev -'ry day my soul is hap - py, For I feel my Saviour near;
2. Ev -'ry day, tho' storm and sorrow Dark-ly round my pathway rise,
3. Ev -'ry day my home is hap - py, For with Je - sus I a - bide;
4. Ev -'ry day my hopes grow brighter, Tho' the hopes of earth are gone;
'Tis his presence makes my sunshine, And his love destroys my fear.
I am look - ing up for com - fort, Far beyond earth's changing skies.
Drinking from the liv - ing fountain, With his good- ness sat - is - fied.
Ev -'ry day my rest draws nearer, As my Sav - iour leads me on.
CHORUS.
I am con - tent . . . . with thee, O my Sav - iour, I have re-
I am con-tent
solved . . . thy will shall be mine; Keep me faith - ful,
I have resolved
rit.
true and faith - ful; Fill my soul . . . with love di - vine.
Fill my soul

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Walking in the Light.

E. A. Barnes.

"Let us walk in the light of the Lord."
Isa. ii. 5.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Liv-ing for the Mas - ter, hap-py in his ser - vice, Do-ing what is
2. Grateful to the Fa - ther for his love and goodness, Keep-ing in the
3. Looking up to Je - sus and in him re-joic - ing, Bear-ing here a
pleasing in his sight; Full of faith and courage, wholly con-se-crat-ed,
paths of peace and right; Patient in your tri-als, gen-tle and forbear-ing,
record pure and bright; Life in him possessing, as a crown in heav-en,
CHORUS.
Brothers, this is walking in the light. Walk - - - ing, blest
Walk-ing in the light,
walk - - - ing! Brothers, are we walking in the light of the Lord;
walk-ing in the light,
Walk - - ing, are we walk - - ing, Walking in the light of the Lord.
Walking in the light, walking in the light,

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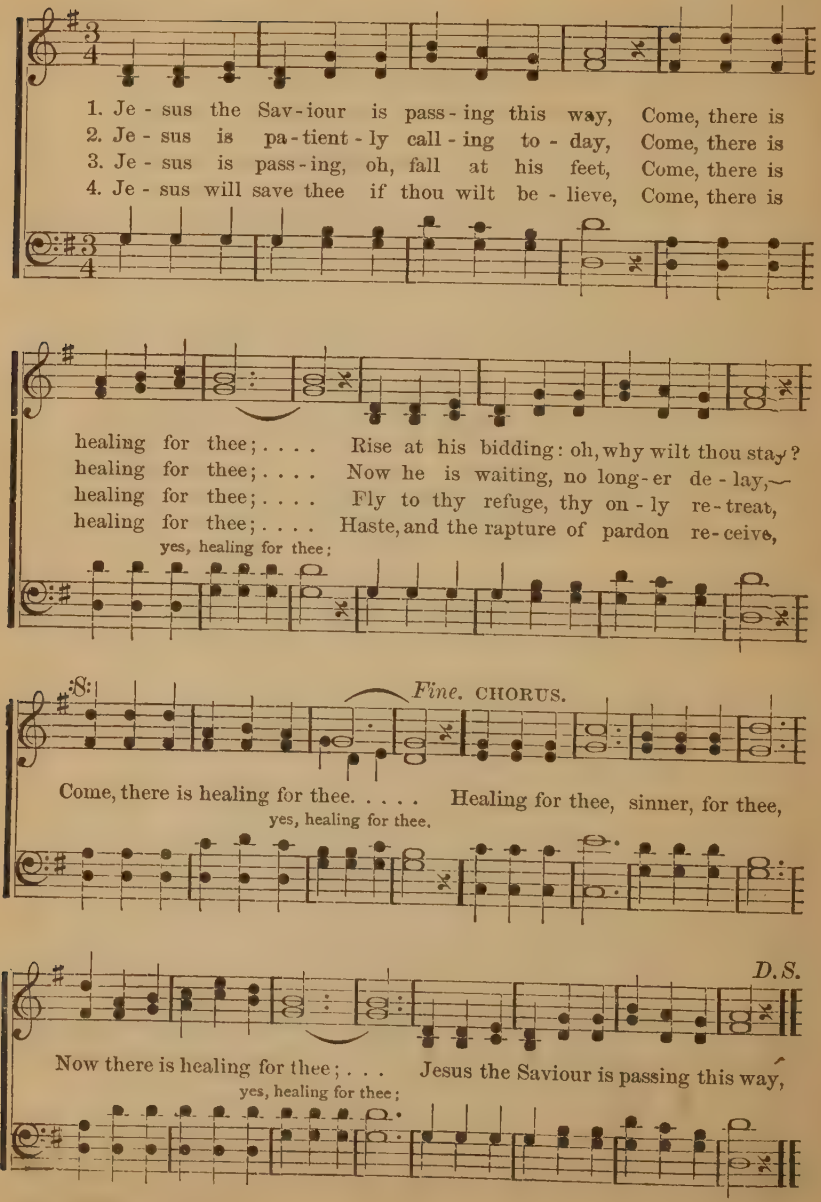
Healing for Thee.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Je - sus the Sav - iour is pass - ing this way, Come, there is
2. Je - sus is pa - tient - ly call - ing to - day, Come, there is
3. Je - sus is pass - ing, oh, fall at his feet, Come, there is
4. Je - sus will save thee if thou wilt be - lieve, Come, there is
healing for thee; . . . . Rise at his bidding: oh, why wilt thou stay?
healing for thee; . . . . Now he is waiting, no long - er de - lay,—
healing for thee; . . . . Fly to thy refuge, thy on - ly re - treat,
healing for thee; . . . . Haste, and the rapture of pardon re - ceive,
yes, healing for thee;
Fine. CHORUS.
Come, there is healing for thee. . . . . Healing for thee, sinner, for thee,
yes, healing for thee.
D.S.
Now there is healing for thee; . . . Jesus the Saviour is passing this way,
yes, healing for thee;

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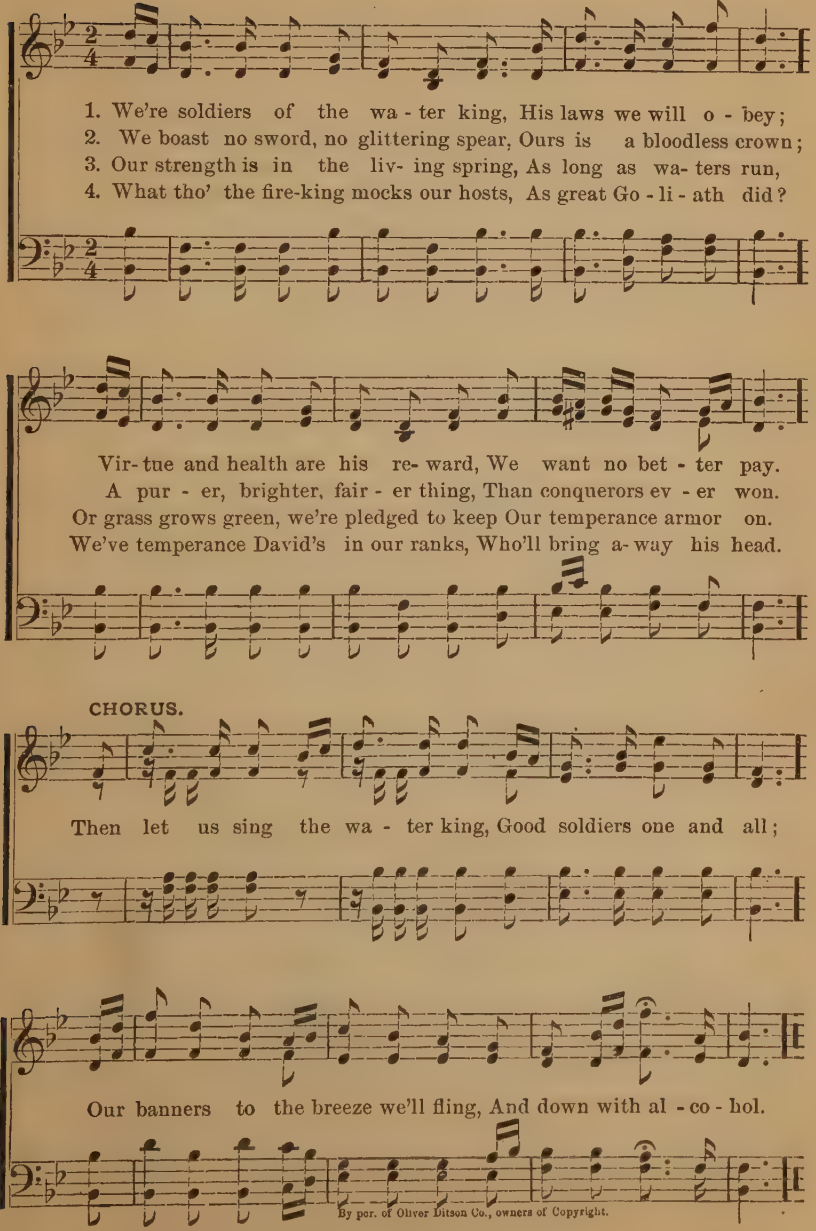
E. A. Perkins.


1. We're soldiers of the wa - ter king, His laws we will o - bey;
2. We boast no sword, no glittering spear, Ours is a bloodless crown;
3. Our strength is in the liv- ing spring, As long as wa- ters run,
4. What tho' the fire-king mocks our hosts, As great Go - li - ath did?
Vir- tue and health are his re- ward, We want no bet - ter pay.
A pur - er, brighter, fair - er thing, Than conquerors ev - er won.
Or grass grows green, we're pledged to keep Our temperance armor on.
We've temperance David's in our ranks, Who'll bring a- way his head.
CHORUS.
Then let us sing the wa - ter king, Good soldiers one and all;
Our banners to the breeze we'll fling, And down with al - co - hol.

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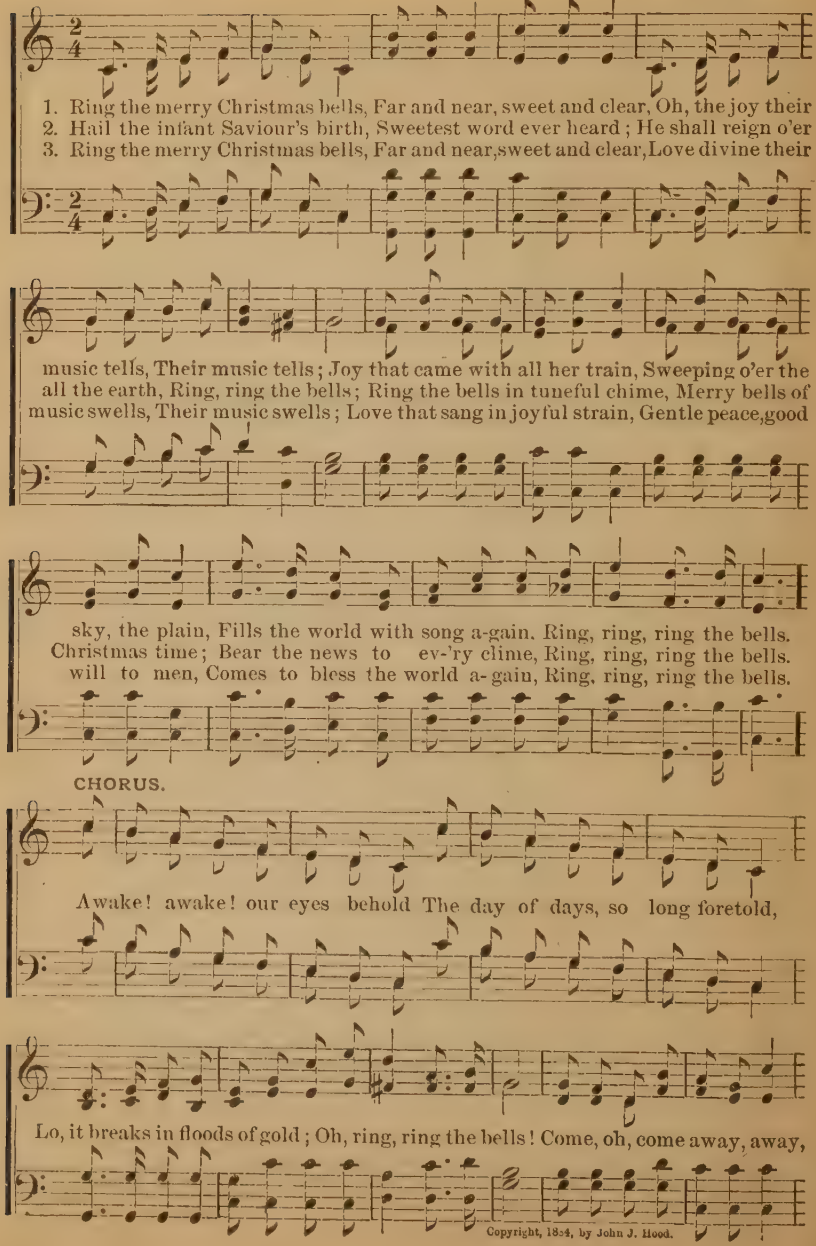
Ring, Ring the Bells.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Ring the merry Christmas bells, Far and near, sweet and clear, Oh, the joy their
2. Hail the infant Saviour's birth, Sweetest word ever heard; He shall reign o'er
3. Ring the merry Christmas bells, Far and near, sweet and clear, Love divine their
music tells, Their music tells; Joy that came with all her train, Sweeping o'er the
all the earth, Ring, ring the bells; Ring the bells in tuneful chime, Merry bells of
music swells, Their music swells; Love that sang in joyful strain, Gentle peace, good
sky, the plain, Fills the world with song a-gain. Ring, ring, ring the bells.
Christmas time; Bear the news to ev-'ry clime, Ring, ring, ring the bells.
will to men, Comes to bless the world a-gain, Ring, ring, ring the bells.
CHORUS.
Awake! awake! our eyes behold The day of days, so long foretold,
Lo, it breaks in floods of gold; Oh, ring, ring the bells! Come, oh, come away, away,

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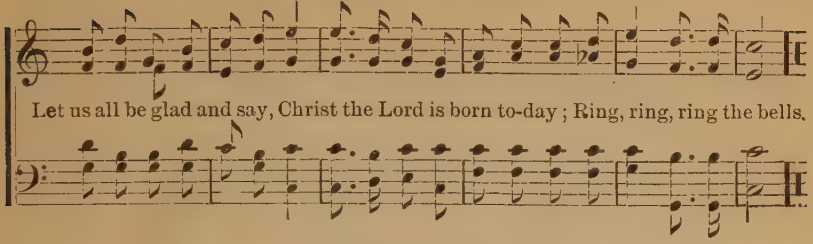
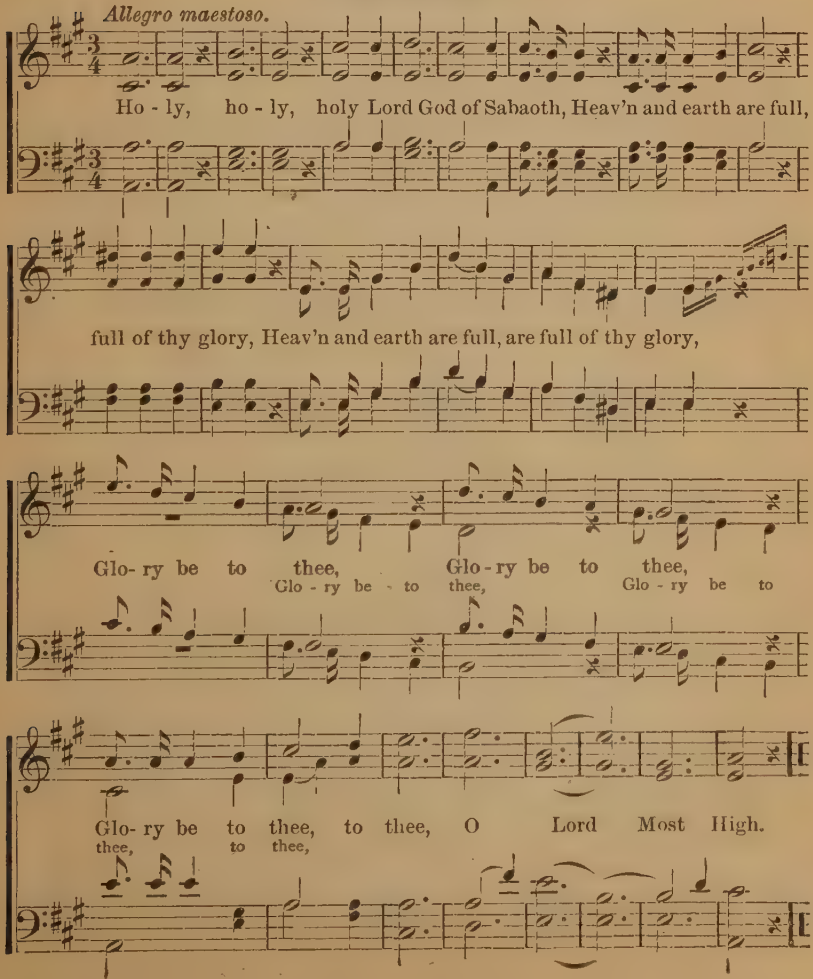
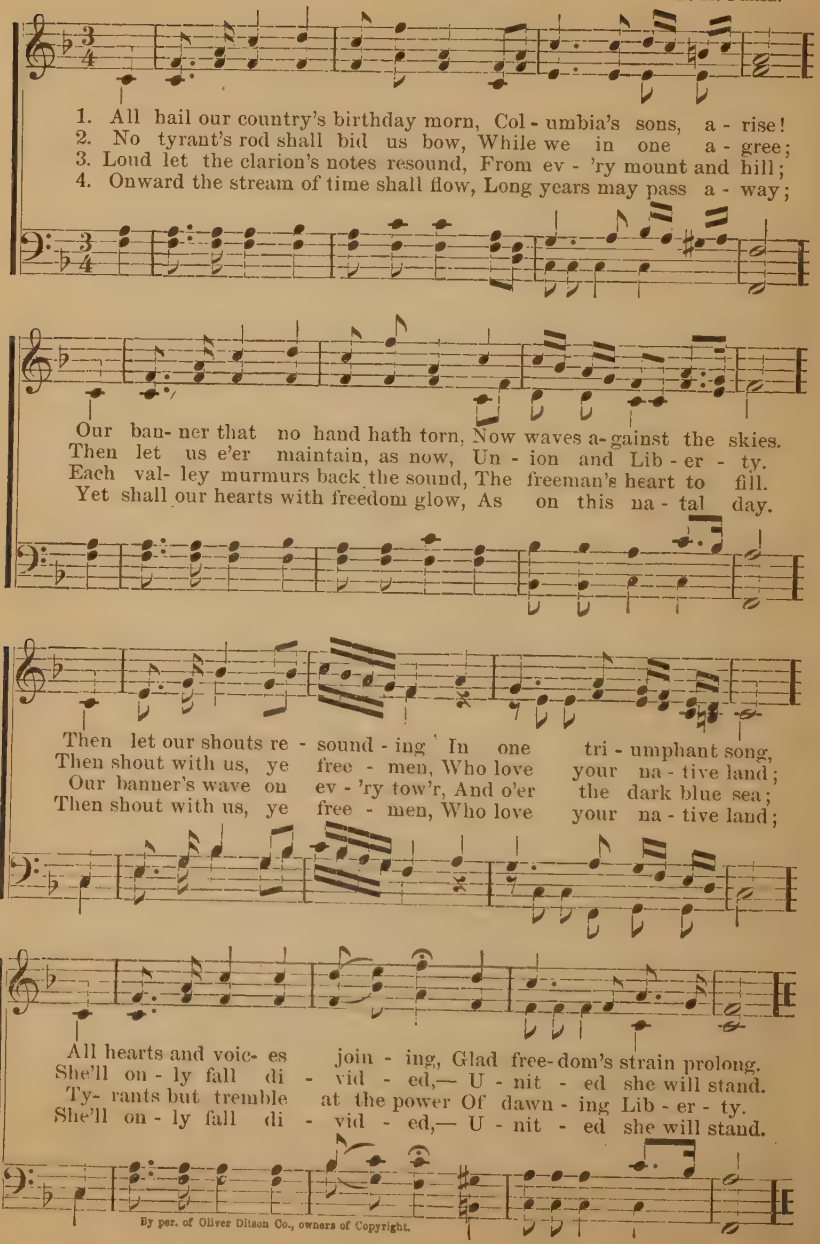

Let us all be glad and say, Christ the Lord is born to-day ; Ring, ring, ring the bells.

Sanctus.


Allegro maestoso.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, holy Lord God of Sabaoth, Heav'n and earth are full,
full of thy glory, Heav'n and earth are full, are full of thy glory,
Glo- ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee,
Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to
Glo- ry be to thee, to thee, O Lord Most High.
thee, to thee,

National Song.

F. H. Pease.


1. All hail our country's birthday morn, Col - umbia's sons, a - rise!
2. No tyrant's rod shall bid us bow, While we in one a - gree;
3. Loud let the clarion's notes resound, From ev - 'ry mount and hill;
4. Onward the stream of time shall flow, Long years may pass a - way;
Our ban- ner that no hand hath torn, Now waves a-gainst the skies.
Then let us e'er maintain, as now, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty.
Each val- ley murmurs back the sound, The freeman's heart to fill.
Yet shall our hearts with freedom glow, As on this na - tal day.
Then let our shouts re - sound - ing In one tri - umphant song,
Then shout with us, ye free - men, Who love your na - tive land;
Our banner's wave on ev - 'ry tow'r, And o'er the dark blue sea;
Then shout with us, ye free - men, Who love your na - tive land;
All hearts and voic- es join - ing, Glad free-dom's strain prolong.
She'll on - ly fall di - vid - ed,— U - nit - ed she will stand.
Ty- rants but tremble at the power Of dawn - ing Lib - er - ty.
She'll on - ly fall di - vid - ed,— U - nit - ed she will stand.

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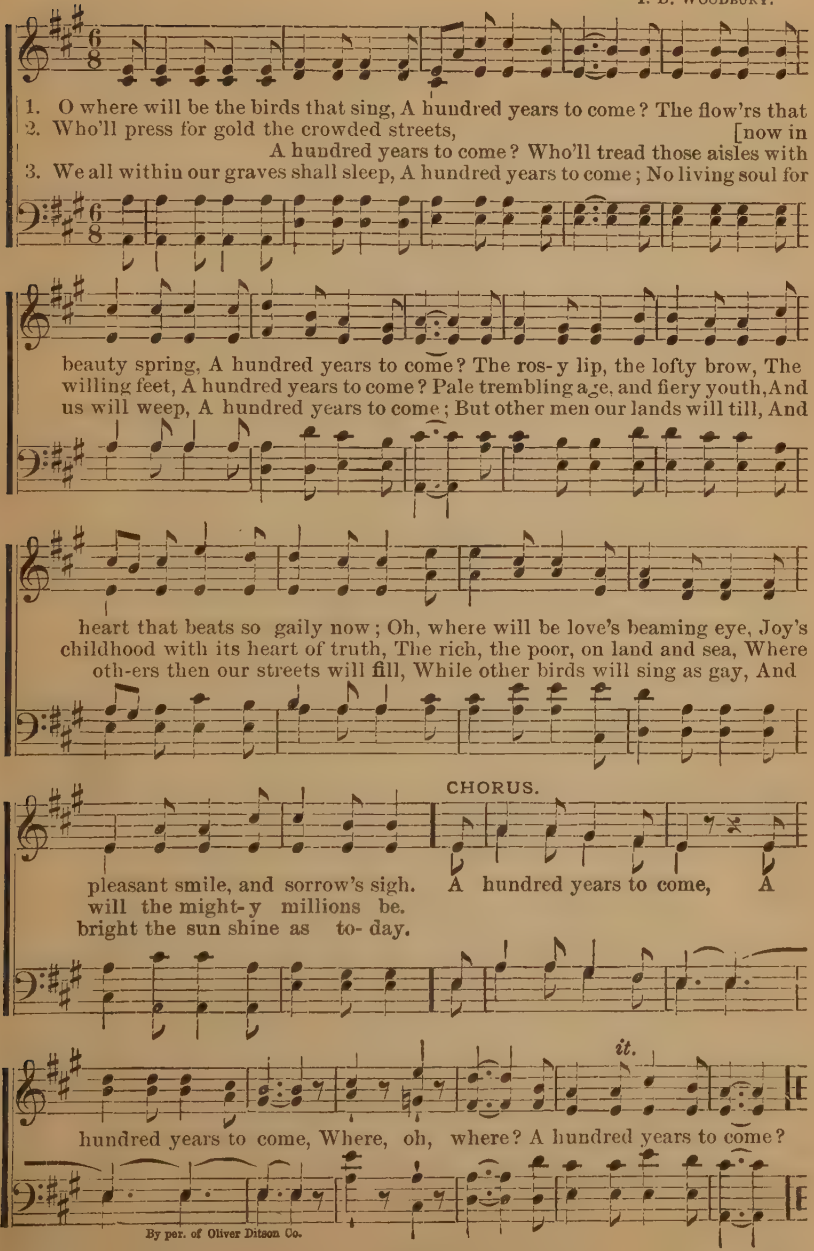
I. B. Woodbury.


1. O where will be the birds that sing, A hundred years to come? The flow'rs that
2. Who'll press for gold the crowded streets, [now in
A hundred years to come? Who'll tread those aisles with
3. We all within our graves shall sleep, A hundred years to come; No living soul for
beauty spring, A hundred years to come? The ros-y lip, the lofty brow, The
willing feet, A hundred years to come? Pale trembling age, and fiery youth, And
us will weep, A hundred years to come; But other men our lands will till, And
heart that beats so gaily now; Oh, where will be love's beaming eye, Joy's
childhood with its heart of truth, The rich, the poor, on land and sea, Where
oth-ers then our streets will fill, While other birds will sing as gay, And
CHORUS.
pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh. A hundred years to come, A
will the might-y millions be.
bright the sun shine as to-day.
it.
hundred years to come, Where, oh, where? A hundred years to come?

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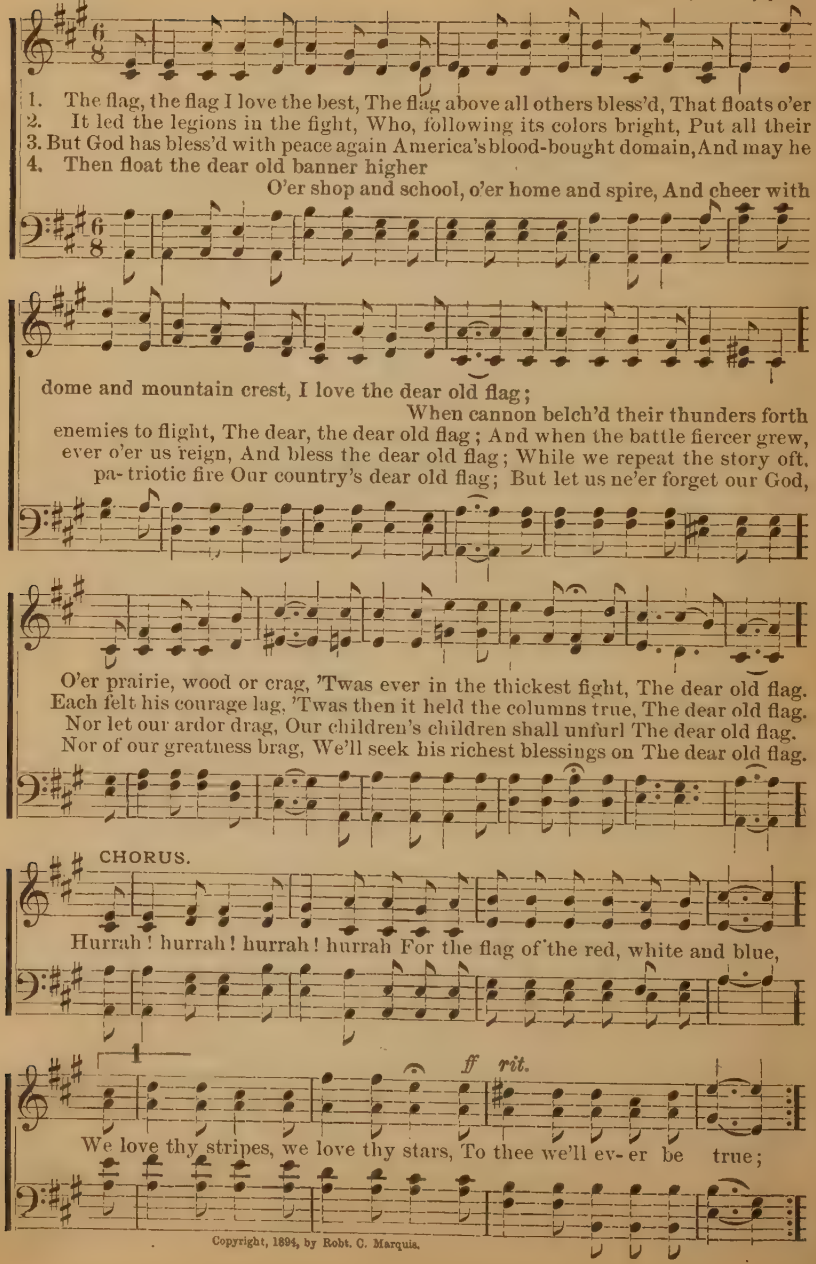
"The Flag."

R. C. M.

Robt. C. Marquis. By per.


1. The flag, the flag I love the best, The flag above all others bless'd, That floats o'er
2. It led the legions in the fight, Who, following its colors bright, Put all their
3. But God has bless'd with peace again America's blood-bought domain, And may he
4. Then float the dear old banner higher
O'er shop and school, o'er home and spire, And cheer with
dome and mountain crest, I love the dear old flag;
When cannon belch'd their thunders forth
enemies to flight, The dear, the dear old flag; And when the battle fiercer grew,
ever o'er us reign, And bless the dear old flag; While we repeat the story oft.
pa- triotic fire Our country's dear old flag; But let us ne'er forget our God,
O'er prairie, wood or crag, 'Twas ever in the thickest fight, The dear old flag.
Each felt his courage lag, 'Twas then it held the columns true, The dear old flag.
Nor let our ardor drag, Our children's children shall unfurl The dear old flag.
Nor of our greatness brag, We'll seek his richest blessings on The dear old flag.
CHORUS.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah For the flag of the red, white and blue,
1
ff rit.
We love thy stripes, we love thy stars, To thee we'll ev- er be true;

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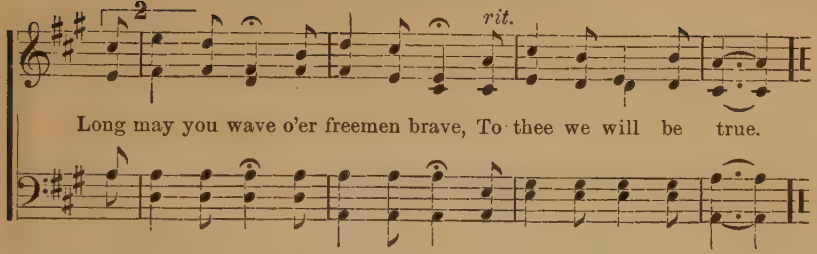
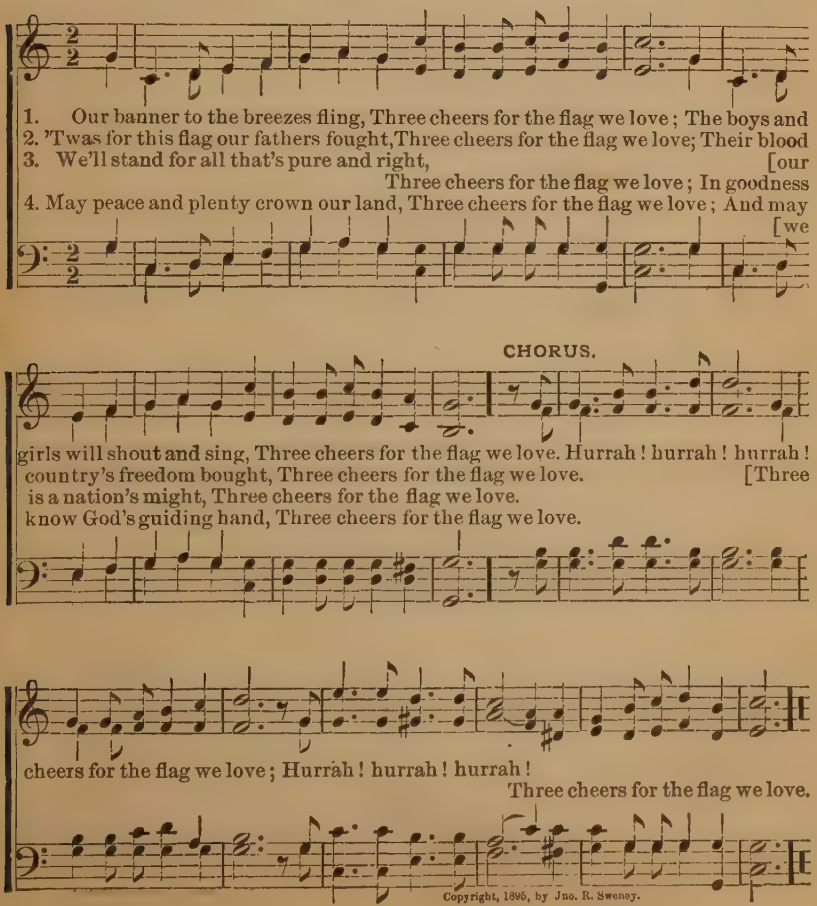


Three Cheers for the Flag.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Our banner to the breezes fling, Three cheers for the flag we love; The boys and
2. 'Twas for this flag our fathers fought, Three cheers for the flag we love; Their blood
3. We'll stand for all that's pure and right, [our
Three cheers for the flag we love; In goodness
4. May peace and plenty crown our land, Three cheers for the flag we love; And may [we
CHORUS.
girls will shout and sing, Three cheers for the flag we love. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
country's freedom bought, Three cheers for the flag we love. [Three
is a nation's might, Three cheers for the flag we love.
know God's guiding hand, Three cheers for the flag we love.
cheers for the flag we love; Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Three cheers for the flag we love.

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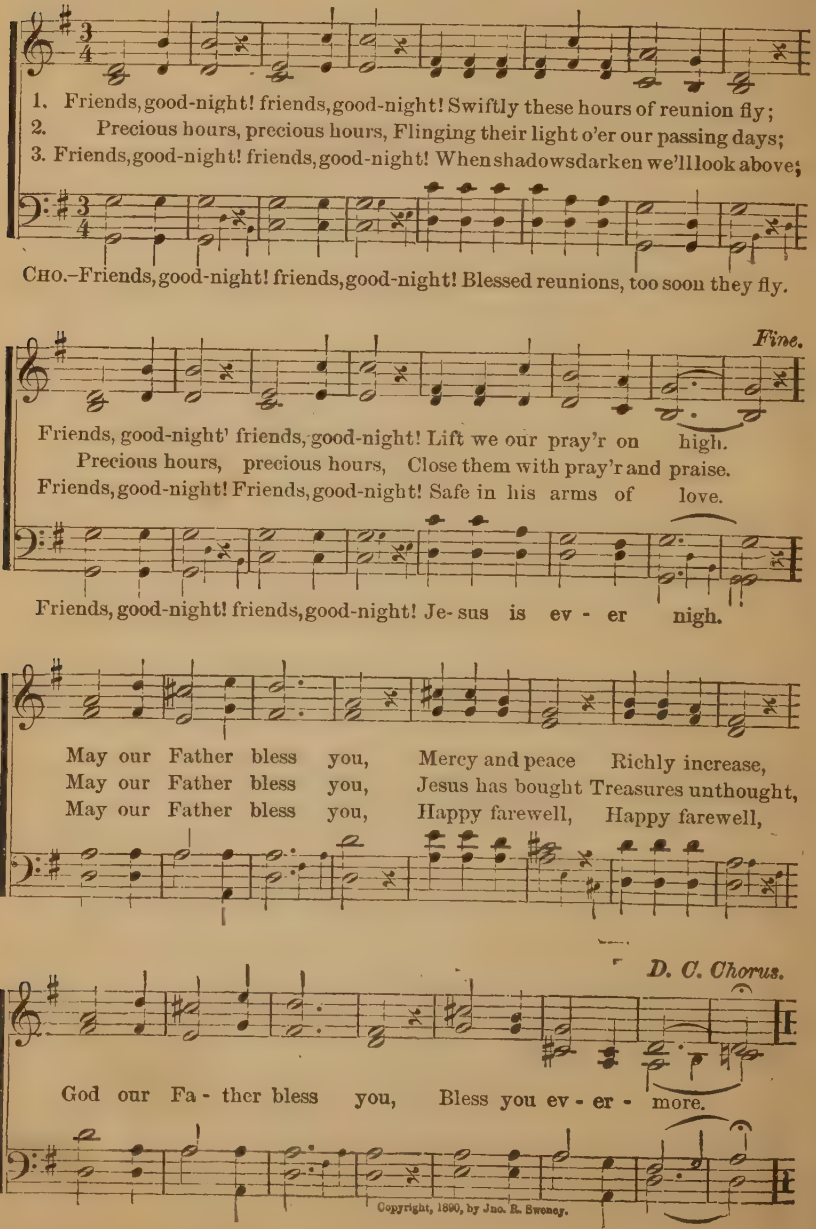
Friends, Good-night!

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Friends, good-night! friends, good-night! Swiftly these hours of reunion fly;
2. Precious hours, precious hours, Flinging their light o'er our passing days;
3. Friends, good-night! friends, good-night! When shadows darken we'll look above;
Cho.–Friends, good-night! friends, good-night! Blessed reunions, too soon they fly.
Fine.
Friends, good-night! friends, good-night! Lift we our pray'r on high.
Precious hours, precious hours, Close them with pray'r and praise.
Friends, good-night! Friends, good-night! Safe in his arms of love.
Friends, good-night! friends, good-night! Je- sus is ev - er nigh.
May our Father bless you, Mercy and peace Richly increase,
May our Father bless you, Jesus has bought Treasures unthought,
May our Father bless you, Happy farewell, Happy farewell,
D. C. Chorus.
God our Fa - ther bless you, Bless you ev - er - more.

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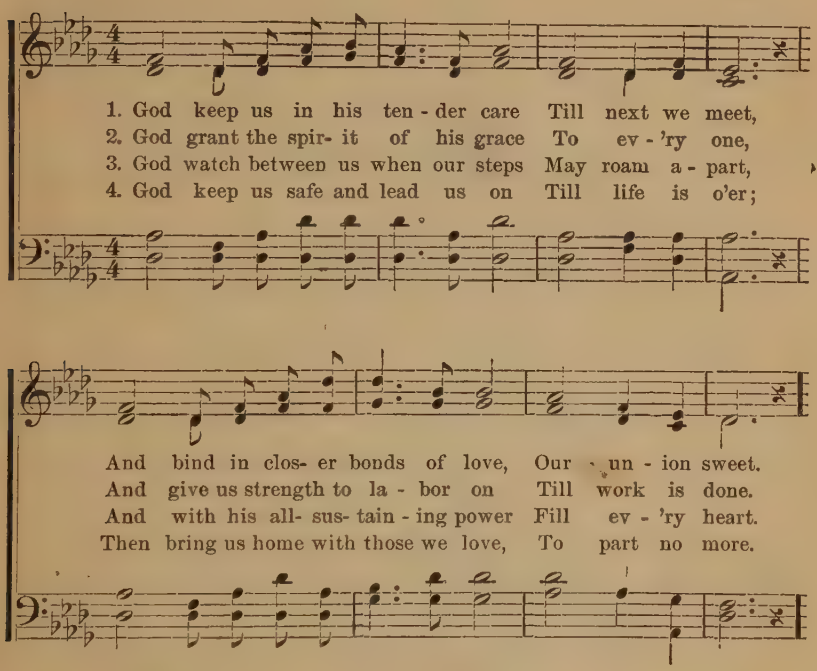
God Keep Us till We Meet Again. 209

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee."—Num. vi: 24.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. God keep us in his ten - der care Till next we meet,
2. God grant the spir- it of his grace To ev - 'ry one,
3. God watch between us when our steps May roam a - part,
4. God keep us safe and lead us on Till life is o'er;
And bind in clos- er bonds of love, Our un - ion sweet.
And give us strength to la - bor on Till work is done.
And with his all- sus- tain - ing power Fill ev - 'ry heart.
Then bring us home with those we love, To part no more.
REFRAIN.
God keep as now our friendship bright, And hallow its golden chain;
O may not one dear link be missing, When we meet a - gain.

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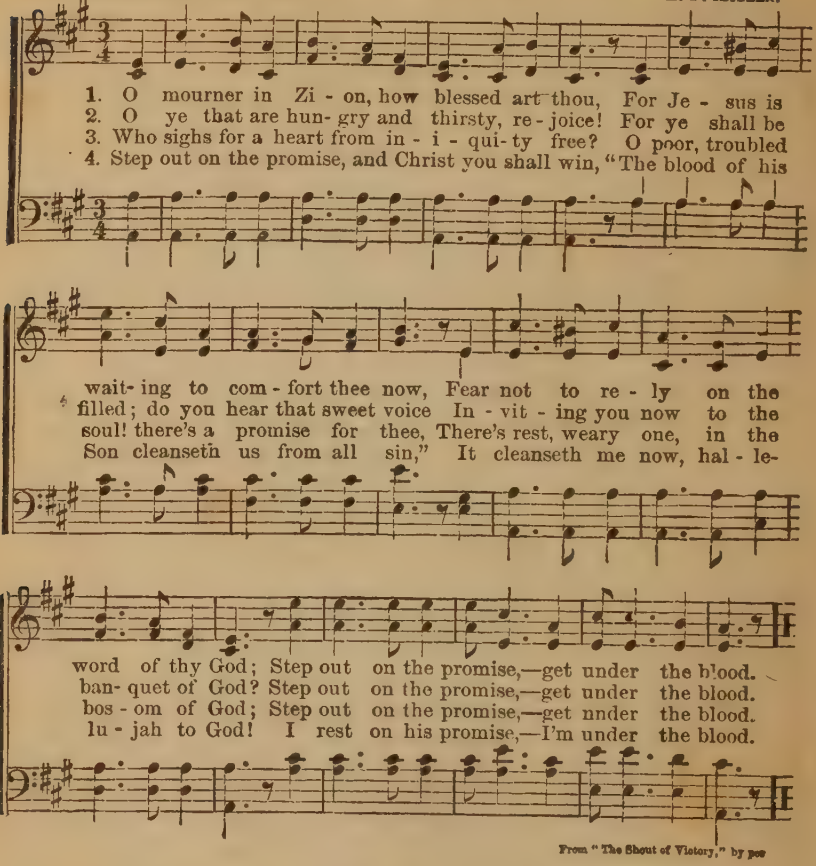
210

Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.

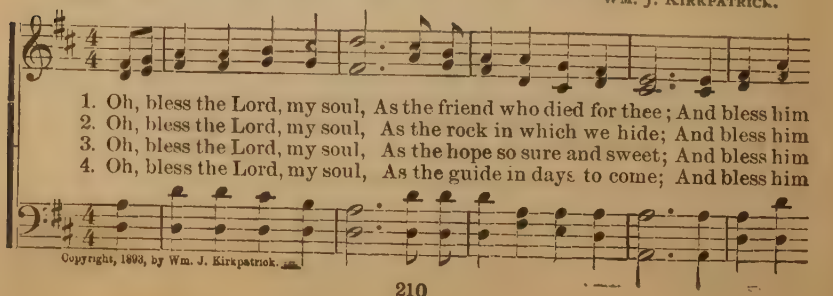

1. O mourner in Zi - on, how blessed art thou, For Je - sus is
2. O ye that are hun- gry and thirsty, re - joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - i - qui-ty free? O poor, troubled
4. Step out on the promise, and Christ you shall win, "The blood of his
wait- ing to com - fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the
filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
soul! there's a promise for thee, There's rest, weary one, in the
Son cleanseth us from all sin," It cleanseth me now, hal - le-
word of thy God; Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.
ban- quet of God? Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.
bos - om of God; Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.
lu - jah to God! I rest on his promise,—I'm under the blood.

From "The Shout of Victory," by per

211

Bless the Lord, my Soul.

E. A. BARNES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the friend who died for thee; And bless him
2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the rock in which we hide; And bless him
3. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the hope so sure and sweet; And bless him
4. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the guide in days to come; And bless him

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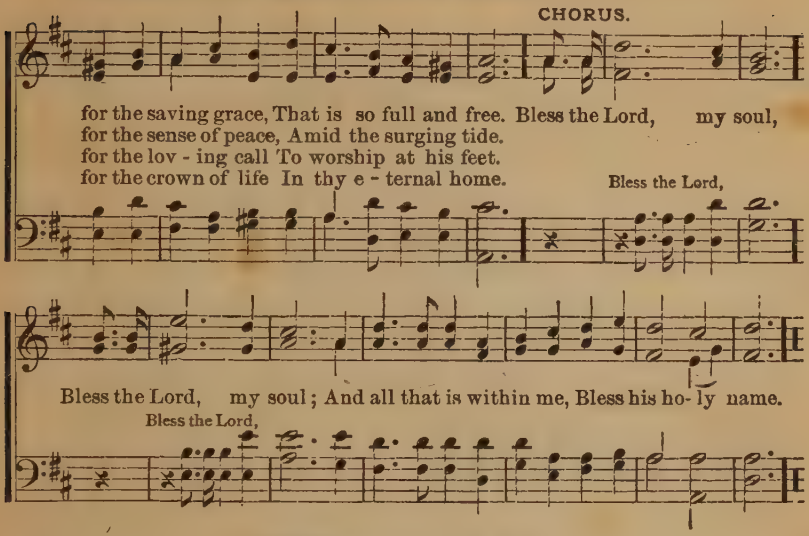
Bless the Lord, my Soul.—CONCLUDED.

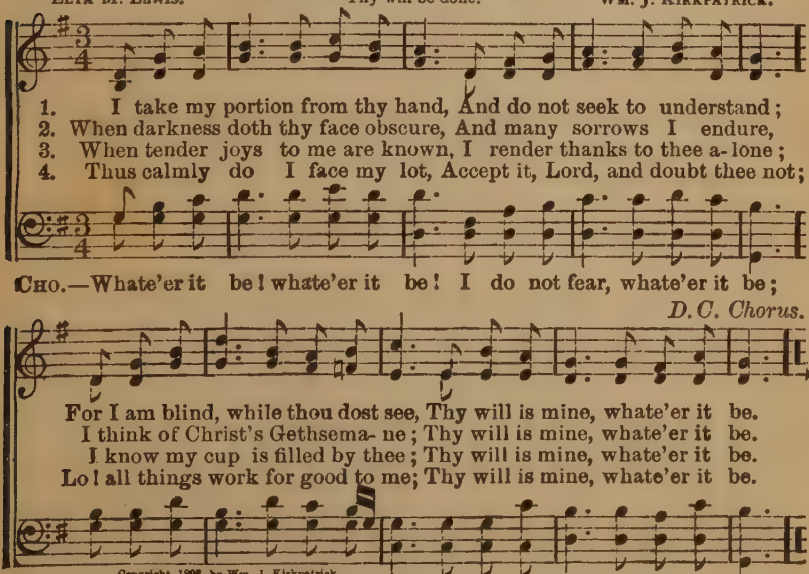
CHORUS.


for the saving grace, That is so full and free. Bless the Lord, my soul,
for the sense of peace, Amid the surging tide.
for the lov - ing call To worship at his feet.
for the crown of life In thy e - ternal home.
Bless the Lord,
Bless the Lord, my soul; And all that is within me, Bless his ho- ly name.
Bless the Lord,

212

What'er it Be.

ELTA M. LEWIS. "Thy will be done." WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I take my portion from thy hand, And do not seek to understand;
2. When darkness doth thy face obscure, And many sorrows I endure,
3. When tender joys to me are known, I render thanks to thee a- lone;
4. Thus calmly do I face my lot, Accept it, Lord, and doubt thee not;
CHO.—What'er it be! what'er it be! I do not fear, what'er it be;
D.C. Chorus.
For I am blind, while thou dost see, Thy will is mine, what'er it be.
I think of Christ's Gethsema- ne; Thy will is mine, what'er it be.
I know my cup is filled by thee; Thy will is mine, what'er it be.
Lo! all things work for good to me; Thy will is mine, what'er it be.

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Thy love divine sustaineth me, Thy will is mine, what'er it be.

Antioch. C. M.

213 **O for a thousand tongues.**

1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

214 **Joy to the world!**

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

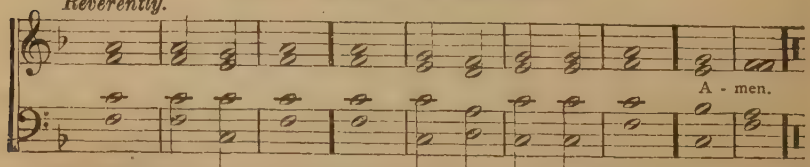
2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

215 **The Lord's Prayer.**

Reverently.



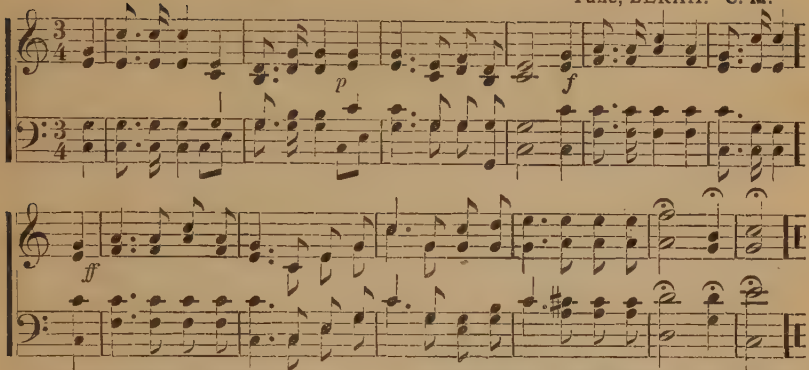
1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name, ‖ Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth, as-it | is in | heaven.

2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, ‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; ‖ For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. ‖ A- | men.

216 To Us a Child of Hope.

Tune, ZERAH. C. M.



1 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven

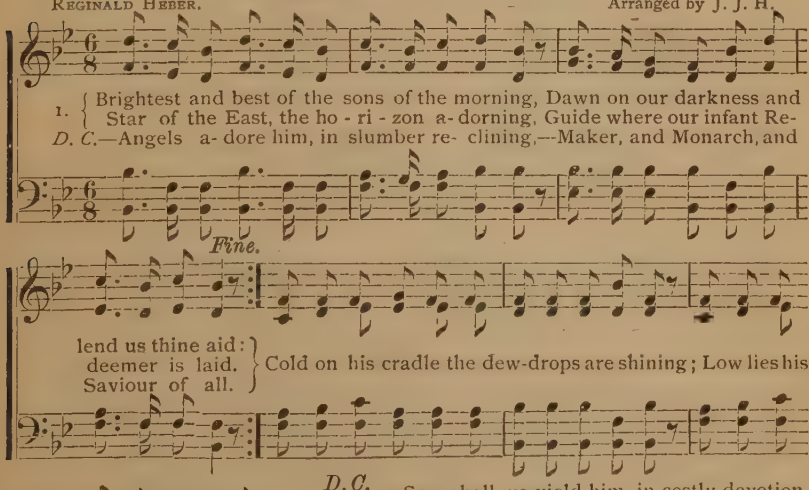
2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

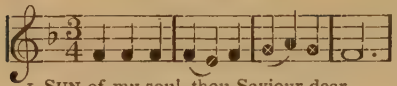
217 Brightest and Best.

REGINALD HEBER. Arranged by J. J. H.


1. { Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness and
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a- dorning, Guide where our infant Re-
D. C.—Angels a- dore him, in slumber re- clining,—Maker, and Monarch, and
Fine.
lend us thine aid:
deemer is laid.
Saviour of all.
} Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining; Low lies his
D. C.
head with the beasts of the stall;

2 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

218 Sun of My Soul.



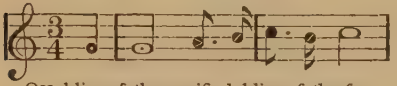
1 SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

219 Sing of His Mighty Love.



1 OH, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his hand.

Cho.—Oh, sing of his mighty love,
‖: Sing of his mighty love, :‖
Mighty to save.

2 Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of his face.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the pure,
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot cure; [rest,
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified, thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

220 Revive Thy Work.

1 WE praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

Cho.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, hallelujah! amen;
Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.

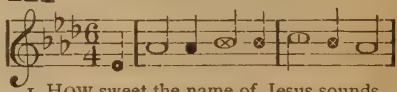
2 We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, [every stain.
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again, fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

221 How Sweet the Name.



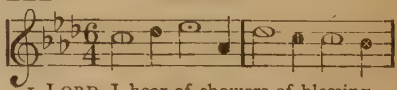
1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend;
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,—
Accept the praise I bring.

4 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

222 Even Me.



1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.

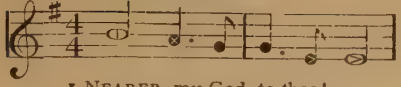
Cho.—Even me, even me,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

223 Nearer to Thee.

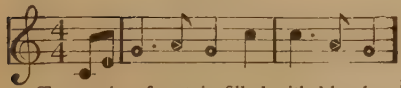


1 NEARER, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

224 Fountain.



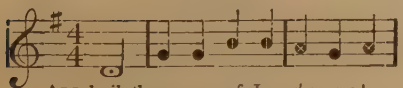
1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

225 Coronation.



1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

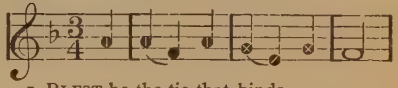
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

226 Blest be the tie.



1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

227 How Gentle. Same tune.

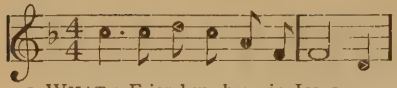
1 HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

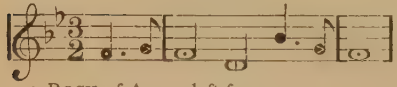
228 What a Friend.



1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a priveledge to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

229 Rock of Ages.

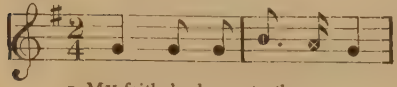


1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know;
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

230 Before the Cross.

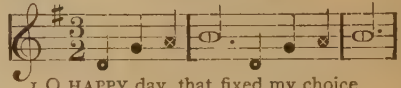


1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

231 Happy Day.



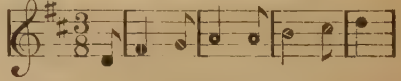
1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.

Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

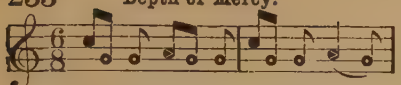
232 Sweet Hour of Prayer.



1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

233 Depth of Mercy.



1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

Cho.—God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus lives, and loves me still;
Jesus lives,
He lives and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face:
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

234 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

1 I HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

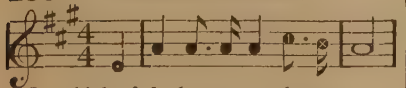
Cho.—I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

235 The Home Over There.



1 OH, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

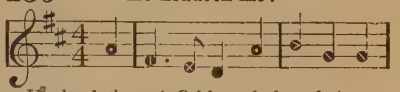
3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

236 He Leadeth Me!



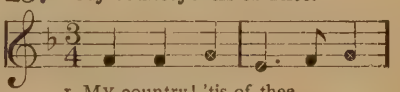
1 HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Cho.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

237 My Country! 'tis of Thee.

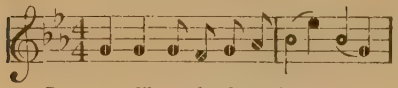


1 MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

238 Saviour, like a Shepherd.

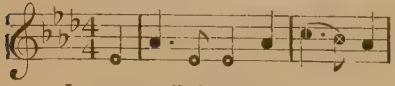


1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care,
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are. :‖

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray. :‖

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee. :‖

239 I Love to Tell the Story.



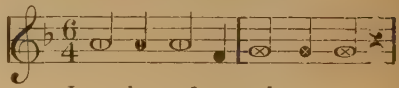
1 I LOVE to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the Story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams;
I love to tell the Story!
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest;
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

240 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



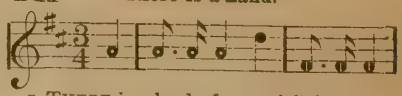
1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

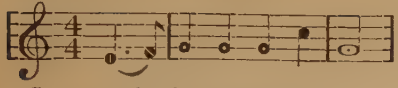
241 There is a Land.



1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain;
There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-whith'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

242 Come, We that Love.



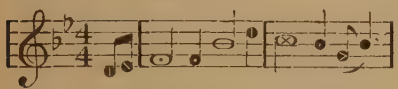
1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

243 O for a Faith.



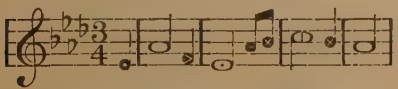
1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

244 Forever Here my Rest.



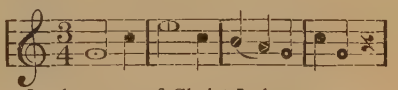
1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me, the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me and make me thus thine own,
Wash me and mine thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' a-tonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

245 In the Cross of Christ.



1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers 'round its head sublime.

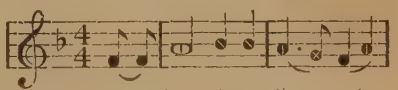
2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory, etc.

246 My Jesus, I Love Thee.



MY Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the follies of sin I resign;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

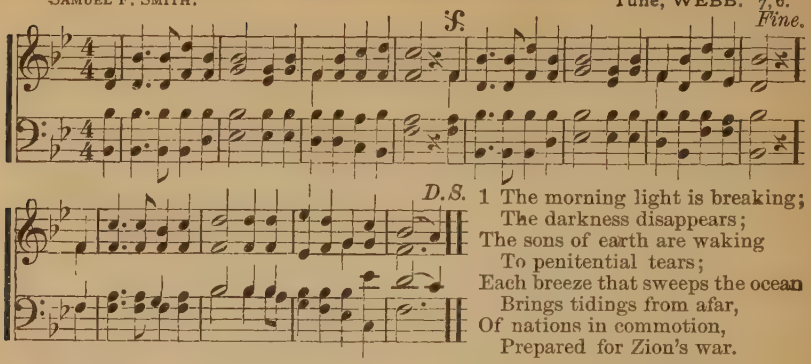
2 I love thee because thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love thee for wearing the thorns on thy brow;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in death,
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me breath;
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

247 The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. Tune, WEBB. 7,6.



1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

248 Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr. Tune above.

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

249 Work, for the night is coming.

Key F.

1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

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